MEMOIR

OF

REV. LEVI PARSONS,

FIRST MISSIONARY TO PALESTINE

FROM THE

UNITED STATES:

CONTAINING

SKETCHES OF HIS EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION, HIS MISSIONARY LABOURS IN THIS COUNTRY, IN ASIA MINOR AND JUDEA, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

SECOND EDITION:

CONTAINING TWO DISCOURSES IN DEFENCE OF MISSIONS AND REVIVALS OF RELIGION, WRITTEN IN PALESTINE, AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.—ALSO, EXTRACTS FROM A FAREWELL ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE "THE SOCIETY OF ENQUIRY UPON THE SUBJECT OF MISSIONS," AT ANDOVER, SEPTEMBER, 1817.

COMPILED AND PREPARED BY
REV. DANIEL O. MORTON, A. M.

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DISTRICT OF VERMONT, TO WIT:

L. S. BE it remembered, that on the twenty first day of December, in the fifty fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Rev. DANIEL O. MORTON, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—

"Memoir of Rev. LEVI PARSONS, first Missionary to Palestine, from the United States; containing sketches of his early life and education, his Missionary labours in this country, in Asia Minor and Judea, with an account of his last sickness and death. Second Edition: Containing two Discourses in defence of Missions and Revivals of Religion, written in Palestine, and now first published. Also, extracts from a Farewell Address delivered before "the society of Enquiry upon the subject of Missions," at Andover, September, 1819. Compiled and prepared by Rev. DANIEL O MORTON, A. M."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

JESSE GOVE,
Clerk of the District of Vermont.

A true Copy of Record. Examined and sealed by me.
J. GOVE, *Clerk.*

636

CHAUNCEY GOODRICH, Printer, *Burlington, Vt.*

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

If an apology be necessary for the delay that has attended the publication of this work, it will be proper to state that a great part of the materials of which it is composed were at Alexandria in Egypt, when Mr. Parsons died, and were not received till one year from that time. This circumstance, together with parochial cares and duties, ill health and other hindrances, has deferred the appearance of this work much beyond the time anticipated by the writer and many friends of Mr. Parsons.

When the idea first occurred that a memoir of the deceased might be both acceptable and useful to the christian public, the writer had not the remotest thought of undertaking the business of compilation. But being advised to it by a gentleman in whose judgment he placed great confidence, he consented; not however without great fear and diffidence. Whatever opinions may be entertained respecting the labours of the compiler, it is hoped, as Mr. Parsons is in a great degree his own biographer, that a pretty full and fair view is given of his character.

If it should appear that the compiler has been only a "hewer of wood and drawer of water for the house of God," he would count it an undeserved honor. If by

the perusal of this volume some christian should be comforted; if some sinner should be roused from his fatal slumber; if there should be excited in any bosom a truly apostolic zeal in the cause of missions, the writer will have lasting occasion to rejoice that he has had an agency, however feeble, in giving this work to the public.

The prayers of the pious reader are earnestly solicited that the beloved Parsons, being dead, may yet speak to the edification of many; and that this work may extensively promote that glorious cause to which he was sacredly and supremely devoted.

DANIEL O. MORTON.

Shoreham, *July* 1, 1824.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

In giving the Second Edition of this Memoir to the public, it may be proper to introduce it with a few remarks. The compiler has carefully revised the work, and corrected such verbal inaccuracies as he has been able to discover. This he believed to be of some consequence, as he had no opportunity of correcting the proof sheets of the first edition. The amount of monies received by Mr. Parsons, in different places, while employed as an Agent of the American Board, is here omitted, it being considered of no consequence at this late period. A letter or two is introduced into the body of the work, otherwise, with the exception of some slight alterations, it remains the same.

The addition of an Appendix or Fourth Part, will, it is believed, considerably enhance the value of the work. This comprises a Sermon on the subject of Missions, and extracts from a Farewell Address delivered at Andover, to "the Society of Enquiry on the subject of Missions." These, none of which have been published before, are thought to be equal to any thing from the pen of Mr. Parsons.

I would take this opportunity to tender my sincere thanks to those reverend and respected gentlemen, who

kindly furnished me with their recommendations for the first edition, and thus aided in its circulation. But as the work has now for sometime been before the public, the insertion of them in this edition is thought to be unnecessary.

Interesting changes have affected the Mission to which the subject of this Memoir was devoted. The lamented Fisk, no longer a dweller in this vale of tears, has, we doubt not, joined his beloved companion in the Jerusalem, which is above. Perhaps both were taken away from evil to come. But whatever may be the future destiny of the American Mission to Western Asia, whether wars and rumors of wars and persecutions, may or may not be permitted, for a time, to suspend its operations, much good has already been effected. To some extent the light of heaven has expelled the darkness for a thousand years, and some just fruits to God and the Lamb have already appeared. In this day of trouble and rebuke of wars and fightings in the east, ought not all who love our Saviour to make the Missions that are established, and the benevolent efforts that are made, on the shores and islands of the Mediterrenean, subjects of special and unceasing prayer?

Once more, this Memoir is commended to God and to the Christian public. May it, through the Divine blessing, contribute an important influence towards the advancement of that kingdom which is destined to fill the world, and to be the joy and glory of heaven for ever.

DANIEL O. MORTON.

Shoreham, February, 1830.

MEMOIR.

PART I.

SKETCHES OF MR. PARSONS' YOUTH AND EDUCATION.

Levi Parsons, the second son of Rev. Justin, and Mrs. Electa Parsons, was born in Goshen, Massachusetts, July 18, 1792. His childhood was not distinguished by any remarkable events. That loveliness of disposition, however, so conspicuous in manhood, spread a charm over his early years. He was very careful not to offend or displease his parents. And they remember, with melancholy joy, that they never had occasion to correct him, nor even to administer a sharp rebuke. He needed only to know their will, and it was obeyed. The same pleasantness of disposition was also manifested toward his brothers and sisters. He never had any contention with them. It might be expected that a child so obedient and pleasant at home, would be easily managed at school; and it is not known that he was ever censured by an instructor.

He was greatly attached to the domestic circle; and when sent abroad to school a few miles only, he could seldom depart without weeping. This was not the effect of childish weakness; but it resulted from the strength and tenderness of his affections. That he had resolution and decision when a child, was fully manifested to his school-fellows. In moments of leisure, he would unite with them in healthful sport, and would re-

tire whenever he thought proper. It was in vain to call him back, for he would never return.

Perhaps some facts, but recently communicated, and then only in confidence to a christian friend, ought not to be suppressed. Levi was particularly a subject of prayer before his birth, and when in the cradle he was selected from the rest of the sons to be a preacher. Thus early was he loaned to the Lord to minister before him all the days of his life. The thoughts of the pious reader will instantly recur to the early dedication of Samuel, the prophet. And perhaps a story not dissimilar might have been told respecting thousands, who have been luminiaries in the church of no ordinary splendor. With the view just mentioned, Levi while quite young was sent abroad to school. He had seasons of seriousness from early childhood; but as his concern for his soul did not, for a considerable time, eventuate in hopeful conversion, it became a serious question with the parents, whether they ought to give him a classical education. For though secretly dedicated to the work of the gospel ministry, they had no desire that he should engage in it with an unsanctified heart. They determined, however, to proceed, in the hope that at no very distant period, he might experience a spiritual renovation. How much depended on that decision is in part already known.

During a season of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord" in the winter and spring of 1808, Levi was hopefully renewed by the Divine Spirit; and in June following, he publicly professed his attachment to the Redeemer, and united with the church of Christ in Goshen.

From this period little is known to the writer respecting him, till he became a member of Middlebury College in August, 1810. Previously to this, in the course

of the same year, his father had been ordained pastor of the congregational church in Whiting, Vt. and had removed thither with his family.

My acquaintance with Mr. Parsons began with the commencement of his college life. Though two years earlier in college, I often met him in the same conference room and prayer meeting. It is well known that the necessary distinction of classes in college is, in some measure, done away by a union, which makes believers "all one in Christ Jesus." The writer well recollects the pleasure, which he experienced, when young Parsons was admitted a member of the Philadelphian Society, an association of pious students. Though then almost an entire stranger, his modesty and evident humility greatly endeared him to the writer; and it is believed the same effect was produced in other minds.

Not unfrequently does Jehovah prepare those whom he has selected for extensive usefulness, by sore outward afflictions, or distressing inward conflicts. The latter was the fact with Mr. Parsons. During a revival of religion, in that favored institution of which he was a member, in the autumn of 1811, he began very seriously to question the genuineness of his piety; and for a number of weeks almost despaired of mercy. When delivered from this cheerless bondage, his joys were very great. As his exercises at this time, especially after he had a spiritual discovery of the divine glory, and the way of life through a crucified Saviour, evidently gave a cast to his whole future life and character; it will probably be interesting to learn from his own pen the state of his mind.

The paper containing this account is dated

"Middlebury College, November 22, 1811.

"The revival of religion in this college commenced about the beginning of last September. For several months previously to

this blessed work, my mind was in darkness, and at times in much distress. I was often convinced that my hope was only the hope of the hypocrite, and that notwithstanding the public profession I had made of my faith in the Redeemer, I should at last come short of eternal life. My reasons for this conclusion were the following; my hope did not afford consolation; prayer was not refreshing and spiritual; religious conversation was no more interesting than conversation upon the things of the world. If I am a child of God, why is it thus with me? During all this time I believe the Spirit of God was striving with me, and preparing me for a more thorough knowledge of my own heart. When the revival commenced, I said, now this question must be decided. I cannot live in this state of anxious uncertainty. I must have more evidence of piety, or live without hope. At the next conference, I mentioned to my brethren the darkness and distress of my mind, with the hope that they would pray for me, without ceasing. This was the effect. My christian friends conversed with me, and prayed and wept for me in secret places. For this tenderness and faithfulness, they have my sincere thanks, and my prayers to God that he would reward them an hundred fold.

"During the two succeeding weeks, I walked in thick darkness; surely it was the darkness of the shadow of death. I read the promises to the penitent, but could not apply them to myself. There was nothing in the Bible to heal my wounded spirit. How readily would I have given the world, were it in my possession, for that peace, which God giveth to his children. At a meeting on Saturday evening, I rose to speak, but could not proceed. 'O pray for me,' was all I could say. After meeting, my friends said, 'you must resign yourself to God;' but in my view I could no more do it, than I could move the globe. Every effort was struggling against God; every prayer was the service of the lips, not of the heart. I went backward and forward, on the right hand and on the left, but could not find him. I retired for rest, but 'my thoughts on awful subjects roll'd, damnation and the dead.' I slept a few moments, but it was the sleep of sorrow. I awoke to experience the bitterness of despair. The next Sabbath as the Rev. Mr. M. was absent, a sermon was read from II. Corinthians, v. 20, in which the importance of the present moment was urged with great faithfulness. Again I tried to bow to the Saviour. Reclining upon the seat, I cried audibly, so that a few heard me, 'what shall I do?' About this time six of my fellow students were

rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. This event taught me the exceeding depravity of my heart. It led me to reflect that 'it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God, that sheweth mercy.' I could not be willing that such a God should reign. The scriptures commanded me to repent, and yet affirmed, 'it is God that sheweth mercy.' In this situation I continued until the next Sabbath morning, November 11th; a morning, which I shall ever remember as the happiest of my life. After prayers in the chapel, I took my Bible, and retired to a grove west of the college. I recollect distinctly the impression on my mind while I walked to the grove, that it was the last attempt; if unsuccessful now, I can do no more. This passage of scripture was fixed in my mind, 'O Israel thou hast destroyed thyself.' My past abused privileges, my unholy prayers, my oppostion to a holy God were set in array before me; and I saw the wickedness of my whole life, as clearly as I saw the sun, which shone upon me. I believe I had no doubt, that I was a vessel of wrath fitted for destruction. Wearied and distressed I sat down upon a log, and contemplated the miseries of hell. My thoughts were thus; 'your doom is now certain, you did hope for heaven, but you will hope no more. Your sentence is just. O miserable hell! God commands you to repent; but your heart is too hard, it will not relent.' At this moment, I was directed to Jesus, as an all-sufficient Saviour. Then my heart acquiesced in his atonement, and in his dealings with such a vile sinner, as I saw myself to be; and my soul reposed itself on the arm of everlasting love. I felt the chain break; O it was the bondage of sin! I opened the Bible, and read these words, 'For this cause, I bow my knees to the God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' It will never be in my power to give an adequate description of my feelings in view of this passage. There was a beauty, majesty, and sweetness in it, which are indescribable. I dwelt upon it until my heart was in a flame of love. Jesus revealed himself in his glory. In his countenance shone a divine majesty and benevolence. In a moment I raised my hands, and exclaimed, 'Father, glorify thyself.' (These words were often repeated.) Thy law is holy, and just, and good. Let the Lord reign, and let all the people keep silence before him. If I perish, I can smile to see the Lord Jesus King over all the earth.' After an hour, I returned to my room. Brother Hall was singing these words, 'My heart grows warm with holy fire.' It was sweet, heavenly music; it rejoiced my heart. During the day I was not

sensible of any peculiar change; but in the evening after giving a statement of the dealings of God with me, heaven opened to my ravished eye, and the divine Redeemer took up his abode in my heart. This was a hope full of glory; this was peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost. Passed the night with uncle S. P.— and it was a night of heavenly peace. The world lost its charms; death appeared only the gate to glory. For the first time, I desired to depart and be with Christ. The next day I was rather insensible until evening; at the close of secret prayer, my soul thirsted, even panted after God. For two hours, I could say, 'none but Christ, none but Christ.' It was better to sit at the feet of Jesus, and to hear his gracious words, than to receive the honors and riches of the whole world. To him I dedicated my life, my talents, my all; desiring to be devoted to him, while I remain in the flesh, and to be accepted of him, when I pass the valley of the shadow of death. To God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, for ever, Amen."

Some time after the events here related, Mr. Parsons forwarded this account to his mother, in compliance with her particular request. The original paper, which he penned for his own use, and from which it was transcribed, is before me; and I find by comparison that the account now given is somewhat abridged.

If, in the christian experience of some of God's favored children, there be some things which excite our astonishment, let us not rashly condemn that to which we may not have attained. Thousands are undoubtedly brought into the Redeemer's kingdom, with far less terror than Mr. Parsons experienced, and without such raptures of joy. His religion, however, was of a modest character; and he was decidedly opposed to any thing which savored of ostentation.

During the period under consideration Mr. Parsons supposed that he had ever before been a stranger to vital godliness. But on farther examination of his

heart, and more mature reflection, he was on the whole rather inclined to think otherwise. Whether he was, or was not, a true believer before; this was eminently a new era in his christian life, and he now received an impulse in religion, which he never lost. The remark, though not new, is doubtless just, that the mind sometimes receives a bias in conversion, or in the period of first love, which gives a particular direction to the whole course of future life. This was the fact in the present instance. For in this delightful period of his espousals to Christ, the wants and wretchedness of the heathen very deeply impressed the mind of Mr. Parsons; and some of his first desires were for their illumination and conversion.

His hope was that which maketh not ashamed; his faith was not a cold assent to doctrines, nor merely a belief that his sins had been forgiven. Even at the early period of eighteen, he manifested something of that love to souls, that christian zeal and expansive benevolence, which shone afterwards with brighter splendour. In the winter vacation of 1812, he spent several days in visiting, in his father's society, from house to house, for the sole purpose of recommending that Saviour, whom his soul loved. Whether any salutary effects resulted from this labour of love, another day will reveal.

From the period under consideration, Mr. Parsons kept a journal of his religious exercises. Generally, though not always, on Sabbath morning or evening, he noted down the state of his mind; and occasionally he wrote on other days. A few extracts, from that part of his journal which was penned while a member of college, will give a general view of the state of his mind, and probably be interesting to the christian reader.

"*February* 2, 1812.—This day attended the funeral of one of my collegiate brothers, Mr. Ebenezer Weeks. He is gone to his long-wished-for home. He often gave me pious instruction. I looked to him as a father; but God has removed him. This is a mysterious providence! But why this mourning? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

On this occasion, though Mr. Parsons felt deeply, he was enabled to acquiesce in the will of his heavenly Father. But the early departure of Mr. Weeks, so afflictive to an individual, was justly esteemed a public loss. He was an excellent classical scholar, possessed a discriminating mind, and a sound judgment; and not a few had raised expectations of his future usefulness.

But it pleased him, "whose thoughts are not as our thoughts," to number this young man among the dead, only a few months before his class received the honors of college. He was hurried to the grave by a typhus fever. As a swelling in his throat rendered him incapable of speaking, he signified his expectation of a speedy departure, by writing on the hand of a friend the word "*death*." Being requested a short time before he expired to express by a sign the state of his mind, he stretched out his pale, trembling hand, and wrote on the hand of his brother, the name "*Jesus*;" and then looked upward with a serene composure, a heavenly smile.

Soon after, Mr. Parsons was called to experience a similar affliction, in the death of a beloved classmate. The state of his mind under this bereavement may be learned by an extract from his journal, dated

"*March* 29, 1812.—Brother Timothy Hoit is laid in the silent tomb. He fell asleep in Jesus, and has undoubtedly commenced his eternal song. O my brother,

my brother! Thou hast fled from my sight, left this world of trouble, and entered thine everlasting mansion. Art thou now veiling thy face before the throne of God, and encircled in the arms of his love? Dost thou behold his blissful face, the absence of which caused thee wearisome days, and wakeful nights! Art thou free from sin which caused thee to weep with me in college? O my brother, how happy, how happy! Let me follow him so far as he followed Christ. Let me obey my God, be faithful in his cause and when he shall bid me come, then I will sweetly lay my armour by, put off this sinful flesh, and join with my dear brother among the holy and happy throng in everlasting anthems of praise. Amen."

This lovely youth was hopefully renewed by the Divine Spirit, nine or ten months before his decease, at a time when he enjoyed comfortable health. During a distressing decline, in which for some time, he apprehended that each week, and sometimes each day, might be his last, he was a pattern of patience and resignation to the Divine will. And when he found himself expiring in death, he lifted his hands and eyes, and exclaimed, "Glory to Jesus; Glory to Jesus!"

In Mr. Parsons' journal, dated "*April* 5, 1812," I find the first distinct mention of a mission to the heathen. He says,

"I frequently think of spending my life as a missionary to the heathen. This consideration sometimes fires me with uncommon zeal. I hope God will cause me to know his will, make me willing to go wherever he pleases, prepare me to fight his battles, and afterwards receive me to his kingdom. I intend to think of heaven this week in my leisure hours."

This last observation is worthy of particular remark.

Different indeed would be the condition of Christians, did they always, or often "think of heaven," and meditate on its glories, "in their leisure hours."

"*Tuesday evening*, *May* 20.—This day I have enjoyed communion with my God. Felt sensibly refreshed by the coming of cousin Erastus Parsons. There were a number present, all of whom expect to live in heaven. We joined in prayer before we parted, and it was sweet praying to that God, who hears when sinners cry. This afternoon brother Fisk and myself took a tour out of the village, and conversed with as many as we could upon the subject of religion. We solemnly warned sinners to repent, and we leave the event with God. This evening went into the woods to pray; but God was pleased to hide his blissful face. O how feeble, how dependent! Jesus appears lovely, but I do not feel that union to him, which I desire. O sinful man that I am! I deserve this moment to drink the wrath of God. But I can say, I think with sincerity, to the world,

> "Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
> And my Redeemer's mine."

"*June* 3.—I felt exceedingly happy in being the clay in the hands of so glorious a being. The thought of arriving to that place, where I could forever ascribe 'glory and honor, majesty and power, to my God, filled me with raptures of joy. 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'

"*Sabbath morning*, *June* 21.—The natural sun shines with unusual splendour, and the Sun of Righteousness beams upon my soul. I hope to spend this day entirely in the divine service. Yesterday noon, brother Fisk and myself walked abroad to warn sinners, and to com-

fort the saints. In the college conference last evening, I was constrained to confess my vileness. After meeting, light dawned on my soul; Jesus appeared lovely, and never was I sensible of such love to the children of God. If it is so pleasant to behold a few rays of Christ's glory shining in his saints, how glorious, how unspeakably blessed will be the paradise of God! This Saviour whom my soul loveth, and melteth at the sound of his voice, will be seen in all the majesty of God. O my Saviour, how have I grieved thee! But on thy kind arms I fall, and rest on thy bosom. I hope to be kept by thy love, and at last see thee face to face. O blessed morning! O my Saviour, come quickly.

"*Monday morning*, *July* 6.—The past Sabbath was a good day to me. Those stings of conscience, which have frequently troubled me while at the Lord's table, were entirely removed, and I think I never enjoyed greater peace, while partaking of the broken elements.

'The Angelic hosts above
'Can never taste this food;
'They feast upon their Maker's love,
'But not a Saviour's blood.'

Six of my class-mates dedicated themselves to God this day.

"*Sabbath morning*, *August* 16.—My heart is awfully corrupt, a sink of iniquity. I can join with President Edwards, and say that my iniquities are 'infinite upon infinite.' Once more will I venture near thy throne, O my God. If thou dost ever smile upon me, it will be through infinite, free and sovereign grace. 'Let me fall into the hand of the Lord, but not into the hand of man.'

"*September* 20, 1812.—During the late vacation my mind has been barren and frozen in stupidity. I found

little enjoyment in prayer, and at times it was a burden. How can infinite purity endure such services? I have often been struck with astonishment at the close of secret prayer, at the coldness of my mind. Frequently I begin by ascribing to God the attributes of omniscience, omnipotence, eternity, and immutability; imploring his protection, the pardon of my sins, the light of his countenance; beseeching him to extend the Redeemer's kingdom; and glorify himself. During all this time, I have no suitable sense of his Being, nor one spiritual desire for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Be astonished O heaven! How just that I should have leanness sent into my soul. If I ever arrive at heaven, my devotions will be pure, and my soul steadfast in the service of God, and

> 'Jesus and salvation be
> 'The close of every song.'

Hail happy day! Recently I have had considerable enjoyment. God gives me temporal prosperity, and now and then a glimpse of heaven. If a distant sight of God affords joy unspeakable, what pleasure will fill my soul, when heaven opens to my view.

"*Lord's day, October* 25, 1812.—This evening received the news of the death of brother Harrington Hall, of Sudbury. He had been a member of this college more than two years, and one year my room-mate; but now he has bid me a final adieu. He was cut down suddenly, and called to appear before his judge. My room-mate confined to the land of silence, and I yet live! I anticipated his recovery, and flattered myself that I should still enjoy his company; but his days are numbered and finished. After he had performed the work assigned him, 'the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken.' O my brother, art thou in eternity,

is thy probationary state closed, thy lips sealed in silence, and thy body left a feast for worms? Is thine eternal destiny pronounced? Hast thou seen God, and angels, and heaven? Hast thou commenced an eternal song? O my brother, my brother, farewell! By this event may I learn how wicked, how foolish to place my affections on things below! May I be wise for time and eternity, and so profit by this and similar events, that I may live the life of the righteous, 'that my last end may be like his.'"

This young man so beloved and lamented by Mr. Parsons, was beloved and respected by many others. He had been for some time a professed disciple of Christ, and his truly christian deportment evinced most clearly the sincerity of his profession. Possessing respectable talents he promised fair for usefulness; but he, who 'seeth not as man seeth, and doeth what he will with his own,' removed him, as we humbly trust, to a world of unceasing joy, without giving him an opportunity to labor in his Master's vineyard.

"*November 7th, Saturday evening.*—I have one thing particularly to lament, that a certain time, while attempting to pray, I had a greater desire to please men than God. This brought darkness on my soul. I hope for pardon and deep repentance. This evening had an unusually solemn and interesting meeting. I delight to be where God is worshipped. Let the Lord live, and reign forever and ever.

My strength is weakness, my heart obdurate; I need the scourging hand of God to keep me humble, to remind me of my dependence."

About the first of January, 1813, Mr. Parsons removed his relation from the church of Christ in Goshen, Mass. and united with the church of Christ in Middle-

bury, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Merrill. During the winter vacation of this year, Mr. Parsons spent some time in the western part of Massachusetts. A reference to his journey and visit I find in his journal, dated

"*Middlebury College, March* 28. It truly becomes me to make mention of the guardian love of my Creator, and to live devoted to him. While death has raged in an unusual manner, my life, and the lives of my friends are preserved."

[The winter of 1813 was rendered memorable in several sections of Vermont, by the unusual prevalence of disease and mortality.]

It appears by Mr. Parsons' journal, that before he commenced his journey to Massachusetts, he resolved to introduce religious conversation in all places and companies, where it should appear suitable. This resolution' "I was enabled," he says, "partly to perform." The result is unknown. But surely the example is worthy of imitation. If journeys and visits were commenced with an unfeigned desire to glorify God, and to promote the salvation of men, different indeed would be the aspect of society. A word for Jehovah at the inn, a word by the way, might be seed sown, which would bear fruit to eternal life. The day will come, when visits and journeys will be "holiness to the Lord;" and if Christians would improve these opportunities of usefulness, as some individuals have improved them, the amount of good would be incalculable.

In May, Mr. Parsons was again brought into the school of affliction. The state of his mind may be ascertained from his journal.

"*May* 15, 1813, *Sabbath morn.*—Afflictions sanctified are the richest blessings. They are designed to

quicken the Christian in his spiritual work, to lead the mind to the source of all consolation, to Jesus Christ, who was a 'man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' When some earthly object is gaining an ascendancy in the mind; when the love of honor, of pleasure, of wealth diminishes the attachment for heavenly meditations, then the path is beset with thorns, light is turned into darkness, sweetness into wormwood and gall, till the cry ascends to heaven, 'I will arise, and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father I have sinned.' These, I would hope, will be the effects produced by the recent afflictive providence. My dear and much beloved cousin Erastus Parsons closed his mortal existence the last week. He was my friend, my counsellor, my christian brother. Pleasant in his manners, instructive in his conversation, and devotional in religious duties, he was qualified for extensive usefulness in the gospel ministry. But his bright prospects were soon blasted, or rather *perfected* by an early departure from the world. How affectionately did he bid me adieu, pointing to heaven for an eternal meeting. His last counsel I can never forget, 'live near to God in secret, crucify the world, be faithful to sinners.' Then, unable to say more, he breathed out a long *Farewell!* This affliction, unless I am greatly deceived, has given me additional evidence of a good hope, through grace. With humble confidence I can say, I loved God for his *holiness*, *Christians* as the image of Christ, the holy scriptures because they are pure. I think I can say, 'I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' If a deceived heart hath turned me aside, I pray God to take the veil from my heart, and guide me in the way everlasting. Convinced of my weakness, I desire to look to him, who is able to save to the uttermost. Thanks to

God that those, who wait upon him, shall renew their strength. The humble believer, amidst his greatest dangers and temptations, may look to him as an eternal Refuge, an unfailing Portion."

A short notice of the amiable young man whose death Mr. Parsons so sincerely lamented, may not be uninteresting to the reader. Mr. Erastus Parsons, son of the Rev. Silas Parsons, was hopefully a subject of renewing grace sometime in the year 1807; and not long afterward united with the church of Christ in Sudbury, Vt. then under the pastoral care of his father. He became a member of Middlebury College in August 1810. In the winter of 1811 he taught a school in Pittsford. His desire to be truly useful to his pupils was great, and his labours for their good indefatigable. It pleased the great head of the church to revive religion in his school, and the result was the addition of thirty youth to the church of Christ in that place. There he was gathering his richest harvest; but his labors were too great. The seeds of that disease were sown, which terminated in early death. In the spring following, he took a dismission from college. As he earnestly desired to preach the gospel before he should go hence, and as his knowledge of theology was considerable, he was licensed in May 1812. After this he preached occasionally till February 1813, and his ministrations were very acceptable. Soon after he commenced preaching, the clergyman of Jericho, about to leave the world, recommended Mr. Parsons to his people as a suitable person to be his successor; and it was not without reluctance that they gave up the fond anticipation. In the autumn of 1812, Mr. Parsons journeyed to Connecticut, and was the instrument of the commencement of a revival of religion in Canton, in the parish of the Rev. Jeremiah Hallock.

One of Mr. Hallock's daughters was evidently a seal of his ministry. Mr. Parsons died in May, 1813; and this young lady soon followed him to the grave.

"*July* 18, 1813.—This Sabbath morning is the commencement of an interesting period of my life; twenty years are past. My obligations to love and respect my parents were never greater, and never more gratefully reviewed. How often they prayed for me, and wept over me, when I was too young to know the value of their instructions, or to express the gratitude which they merited. With what faithfulness did they instruct me in the knowledge of my own heart, and in the great plan of salvation through the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ. And when I was led captive at the will of satan, and heedlessly pursued the road to ruin, they continued to warn and reprove with many tears. To the latest period of my life, it shall be my care to administer to their happiness.

But to him who gave me life, is due my supreme affections, my unceasing gratitude. To him, who *died* to redeem me, be glory and thanksgiving forever. I desire to be instrumental of advancing his cause. Pains, sufferings, afflictions are not to be mentioned here. To die at the stake; what is it? when the honor of Jesus, and the advancement of his kingdom require it. O for grace to fulfil his will, to be faithful even unto death. Then, animating reflection, may I hope to reign with all the redeemed, and 'be near and like my God.'

"*September* 12, 1813.—I have now commenced my last year in college. It is my desire to spend it for God, to be 'diligent in business,' yet 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' Intense study will check the progress of piety, and lead the soul away from prayer, unless there be constant watchfulness and faithfulness. Let

me not forget that the glory of God is to be the ruling motive of my conduct; that no study, however interesting or enchanting, is of any consequence any farther than it can be made to subserve the interests of the church. Perhaps the spirit of the Lord will be poured out from on high, and sinners brought to repentance. As the most feeble attempts are sometimes sanctified, I desire not to be weary in well doing; for in due time I shall reap if I faint not.'

During the autumn of this year, a society was formed in college, the early history of which will be a continuation of the present narrative. The cost of classical books forms no inconsiderable part of the necessary expenses of a student. To remedy this difficulty so far as indigent students were concerned, and to grant them gratuitously the use of classical books while members of college, was the object of the association. It was styled "The Middlebury College Beneficent Society." It has flourished beyond the anticipations of its founders; and has been able not only to furnish college applicants, but to extend similar aid to young men in the vicinity commencing classical studies. In whose mind the plan of this society originated is unknown to the writer; but Mr. Parsons was so ardently engaged in its formation and prosperity, that he acquired the title of "captain of the beggars in college." The society, now of about ten years standing, is still flourishing. Similar societies have recently been established in many of our literary institutions.

About this time, the people in Lewis, in the county of Essex, N. Y. applied to Mr. Parsons to instruct a school, and aid an infant church in the devotions of the Sabbath. In reference to this application, he says in a letter to his brother, "President Davis considered it my

duty to go, and afforded me every assistance. In that wilderness I shall frequently reflect on the pleasures of social life, as a man thinks on a dream that is past, in the shadows of the night. But engaged as I am or hope to be in my Master's service, the wilderness will be illumined. To live and die in a desert in such a cause, appears far preferable to the pleasures of a throne. It must be a rich source of happiness to see our spiritual children wearing crowns, and praising their God and King."

While crossing lake Champlain, on his way to Lewis, Mr. Parsons had a narrow escape from death. The fact he related soon after in a letter to his parents.

"A singular occurrence transpired while I was crossing the lake. When the schooner was about half way across, it was so dark that the ferryman blew a trumpet to have a light set up on the opposite shore. Soon we heard a voice, and before we had time to know what it was, a musket ball was fired at our heads, and passed about two feet from me. The ferryman then hallooed, but we had no answer; and he said they were preparing to give us a broadside. Then death appeared near, and my thoughts were turned from time to the solemnity of appearing immediately before my Judge. I thought however I left the event to the divine disposal. But instead of a broadside, we soon perceived a skiff, with a number of armed men, making towards us with full speed. They grappled our schooner, and appeared determined to destroy us. But after looking around, and making a few enquiries, they steered off. This was the first ball ever shot at me, and I hope it will be the last. That God, who directed the arrow of the bow drawn at venture in the battle of Ramoth Gilead, directed the ball that it should not hurt me. How safe to be in the hands of God!"

In Lewis, Mr. Parsons was universally esteemed and beloved. The church committed to him the entire management of their meetings. On the Sabbath he read approved sermons, and attended to the other exer-

cises. During his residence there, the church was very small, and though there was no special revival of religion, yet his labours were highly useful. Many were induced to attend public worship, and a general religious bias was given to the state of society, which yet remains, and has been followed with the happiest consequences. A gentleman of respectability told the writer, that no person ever resided in that place, who was more beloved, or in an equal period of time more useful.

Mr. Parsons' labors were, in a high degree, preparatory to a season of spiritual "refreshing," enjoyed the following summer and autumn. While engaged in teaching a school to universal satisfaction, he was scattering the seed of eternal life, which shortly sprung up and ripened into a joyful harvest.

His departure from the beloved society in Lewis, was painful. In a letter to his eldest sister, he says,

"It was with extreme regret that I parted with the church and people, especially my dear pupils. To hear them sighing the last farewell, to see them watching my departing steps, with audible groans and streaming eyes, was a scene truly affecting."

During the following summer the people enjoyed stated preaching; but it is worthy of remark, that the revival already mentioned, commenced evidently in a religious conference which Mr. Parsons attended while in Lewis on a visit. Then the important question was asked him, "what shall we do to be saved?" An extract from one of his letters to a gentleman in Lewis, though written at a later period, will afford some additional light respecting this good work. "I regret that ill health obliged me to return so soon, especially as every circumstance rendered my visit with you interesting and instructive. I scarcely ever witnessed more

visible manifestations of the power of the Holy Spirit, a more genuine work upon the hearts of sinners. It is certainly the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. While every Christian is disposed to give the glory to God, all will admire the riches of his grace to the most undeserving. How precious are the favours of God to us, who could expect nothing but indignation and wrath!"

Between the people of Lewis and Mr. Parsons a very strong attachment existed, which was not impaired by the lapse of time. Indeed they cherished the fond expectation of having him eventually for their pastor, till his views and decisions respecting his future labours compelled them to abandon the idea.

In the journal of Mr. Parsons, I find the following motive of his return to college, which evinces a high religious state of enjoyment.

"*March* 17, 1814.—Returned from Lewis, after a pleasant and prosperous season. Israel's God has been my Hope and Director. In my school and society he went before me, and made my way agreeable. To him be all the glory. Praise him, O my soul. Not unfrequently has the Lord remarkably interposed for my deliverance. His angels have had charge concerning me, lest I should fall. Amidst my fatigue and trials, health together with some glimmerings of mental light have been my high privilege. God can make the wilderness pleasant, and the desert a hidden place for his children. In his name let me trust, and dangers vanish. Returned to Bridport, witnessed the wonderful operations of the Divine Spirit; twenty nine received to communion, Christians enlivened, sinners alarmed and God glorified."

On one subject Mr. Parsons often reflected with deep

solicitude. Fearful, however, of rushing with unhallowed step into an arduous service, and of raising expectations which might end in dsappointment, it long remained a secret in his own bosom. The following letter will fully explain these remarks.

"Middlebury College, May 2, 1814.

"Dear parents,—I have long desired to introduce for your consideration, a subject, which for years has agitated my mind: a subject solemn in its nature, but joyful in its consequences. I mean a *foreign mission.* Through a distrust of my own abilities, together with the delicacy of the subject, I have hitherto concealed my feelings even from my most intimate friends. And now nothing but the idea of unbosoming myself to my beloved parents, who with the utmost solicitude have long led me by the hand in the paths of wisdom, could induce me to write. Being fully persuaded of your watchfulness and anxiety, I should be guilty of the most criminal ingratitude by a longer delay. From that blessed moment, when as I trust, I experienced the smiles of heaven, and the joys of pardoned sin, the deplorable condition of the heathen has sensibly affected my mind. I have desired, and sometimes resolved, by the leave of Providence, to proclaim in their ears a crucified Saviour. This spring the subject has appeared more solemn than ever; and often I am in the centre of Asia listening to the groans of the eastern world, which are wafted to heaven for deliverance. Indeed I converse more with the heathen than with my own classmates. Since I received my last letter from Mr. Richards, I find that delay upon this subject can no longer be indulged. This great question must be decided, "Shall I go to Asia?" Mr. Richards observes, that after this question is decided, all my studies must be turned into this channel. My prayers, my conversation, and my exertions must all be intended to forward this purpose. Impressed with the solemnity and importance of the undertaking, and conscious of my own weakness and insufficiency, I would with a trembling heart ask the advice of my parents. Confiding in your wisdom, and understanding of this subject, I am confident, that the decision will be honourable to the cause of the Redeemer and satisfactory to myself. To leave my country and my friends is comparatively a small trial, since I have committed them to the divine protection. But when I consider the danger of pro-

ceeding without a call from heaven; the danger of denying the faith, and of sinking under the afflictions, which accompany such an undertaking, I have trials of an almost overwhelming magnitude. I have not those qualifications, those mental endowments which are indispensable to a missionary. I am wanting in ardent piety, christian zeal, and almost every thing beside. When sinking into despondency, and despairing of relief, the sweet promises of Christ to his weak, yet faithful followers, give me substantial consolation. Taking all these things in consideration, what must I do? Must I no longer indulge the thought of becoming a missionary, or a minister? Then death (I speak with awe) would appear more desirable than life.

"Become a missionary—O blessed thought! May I indulge it! Labour, toil, suffer and die for souls—O the honour is too great! 'Tis an angel's trust. Here I pause and wonder.

"Weigh against one soul, the pleasures of civilized life, the endearments of friends and relatives, the gold of Ophir, and the treasures of the east; how unequal the balance! The sacrifice of our little all should be disregarded, when the glory of God, and the joys of heaven are brought into view. I have already given myself away to God, I hope, without reserve. Nor do I wish to make any reserve as to my future life. Where his spirit directs I feel bound to follow. Should infinite mercy grant me a crown of glory, how pleasing the consideration to have it sparkle with heathen souls. Nay, farther, how pleasing to labour, to toil and suffer for him, who, through infinite condescension and boundless grace, endured the pains of Calvary!

"But I forbear—Desiring that God may make you, my dear parents, rich in word and doctrine, and grant you the greatest favor conferred on mortals, a seat in his kingdom; I subscribe myself, with sentiments of respect and dutiful esteem."

"*May* 17, 1814.—Read this day the Memoirs of Mrs. Newell. Her love for the souls of the heathen enabled her to triumph even in prospect of death. She left her beloved country and friends, and received even in this life, by divine consolation, an hundred fold; and then entered joyfully upon the recompense of reward. This is the portion of those, 'whom the King delighteth to honor.'

"The subject of foreign missions has of late excited considerable solicitude in my mind. It has been a subject of prayer. I think I can say, if it be the will of God, I will go to Asia. I sincerely hope I shall be directed in the path of duty. Many towns in this vicinity are destitute of a preacher of the gospel; and many souls perishing for the bread of life. Where duty will direct I know not. My own will I dare not consult. Divine Redeemer, send me where I can best promote thy glory. Not my will, but thine be done.

"*May* 25, 1814.—The present is a solemn time in college. God, in infinite mercy, is reviving his work. Sinners are enquiring the way to Zion. 'Let every thing which hath breath, praise the Lord.'

"*May* 29.—This Sabbath has, in some measure, resembled the rest of heaven. Christians have been earnest in prayer, and sinners are convicted of their guilt and danger.

"*May* 30.—Prayer meeting in my room; delightful season; sinners tremble, saints rejoice. God is present of a truth. A few begin to hope. My mind is unusually solemn, and my hope strengthened. I have endeavored to discharge my duty to my fellow students, and now I must leave them. The time of my departure from college is at hand. My impenitent fellow students, once more I would invite you to the Saviour of sinners; once I will say, 'Father forgive them;' now farewell! With the Saviour for our guide, friend, and protector, we shall meet again; not with these clogs of sin and corruption; but with bodies made like to the Son of God. Peace attend you. Finish your course with joy; secure a title to the approbation of your Judge. *Farewell.*"

Having bid his impenitent fellow students, farewell;

Mr. Parsons seems, in the remaining sentences, to have included the whole college, many of whom were hopefully pious.

The following letter to Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, Massachusetts, will show the state of his mind, during a season of unusual religious attention.

"MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, June 24, 1814.

"Rev. Sir,—The present is a solemn period. God is pleased, in his mysterious Providence, to visit this seminary again by the effusions of his Holy Spirit. The work commenced about four weeks since. Four young gentlemen of promising talents, who had been long regardless of God and their own salvation, are now proclaiming their Maker's praises. At present they appear to possess the spirit of Christ, and are much engaged for the salvation of their fellow students. Thousands may be brought to glory through the instrumentality of these young disciples; perhaps many perishing heathen. Bless the Lord, O my soul; let all the saints praise him. Last evening about an hundred students assembled in a conference meeting, and many were deeply affected. While the brethren spoke of the attributes of God, particularly his justice in the destruction of the incorrigible sinner, and his mercy in saving any, all was silent as the grave. One, who had for some time neglected his duty as a Christian, and mingled with the world, arose with a burdened heart. His countenance strongly indicated the anguish of his mind. He spake of his past conduct with the deepest regret, and solemnly warned sinners not to let his life prove the ruin of their souls. Many wept; O yes, many who a few days since trifled with serious subjects, now weep for their immortal souls. The scene reminded us of the general judgment, when saints will rejoice in the smiles of their Saviour, and the sinner tremble at his final sentence. Some of those very individuals, who were most active in wickedness, now cry for mercy. God has smiled upon this institution in a peculiar manner. This is the fourth revival which I have witnessed here. In the senior class twenty-five are hopefully pious; in the freshmen all but four. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but to thy name be all the glory.' What wonders are wrought 'in the name of the holy child Jesus!' There is the sound of much rain. O that the saints in Plainfield would pray for us at this critical moment. Who can tell but God designs

to raise up many in this college to proclaim salvation to the heathen, and hasten on the latter glorious day?

"The revival among your dear people is peculiarly pleasing to Christians here. God is evidently demolishing the walls of Satan's kingdom, and building up his own. The church is coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on her beloved."

With the extent of this revival, the writer is unacquainted. Revivals, however, in seminaries of science are sometimes underrated. When the majority are professors of religion, a small number of hopeful conversions may be the effect of a comparatively great display of divine grace. A revival in a literary institution, which brings ten into the Redeemer's kingdom, may in reality be equal to one elsewhere, which numbers ten times as many subjects; and the consequences to the church and the world may be far more propitious.

Mr. Parsons was graduated in August, 1814. As a scholar his standing was highly respectable. At the exhibitions of his class, he was honored with flattering appointments; and at the commencement in which he took leave of college, he pronounced to universal acceptance a eulogy on the celebrated Scotch reformer, John Knox. With this appointment he was much pleased, as it led to a more intimate acquaintance with that venerable man, and tended to invigorate his faith and piety.

While at Middlebury, he was in an excellent school both for his understanding and his heart. In addition to the pious instruction enjoyed in college, in the sanctuary, he was permitted to witness four revivals of religion. In the promotion of at least three of them, he was in some degree instrumental.

His usefulness, while in college, was considerable. His amiable deportment, uniform piety, and christian faithfulness will doubtless be remembered by a goodly number with unceasing gratitude. Many of his leisure

hours were employed in religious conversation with his fellow students; others were spent in visiting from house to house, and recommending that Redeemer on whom he believed. He was generally accompanied in his excursions by a christian brother; and often by that dear friend, who has since been his companion in labor and tribulation. In July, 1812, while many were celebrating our nation's birth day, Mr. Parsons and the writer walked four miles, and after we commenced our labor of love, called at every house, conversed with every individual and prayed in every family. At another time we wandered alone a short distance from college, and called at a house, where was a company of young ladies, all strangers. At first he hesitated whether to introduce religious conversation, fearing it would be unwelcome. But reflecting on his covenant vows, and that he must meet these young immortals in judgment; he tenderly and faithfully recommended to their consideration the importance of early piety. When he departed, all were solemn, and some in tears. Toward the close of his senior year, he went several times to some of the mountain towns in the vicinity of Middlebury, and assisted scattered disciples there in the devotions of the Sabbath. Justice requires me to state that these labours of love were not performed at the expense of college duties. In his attention to these he was conscientiously and minutely faithful. And though not actuated by a worldly ambition, few, if any, have been more anxious to store their minds with useful knowledge, or more diligent in the pursuit.

As there has been invariably a friendly intercourse between the people of Middlebury and the members of college, the pious student has frequent opportunities of doing good. Of these Mr. Parsons availed himself;

but the extent of his usefulness while in college cannot be ascertained at present; nor will it be accurately known, till that day when the good and evil of our lives with all their momentous consequences, will be disclosed to a wondering world. It is, however, already known that his christian faithfulness was, in a number of instances, owned and honored by the holy spirit. I shall adduce one instance as a specimen of the rest. It is taken from "The Richmond Family Visitor," Va.; and styled "A Tribute to Mr. Parsons." It is dated Norfolk, July 13, 1822. The writer, supposed to be a presbyterian clergyman of that place, says, "a few years since it was my happiness to enjoy the acquaintance and friendship of Mr. Parsons, while we were members of Middlebury college, in Vermont. At that time I was young and thoughtless, and in all that relates to personal piety, worse than indifferent. Mr. P. took frequent opportunities of conversing with me on this momentous subject. It was my first resolve to shun his society, or directly desire him to be less concerned about me. But his piety was so deep and ingenuous,—was so unequivocally yet unostentatiously manifested in all his actions, words and looks, that before I was aware of it, he had gained an access to my hardened bosom, and excited the first serious solicitude for my immortal interests. The friendly firmness with which he alarmed my fears, the fidelity and intelligence with which he illustrated the plan of redemption by an Almighty and Divine Saviour, the affection which breathed through his manner, and the chastened rapture with which he used to speak of the life and immortality offered through Christ to the penitent,—should excite an affectionate remembrance of my sainted friend, with the warmest gratitude to him from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and just works do proceed."

If all candidates for the gospel ministry were as pious and active as the subject of this memoir, our colleges, already one of the brightest ornaments of our country, would be a richer blessing; and send forth deeper and broader streams to "make glad the city of God." Many youth in the walks of science, unmindful of God and heaven, might be quickened and sanctified by grace, become heralds of the cross, and turn many from darkness to light. Or should some, rescued from ruin by the blessing of heaven upon christian faithfulness, fill important stations in civil life, their influence would be of immense value to the cause of Christ.

Mr. Parsons had determined, with the consent of his friends, to become a member of the Theological Seminary, at Andover, Mass. The writer well recollects that while visiting at his father's house in August 1814, the question was started in the family circle, whether it was expedient for Levi to go to Andover. With a shorter preparation for the ministry Mr. Parsons might have been a useful and truly respectable minister. That he would, at so early a period, have obtained such enlarged and comprehensive views of the kingdom of Christ, as he evidently possessed, and so correct a knowledge of a world lying in wickedness, without enjoying the advantages of a public theological institution, is more than doubtful. Nor is there any probability that he would have moved in that highly responsible sphere, which divine providence allotted him, with equal honor and success. Indeed had he not studied at Andover, the whole course of his future life would have been different. He ever considered it a subject of gratitude that he was permitted to receive his theological education in that favoured institution; and his attachment to it increased during the whole term of his residence

there, and continued unabated to the end of his life.

Sometime in the autumn of 1814, Mr. Parsons went to Andover, and commenced his studies. While a member of the theological seminary, he had a deep and increasing sense of the evil of sin, of the wickedness of his heart, of the infinitely rich grace revealed in the gospel, and generally of the reasonableness, beauty and glory of the plan of redemption. This remark will apply probably with equal truth to his whole future life. But he was here rapidly laying the foundation of his future usefulness; not merely by the acquisition of knowledge, but essentially by the cultivation of his heart.

It may be proper to mention here some facts relative to the circumstances of the family, though a little out of the order of time in which they occurred; as these facts are interwoven with the history of Mr. Levi Parsons. In consequence of the burning of a meeting-house and other uncontrolable difficulties, in Whiting, his father, Rev. Justin Parsons, asked and obtained a dismission from his people; and in the spring of 1813, was installed pastor of the united church of Pittsfield and Stockbridge, in the same state.

The private journal and letters of Mr. Parsons, form the most important materials for his history during his residence at Andover.

Journal—"*Sabbath*, *December* 18, 1814.—My heart, how desperately wicked! It renders duty a burden, the Sabbath wearisome, and my whole life unpleasant. Long have I desired to subdue it, but the work still remains to be done. I condemn its wanderings, and then listen to its desires. In my hours of retirement it allures my mind away from God; it deceives and poisons. Often when I would commune with God, I commune

with the world. Even before the excellency of the Saviour, the society of saints, and the joys of heaven, my mind frequently prefers the grovelling objects of sense. How long shall I be a slave, a stranger to heaven! O for spiritual weapons to fight against the world! O happy hour, when I shall be able to keep my heart from sin. This will make heaven pleasant. There will be no wanderings, no drowsiness nor inactivity. The joy will be perfect and increasing forever. What soul does not faint for the courts of our God?

"I never read the works of Baxter, Flavel, Doddridge and other pious fathers in the church, without being ashamed of myself. They walked by faith, fought with spiritual weapons, made rapid advances in grace, and were dead to the world. Their memory is blessed. But O how little enjoyment I have, how little courage in heavenly things! How unlike the martyrs and saints before me! Blessed Jesus, I daily and hourly dishonor thy cause. My wound is incurable without thine aid. Still permit a wretch to plead for the greatest privilege, that of being dead to the world, and alive to thee. I am utterly insufficient for the work; wilt thou, O my Saviour, assist me by thy spirit. Make me thine wholly and forever. O that this week might be spent more to the glory of thy name. I humbly desire to be kept from foolish conversation, from vain and sinful thoughts. Preserve me from making undue reflections on the conduct of others. I would constantly consider myself in the presence of God. As piety is the most important qualification of a minister, I would endeavor to hold constant communion with my Saviour, converse frequently with my heart, and read the Scriptures with solemnity and prayer. I hope to enquire every evening whether I have served God aright, and then compose

myself to sleep as in the arms of my Saviour. First when I awake, I would raise my thoughts to God. When I walk with my fellow students, I would have devotional and interesting subjects employ our time. As neglect of these duties has been the cause of my stupidity, I would implore divine assistance to reform. Now, O my Saviour, thou knowest my weakness; I humbly plead to be remembered in thy covenant, to be saved from a cold and barren heart, and to be prepared to serve thee and my generation with fidelity. Amen."

"Piety is the most important qualification of a minister." This remark, though not new, deserves to be inscribed in capitals in the study of every minister, and every candidate for the ministry. What but the want of fervent, enlightened piety frequently renders the ministrations even of evangelical clergymen languid and ineffectual? The most acute and accomplished theologian, without ardent love to God and man, does little good; while one far his inferior in other respects, but possessing this high qualification, is often the honored instrument of bringing many souls to glory.

"*Lord's Day, December* 26, 1814.—During the last week had some intervals of religious enjoyment; but much coldness and stupidity. When will the happy time arrive, in which I shall have nothing to lament; my heart be kept with all diligence, my conversation be heavenly, my joy uninterrupted? Reviewing my conduct for a few days, I find much to condemn. Little does my life resemble that of my glorious pattern. The world steals upon my affections, and robs me of my joy; and I fear it will rob me of the crown of glory reserved for the humble followers of the Lamb. One morning I suffered the world to occupy the time, which ought to have been devoted to secret devotion; and bitter was

the effect. I count that day lost—God forgive. Let this teach me the danger of neglecting duty. The severe affliction of being deprived of my sight for a number of days, I hope will be sanctified. Should I finally lose my sight, God would be just, and worthy of my highest praise. But this would deprive me of the opportunity of preaching the gospel, which I most ardently desire, and cut off my most sanguine expectations. Still I ought not to complain. God has other means of advancing his kingdom, and of evangelizing the heathen. But I would humbly beg to be an instrument in his hand of saving souls; 'nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.'

"1815.

"This year is ushered in by a pleasant sun, a sacred day, a happy emblem of that day, which shall complete the joys of the saints. This desirable period will be the commencement of new pleasures, new employments, new discoveries. The dear delights, which we here call a foretaste of heaven, will be mightily increased. The spirit no longer encumbered with flesh, no longer perplexed with doubts and trials, will be presented spotless before the throne of God, having been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. There the Sun of Righteousness will shed his brightest beams, and discover his unclouded glory. There the saints will drink of the river of life. The wonders of redeeming grace will be continually unfolding, and the heirs of glory will rise nearer and nearer to God, and enjoy increasing happiness without the possibility of being satiated. With one voice and heart, they will exclaim, 'worthy art thou, O Lord, to receive glory and honor, dominion and might.' That I may be prepared to bear a humble part in this holy employment, I desire to dedicate to my

Redeemer all my powers and services this year. I desire to commence a new life with God, to reform wherein I have erred; to honor my Redeemer; to advance the happiness of my fellow creatures; and to be assimilated to the divine image. O my God, I am ignorant, wilt thou teach me; I am weak, wilt thou breathe upon me, by thy Holy Spirit, and I shall live. O Holy Ghost sanctifier of hearts, renovate my mind, purify my soul, and make me a vessel of mercy prepared unto glory. Grant me thy gracious influences this year. Keep me from falling into any sin; make me truly penitent and submissive; guide me in duty; enlighten my understanding; strengthen my mental faculties; enable me to obtain a complete victory over my heart; and to increase in wisdom and grace for Jesus' sake. It shall be my constant prayer, by divine assistance, to be preserved from a vain and impenitent heart, from unchristian conversation, from foolish thoughts, from a formal observance of secret duties, from the appearance of vanity before the world or my fellow students, from indulging an impatient disposition, from hasty and unsuitable reflections upon the characters of others, from imbibing erroneous sentiments, and from *pride*, that *enemy* of all happiness, that *destroyer* of souls. To avoid these evils, it shall be my constant effort to render my mind devotional in secret; and never to neglect, nor hastily perform, those duties, which are the life of the Christian. I would have the word of God familiar, and my mind deeply impressed with its sacred truths. My conversation must be chaste; my seasons of meditation frequent; the sins, which easily beset me, critically watched, and my life uniformly serious and devout. I must watch unto prayer, till every enemy is subdued, till the heart is completely sanctified, and the soul prepared to mingle

with the general assembly of the saints in worlds of light."

From a letter to his parents dated January 5, 1815, I make the following extracts.

"Do not conclude that I am discontented; no person can be more pleased with this institution, and more highly value its privileges. If unhappy here, where on earth can I look for happiness? A kind Parent has relieved me from the distress occasioned by sore eyes. For a short time I almost concluded that my usefulness was ended, and my fond hopes cut off. But what reason to distrust that Providence which never errs; to question love that never fails? What more betrays a heart unsanctified, or a will unsubdued? That 'the Judge of all the earth will do right' calms the Christian, and gives him joy in affliction's furnace.

"Your letter was refreshing to my drooping spirits. True, as there observed, 'pride kills the Christian.' Being unguarded in this respect, has cost me much trouble and sorrow, and given me reason for lasting humiliation. The individual, who anticipates entering the ministry, should suitably consider the sacredness of the work. To mistake here is fatal. When a minister falls, he seems to tear down the pillars of the church. An irreligious minister may flourish for a time, but he most certainly will be made an *example* of the divine displeasure. It will be manifest to the world, that the man who trusts to himself is a fool. How can an ungodly minister teach a religion, the power of which he never felt? When called to the death bed of a saint, will not conscience tell him, that the ground on which he stands is holy? Will he not hear a voice saying, 'This is too nigh heaven for thee?' I doubt not but I shall have your daily prayers, that this character may never be mine."

It is said of the excellent and lamented Henry Martyn that he took the Rev. David Brainerd for his model. I do not know that Mr. Parsons selected any one in particular, but the following extract from his journal will not, it is presumed, be uninteresting.

"*January* 8, 1815.—Much refreshed this day by perusing the life of Brainerd. How completely devoted

to God, how ardent his affections! What thirstings after holiness, what love for souls! His life was short, but brilliant and useful. He ushered in a glorious day to the church. Counting pain and distress and every bodily infirmity as dross, he patiently encountered difficulties and dangers, and at last sweetly resigned his all to his Saviour. Multitudes will have reason to call him blessed. Many perishing Indians will remember his earnest desire for their good, with gratitude and love. He has taught the world an important lesson, and enforced it by a powerful example, that the Indians are capable of civilization, and susceptible of the finer feelings of humanity.

"How important the object of sending them the gospel, and of instructing them in the way of life. What objection to so noble an undertaking? Will any plead that they have hostile dispositions? Who, I ask, has not? While unassisted by divine truth will their situation ever be changed for the better? Must these suffering millions, who have the greatest demand upon our charity, lose eternal enjoyment, and become heirs of perdition? Reason, religion forbids. Will any plead that the time has not come to enlighten them? Vain mortals, claiming the prerogative of God, and condemning nations to ignorance—presumptuous excuse for indolence! Will any bring it to the bar of God, when these wretched Indians point to us, as the cause of their ruin? Had the Apostles and primitive Christians indulged the same excuse, our situation would have been as deplorable as theirs. Let us then press forward with a zeal worthy of so good a cause. Let it never be said that the Indians will not embrace the gospel, till the experiment has been fairly tried. And when Divine Providence cries forbear, we may rid our skirts of their

blood, and have the satisfaction of having done our duty."

The foregoing remarks on the subject of evangelizing our western heathen, were made two years before the A. B. C. F. M. had established a mission among them. There are now among them several prosperous missionary establishments, and their history is before the public. It is sufficient to remark here, that results have followed most cheering to the Christian and philanthropist; that the President of the United States and other gentlemen of high rank and respectability have manifested their cordial approbation of the measures pursued to civilize and enlighten the Indians, and have rendered timely and efficient aid. Some of the tribes have expressed an ardent desire to receive the gospel; and under the paternal smiles of our enlightened government, nothing is wanting but greater resources, more missionaries, and such effusions of the Spirit as have recently blessed our churches; and the work is done: our red brethren, no longer aliens and savages, will be 'fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.' For a consummation so glorious, who will refuse his prayers, or his charity!

Journal, "*Sabbath*, *January* 22.—O vain delusive world, thy charms are death! It is impossible to serve God and the world. This I have thoroughly learned during the last week. I have but little hope of possessing a penitent heart. I indulge pride and every thing which is unholy. Since I am so far from God, my life, my love, I would set apart this day for fasting, humiliation and prayer, to confess my sins, to forsake my follies, and to live nearer to my God.

"*Sabbath evening*.—Had some satisfaction in the sanctuary, some pantings after holiness. But O my

foolish heart! It leads me astray, and sends leanness into my soul. It is but a moment I can fix my attention on God, or taste celestial joys; the world affords some subject of amusement, and gains my heart. In the forenoon, during the first prayer, I endeavored to guard my thoughts, and fix my mind on the solemnity of the employment. I was immediately attacked. When one subject was not sufficient to turn my mind from God, another was presented still more alluring, till I fell. How inadequate to keep my own heart! Do the saints sanctified know no such trials? Then happy, happy state of glory! Let it be my constant employment this week to guard my thoughts in prayer. O for divine assistance."

Extracts from a letter to an afflicted relative, who had been bereaved of her eldest son, and soon after of her eldest daughter, in an unexpected manner.

"ANDOVER, January 25, 1815.

"My dear Aunt,—Your situation in this time of affliction is continually on my mind. Truly, the hand of God is heavy upon you. In the most unexpected manner have your hopes been cut off, and your cup been made bitter with wormwood and gall. The first affliction made your heart bleed, but when your tears were scarcely dried for a beloved son, God said, it is not enough, I must take another, and cause renewed weeping and mourning. God has done it; his glory required it; the good of the universe required it; shall we ask the reason why? Sufficient for us is the fact, that it was devised in infinite wisdom. The true believer desires no more. His mind is calm because God has done it. It is the language of every sanctified heart, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' 'Though afflictions be repeated, I will not complain.' Thus the saint has peace; he lies at Jesus' feet; he bows in submission to the will of his Father.

"I trust, my dear aunt, that these are your feelings, that you can say, these afflictions profit me. If so, what reason to rejoice! you may look forward to the period when God shall wipe away all tears, when your heart shall no more beat with sorrow, and break

with grief. One smile from Jesus will fill the soul with rapture. Hereafter we shall look back with surprise upon our conduct here. We shall wonder that we endured afflictions with so little fortitude, that we were no more humbled under the chastisements of a kind and merciful Parent. The situation of the person who is afflicted, and has no interest in the Redeemer's blood, calls for the compassion of every feeling heart. At that day when the saints shall be openly acknowledged and acquitted, he will have the bitter reflection that his sorrow is the beginning of sorrows. What reason have we to rejoice that we have hope in the mercy of God. Bear then, dear aunt, your trials with christian resignation; compose your mind with this truth, that all things work together for the good of the redeemed. Although our Lord delay his coming, yet he will certainly remember his covenant; and in the best time accomplish his purposes. He will bear you in the arms of his love, and present you spotless before his throne with exceeding joy."

Most of the thoughts penned in Mr. Parsons' journal of February 8, appear to be the substance of an address delivered to his class. Their excellence will be a sufficient apology for their insertion.

"Particularly we were reminded of the necessity of cultivating a devotional spirit, of living near the throne of grace. Make piety your supreme object; let your studies never intrude on those hours, which God demands as his own. Hold constant communion with heaven. Keep your hearts constantly warm with grace. What will it avail you, if you should store up a vast fund of knowledge, and leave your hearts barren? It is murdering time: it is robbing the church of Christ; it is destroying souls. We fear you will fail here. Do you wish for usefulness? Be *pious*. Do you wish to be successful in the ministry? Be *distinguished* for *piety*. Do you wish to spend your time pleasantly? Be *pious*. Finally, your all depends upon it. We beseech you not to let a day pass without much reflection, without ardent prayer."

"*February* 19.—I have long prayed that God would show me my heart, let me see its awful corruptions. O how vile, how hateful! Who can ask, is a change of heart necessary to happiness? How much more proper to enquire, can a natural heart ever be purified? It is a work worthy of God. Well did Jesus die to cleanse it. The natural heart is like the heart of Satan. There

are the same risings against God, the same opposition to holiness, the same relish for sin. Never was I more convinced of my vileness. O how just that I should be excluded from heaven. I can never complain, if a righteous God should say, '*depart.*'

"I cease not to offend my God; to disobey his commandments; to serve myself and the world. Dare I look to heaven for pardon? Dare I cast myself on sovereign mercy? Could I do this, I should hope. But this heart drags me down to sense. I see no other way but ruin, unless infinite love interpose. If Christ save me, it will be salvation indeed. Can this heart of corruption be made pure, whiter than snow, holy like an angel's? Amazing thought, which will forever excite the astonishment and wonder of the sanctified.

"*February* 27.—The past week has been peculiarly solemn. God has shown me how unworthy I am. How corrupt my heart, how sinful my prayers. Mercy, mercy, is all my hope. Surely of all the saints I am the vilest. The reflection that I have done so little for the honor of God, for the salvation of souls, that I have indulged a proud heart, and carnal appetites, is very distressing. Can it please God to use so vile an instrument to promote his cause? Can he ever smile upon my exertions? I dare not hope for it, I ought to despair of good by reason of sin!

"During the past week * * * * has been severely convicted of his wickedness. God has taken the veil from his heart, and disturbed his respose in sin. This morning he gives some evidence of a penitent heart. O wondrous grace. O that I might be tried, and that God would cleanse me from all impurity. O Lord, enable me to consecrate to thee the whole heart this day. O for a 'vision of thy face.'

"*February* 28.—Set apart this day for fasting; particularly to deplore the barrenness of my heart, my lifelessness in religion, my practical infidelity, and likewise to implore the Divine blessing upon * * * * and * * * * who are in great distress for sin; that God would give them the joy of believing, the consolations of his Spirit. In connexion with these subjects the case of my own brother * * * * who is about entering upon his studies, impressed my mind;—that God would sanctify his heart, make him an instrument of good, and receive him to glory.

"A profitable season. Was enabled to see more of the pride of my heart, the hatefulness of sin, my absolute dependence on sovereign grace. No grace I more need, and for which I more earnestly pray, than *humility;* to possess the disposition of a child, to copy the example of Jesus. Search me, O God, and try my ways: purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean.' I hope in a merciful God: I would confide in his government. O that I might plead till I die for my brother * * * * that his soul may be saved. O that all the saints might pray for him continually, and may God be merciful for his name's sake."

The brother here alluded to, commenced preparation for college; but the failure of his health compelled him to relinquish his studies.

Extracts from several letters about this time.

"*To Mr. D. C. of Plymouth, Vt. March* 1, 1815.

"Dear Sir,—This day I received your interesting letter, and read it with great satisfaction. The information which it contained of a special attention to religion in Plymouth, could not fail to animate every Christian. We sincerely rejoice with you, and earnestly pray that the work may spread mightily, till it break down all the walls of Satan's kingdom. No event is more pleasing than the conversion of sinners. It not only secures souls from

eternal ruin; but prepares them for the noblest enjoyment in life, and raises them to immortal glory. Angels are so deeply interested in the salvation of souls, that all heaven echoes to their songs of praise, when one sinner repents. You now witness a scene, which exhibits the excellency of the divine character in the most striking manner, the love, compassion, and sovereignty of God; and calls for the gratitude of the universe. How precious your privileges! What an excellent opportunity to grow in grace, and prepare for the coming of our Lord and Saviour! It is earnestly hoped, that the saints among you will live near to the throne of grace, and plead continually that the work may progress."

Extract from a letter to his father of the same date.

"I rejoice to hear that God smiles again upon your labours in the ministry. O that it might please him to accomplish great things in Plymouth, and get glory to his name. We have this day heard from Princeton College, N. J., where God is working marvellously. Forty young men have been made the hopeful subjects of divine grace, forty five are seriously impressed. God is beautifying his church, and triumphing over his enemies. In Lenox, Massachusetts, the Spirit descends like a mighty rushing wind. The saints are welcoming their Saviour, and sinners tremble at his appearance. In Dr. Griffin's parish, Boston, God is erecting his standard, and gathering souls unto his kingdom. About twenty have offered themselves to the church; and more are seriously impressed. In Lewis, N. Y. where I spent the winter, the revival has become general. This seminary is now peculiarly favoured of heaven. A pleasing work commenced a few weeks since among the members. A number, who had been for years professors of religion, have been in great distress, and found consolation in God. Two or three students, who never indulged hopes, are in great distress. Thus God is searching Jerusalem with candles, and distinguishing his children from the world. Is not this the dawn of millennial glory, the promised era of the church?"

From a letter to his eldest brother written about the same time, I make the following extracts.

"The period of peace was ushered in, by the ringing of bells, the roaring of cannons, and shouts of joy, in this place. At eight o'clock at night we were alarmed by the tumult, and preparing to

hear the cry of '*fire*;' but how different, it was 'peace, peace.' For about two hours we did nothing but shake hands. The countenances well expressed the language of the heart. One observes, 'we can now go to India;' another, 'we can now distribute bibles;' and all say, 'Zion will now prosper.' How different from the language of the world. It all centered in God. The gentleman, who brought the news from New York to Boston, rode himself to death. Poor man! The news arrived in Portland at midnight, and excited a universal cry of 'fire.' You will rejoice with all the friends of our country, that the sword may now be returned to its scabbard. Of this enough."

The rest of the letter which I shall insert with scarcely any omission, will show with what deep and lively interest Mr. Parsons watched the operations of missionaries even in the most distant regions, and with what joy he hailed any omen for good to a perishing world.

"I was much interested yesterday by receiving particulars from China. It is found that the Chinese language is as perfect and easy to be understood, as our own. The account that the language consists of fifteen thousand characters, and cannot be acquired in a whole life, is a mere fable. The Chinese are well polished, remarkably fond of reading, but perfectly averse to every thing foreign. We shall be able to obtain a dictionary and grammar in that language soon, and can study to great advantage. I mention this as a singular omen for good to the church. God is speaking peace to the troubled world, and preparing the way for the universal propagation of truth. Bending from his throne, he says to his servants, 'Go preach the gospel to every creature, for the set time to favour Zion is come.' We hear his voice and obey his command. We dedicate all that we have to the advancement of Zion, not holding our lives dear to us, nor seeking any worldly happiness. The present eventful period calls for universal thanksgiving and praise. God has pleaded his own cause, averted the stroke that was aimed against the church, broken the arm of the oppressor, and verified his promise that 'no weapon formed against her shall prosper.' Hail auspicious era! dawn of millennial glory, birth-day of the world! We look forward with pleasing emotions

to that period, when anthems to Jesus shall be heard from the lips of Greenlanders; when the degraded Hottentot shall joyfully receive the honors of the gospel; when the learned Hindoo shall tread upon his idols; when the unbelieving Jew shall look on him whom he has pierced, and mourn; when the whole world shall unite in ascribing 'blessing, and honor, dominion and might to him who was slain and hath redeemed us by his blood.' Cold is that heart which is not fired with this celestial theme. To be uninterested, here is a certain token of a heart opposed to God. How important then that our hearts be changed; how vain to expect happiness without!

"My health is good at present. Time glides pleasantly away."

Extract from a letter dated March 2d.

"One thing more I have to lament respecting my college life, that is, neglect of private devotions. It is not sufficient that these duties be observed daily; but they must be attended with fervour and humility. A man's private and public character always move together. If constant communion with God be not held in secret, it will be observed; it will remove every source of inward delight, and render us unfit for any office in the church.

'What hero like the man who stands himself,
'And dares to meet his naked heart alone,
'And hear intrepid the full charge it brings."

The semi-annual fast of the theological seminary, occurred this year on the 3d of March. Some of Mr. Parsons' devotional exercises, as recorded in his journal for this day, are deemed worthy of preservation.

"There appears to prevail a general spirit of prayer in this institution. A number of my class-mates, who a few weeks since were criminally stupid, are now confessing their sins, and rejoicing in God. How pleasant to see Christians live consistently, to exemplify in their daily deportment that important grace, *humility*—to evince to the world, what they believe, that they are strangers, and pilgrims. Had this temper *universally* prevailed in the church, infidels could never have cast

such reproaches upon Christ; superstition would have been unknown; christian zeal would have been attended with knowledge; sectarianism would not have existed.

"The whole domain of christianity would not have afforded ground to erect a temple to discord. The evils then which Christians so sincerely lament, are in a considerable degree, produced by their own coldness. The amazing guilt, which I have contracted in this way, must crush me forever, unless sovereign grace interpose: and the evil which I have brought upon souls calls loudly for repentance and everlasting humility.

"At nine o'clock we assembled by classes for prayer, and the Lord was in the midst of us. A smile sat upon the countenance of the saints. This appeared like the gate to heaven. At twelve, met in the chapel, and the same spirit prevailed.

"Never was I more sensible of the divine presence, and I think, I never enjoyed more intimate communion with my Saviour. Especially in the closet, the character of God was revealed in an unusual degree. I could have spent an eternity in such a state. It was heavenly joy. As Jesus drew near, my soul went out after him. It is the voice of my beloved, saying, 'open to me, my sister, my love.' My soul failed when he spake. In the evening, had some pleasing views of the Saviour, his greatness, his loveliness, his compassion. O my vileness; how could I pierce this holy Saviour! I would lie below the dust. 'O wretched man that I am.' This I count one of my best days, a day long to be remembered. Although I am the vilest sinner, I cannot but love my Saviour, I cannot be unhappy where he is.

'Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me.'

"O for the privilege of doing a little for this Jesus. Or if he bid, I could die for him; but if he leave me, of all beings, I should be the most miserable.

Extracts from a letter to his mother.

"March 4, 1815.

"My Dear Mother,—For a considerable time after I arrived at this seminary, God was pleased not only to take from me my usual health; but to withdraw the light of his countenance. He was pleased to show me the vileness of my heart; the criminality of my life, and my desert of his frowns. Then my eyes run down with tears, because I had offended a holy God. I was as a dove bereft of her mate. I went mourning all the day. I sought my Saviour in the closet, in his sanctuary, among his saints; but found him not. But I think I know, my dear mother, what it is to be washed in that fountain, which is opened for sinners. The load of guilt, which pressed me down, is removed. Jesus smiles; my heart is refreshed; my thoughts elevated to heaven. Friday last was the best day I have ever had. Never did the Saviour appear more lovely, more exalted. Never were religious duties more pleasant. My soul walked from earth to heaven, from time to eternity, and mingled with the songs of the redeemed. The holy Jesus condescended to commune with me; to show me the richness of his character, to speak peace to my troubled mind. Such a season outweighs the world; it strips earth of its charms; time of its splendours; it gives to eternity its solemnities, and its pleasures. Many of my brethren in this seminary had the same feelings, and at the same time. Many observed that they never witnessed a season like that; that they never knew what it was to love the brethren before; to see Jesus with spiritual eyes. At four o'clock Dr. Woods gave us a most interesting sermon from Rev. iii. 17, 18. He was deeply interested, and spoke with eternity in view. Christians hung on his lips; and when he spake of the fulness of Jesus to save, their hearts melted within them. O for such a Saviour who would not die! How sweet to sit at Jesus' feet forever, and sing his praise. Heaven would be no joy to the saints, if Jesus were absent; earth has no charms without him. Will you not, my dear mother, give me up for this Saviour? I know you will.

"How affecting to see proud sinners bow the knee to God? One

person a few days since, came into my room, and upon his knees entreated me to pray for him; and this very person but lately would have considered it a disgrace to bow even to a king. How astonishingly this evinces the truth of our holy religion! Every thing that exalteth itself against God shall be brought low.

"When I reflect upon the distance, at which I have kept from heaven, and my present weakness, my mind involuntarily adopts the language of Dr. Watts;

'Those holy joys, my God, restore,
'And guard me that I fall no more.'

"This, I trust, will be your continual prayer for me; and may we at last enter upon the recompense of reward, through free grace."

The following extract from a letter to Mr. Joseph Andrus, it is presumed will be interesting, though it is inserted principally for the sake of introducing a valuable missionary to the reader's notice.

"ANDOVER, March 3, 1815.

"My Dear Brother,—Your letter was this day received, with the highest pleasure to all your friends in this institution. I am happy to say that they expressed the tenderness of friends, the affection of brethren; and that the statement of your feelings under the afflictive hand of Heaven, caused sorrow to flow from every heart. The information of Mrs. Sherrill's* death, excited a general sympathy among the students, and I trust, a general spirit of prayer. We could not wipe the falling tear; but we could commit you to the care of that heavenly parent, who remembers the afflicted, and preserves his own as the apple of his eye. We are confident that he cannot forsake you; and that while he is removing your dearest friends to the land of silence, he will bear you up in the arms of his love, and cause you to sing of mercy as well as judgment. Your sorrow is not the sorrow of the sinner; you can rejoice even under this severe affliction, that those, whom you loved, have exchanged pain for happiness, a world of weeping for a world of glory. You can look forward with the pleasing expectation of meeting them in peace to part no more. And while these events

*The wife of Dr. Sherrill of Orwell, Vt.

are proclaiming the uncertainty of earthly enjoyments, do they not present still greater inducements to a holy life? How interesting were the dying words of Lucinda,* especially as they came from one who viewed eternity, and estimated things according to their true value? Will it not console you when sinking under the trials of the ministry, that a sister enjoined the duty of faithfulness with her dying breath?

"I sincerely regret that your worthy mother is declining in health, and apparently approaching the grave. O my brother, God will not lay more upon you than you are able to bear; fear not, Jesus is your advocate, your Saviour. His faithfulness can never fail, his love is stronger than death. Should you be deprived of every relative, could you despond while everlasting arms are underneath you! Could you sorrow, when Jesus says, 'why weepest thou?' Will God clothe the lilies, feed the ravens, and forget his children? Let faith take hold on the promises, and are we in any danger?

"The loss of your society is severely felt by the brethren, but by no individual more than myself. I have lived upon the expectation of your return, till in your letter you expressed a final adieu. Your visits at No. 15, were received with peculiar satisfaction; your opinion was our guide in almost every situation. Even during that season of despondency, which so severely afflicted me, and threatened to put a period to my Andoverian race, your company was a cordial in every ill. Emotions of gratitude shall ever arise in my breast for the exhibition of such tenderness and respect. I sincerely regret that this is the only return which I can make."

Between Mr. Parsons and this correspondent, there subsisted a very strong and endeared attachment; which is now doubtless unspeakably more elevated and delightful. As Mr. Andrus is no longer a dweller in this vale of tears, a brief outline of his history, will probably be acceptable.

Joseph Andrus, the son of Ethan Andrus, Esq. was born in Cornwall, Vt. 1791. He was a remarkably pleasant and obedient child, always fond of books and of

*Mrs. Foot, another sister, who died within two or three weeks after her marriage.

study. He was admitted a member of Middlebury college in August, 1808. During a revival of religion in the autumn of 1809, and after a severe conflict in which he underwent, in no small degree, the buffetings of the adversary, he was hopefully converted. In March, 1810, he united with the congregational church in Middlebury. As a scholar he was very respectable, and as a Christian his deportment was truly exemplary. When he received the honors of college at the commencement in August, 1812, he delivered a eulogy on Whitefield; the excellence of which was attested not only by the best attention of a crowded audience, but by the tears which it excited. After this he spent one year at Yale College as a resident graduate. He then studied the greatest part of two years in the theological seminary at Andover. In consequence of sickness and bereavement in his father's family, he was called home. Mr. Andrus' views of the doctrines of christianity never altered after he professed religion; but in consequence of some change of sentiment respecting the order and government of the church, he decided on entering the ministry by episcopal ordination. In the spring of 1815, he went to study with Bishop Griswold of Bristol, in Rhode Island. In June, 1816, he received ordination. He preached about six months in Marblehead, Massachusetts, and then a short time in the northern part of the state of Vermont. In the spring of 1817, he went to Virginia, where he spent the greatest part of four years. At Cedar Grove, Waterloo, and various other places, his ministrations were in a high degree useful; and many were evidently seals of his ministry. Of these a goodly number were slaves; whom he rejoiced to behold as the Lord's free men. On the 21st of January, 1821, Mr. Andrus, as first Agent for the American Co-

lonization Society, with a company of free blacks, sailed for the western coast of Africa; and on the eighth of March, arrived at Sierra Leone. Mr. Andrus, and Mr. Bacon the United States Agent, sailed down the African coast to the rivers Messurado and St. Johns, for the purpose of obtaining a more eligible place of settlement for the African colonists from America. They arrived at Cape Messurado on the 27th of March, and came to anchor in the St. Johns, on the first of April. Six days after they had an interview with the king of the Bassa country. Having made a contract for a considerable tract of land, they returned, and arrived in safety on the 27th of April at Sierra Leone.

It is worthy of remark that very soon after Andrus began to hope in the mercy of God, his thoughts were turned to the forlorn condition of the Africans; and he even then expressed an opinion that something would soon be done for their deliverance and salvation. Having been an eye witness of the ignorance and wretchedness of the Africans in their own country, he decided on visiting America, resigning his office as Agent, and returning back to Africa in the simple character of a missionary. With this view he had engaged a passage to one of the West India islands, and was soon to embark. But as Mr. and Mrs. Bacon were very sick, and as there was no probability of their recovery if they remained in Africa, Mr. Andrus very kindly proposed to remain, and to give them the opportunity of returning. The offer was accepted, and Mr. and Mrs. Bacon gradually recovered, and arrived in safety in their native land. This arrangement was unquestionably the means of saving one or two very valuable lives; but it proved fatal to Mr. Andrus. His labours were arduous, and he continued to discharge the duties of his office, till the

21st of July. On Saturday he was taken ill of a fever and died the Saturday following, July 28th, 1821. He had in a measure recovered, and one hour before his exit he was engaged in writing. Thus early, when a little over thirty years of age, and apparently in the beginning of his usefulness, did this amiable and faithful missionary depart to his eternal rest. How mysterious are the ways of God!

Extract from a letter of Mr. Parsons to a relative, dated

"March 23, 1815.

"Your letter, my dear cousin, was received with peculiar pleasure. Letters from friends were never more acceptable than at present. Separated as I am, from every relative, and from almost every former acquaintance, I not unfrequently indulge moments of despondency. There are no privileges, however distinguished and precious, that can render my friends less dear, their society less desirable. Were it not for the presence of Jesus, that friend of the friendless, who could bear the cold civility of strangers, the solitude of a foreign land? But with this Saviour, what stranger is not a friend, what wilderness does not smile? These or similar feelings, I think, have been mine of late. I find great advantage by being retired from the world, and by enjoying undisturbed communion with my heart. It is in the calm recesses of the mind that Jesus delights to dwell; and every Christian can say, that his views of God are most satisfactory, when he lives nearest to heaven. The world deceives by its flatteries, and wounds the pious heart by its pleasures. And strange to tell, the Christian who has been a thousand times pierced by such pleasures, loves them still. When, dear E———, shall we love only that, which Jesus loves; when shall we be engaged in no employment, but his? Do I ask when? When it is best. How often have I desired to go to heaven, without a sigh—to wear a crown without a cross!

"The glimpse, which I had of late of the corruption of my heart, has almost destroyed my hope. Had I to contend alone with this enemy, my heart, where would be the victory? Where would be the reward? 'But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory!' How can I mourn, when my Saviour smiles. Now I look at my enemies, and behold they are gone.

"It has been a favored season with the saints since I wrote you. God is feeding the shepherds, that they may feed the flock. Have we not reason to rejoice, when Zion is arising in her beauty, when sinners are bowing at the cross? The millennium is evidently approaching; the gospel will soon be published to all nations.

'How happy are our eyes,
'That see this heavenly light.'

"The death of Uncle S——— was very affecting to me. It is pleasant in affliction to remember, that we are dust; it is pleasant, when tossed on the billows of life, to look to that haven, where is lasting peace.—Do you ask, where are the missionaries? They are preparing to enter upon their work. Their ordination is to be on the 21st of June next, at Newburyport. After which Messrs. Richards, Bardwell and Poor, will sail for Ceylon. Messrs. Warren and Meiggs are destined for the west, to establish a mission on the Missouri river. This arrangement was made on Friday last, when the missionaries met at Salem. It will be surprising to you, as it was to us, to learn this decision of the committee. We trust, under existing circumstances, that it will meet the approbation of Christians generally."

The public are aware that the prudential committee thought proper to reverse their decision respecting the two last named missionaries, and that all of them sailed for India. Mr. Warren, whose health was in a precarious state, when he left this country, has already fallen asleep, and entered upon his everlasting reward. He died at the Cape of Good Hope. And Mr. Richards has been called from his labors.

Respecting the observance and improvement of the Sabbath, I find in Mr. Parsons' journal for March 26, 1815, some thoughts, which will doubtless be interesting to every christian reader. Allowing for difference in external circumstances, they teach us how all ought to improve that sacred day. "The best manner of spending the Sabbath, has long been the subject of my enquiry. And while I look back upon my misimprove-

ment of holy time with regret, and tremble at the guilt which I have contracted, it is the earnest desire of my heart and constant prayer, to observe it in a manner, which will advance my spiritual improvement, and glorify my Redeemer. For this purpose I would relax in the labors of the week by Saturday noon, spend the afternoon in making such preparations as are requisite, and turn my mind to a contemplation of the privileges of the Sabbath. At sunset I would dismiss the world, reclaim my thoughts, examine my heart, read a portion of scripture, and humbly implore the divine assistance. I would spend the evening in meditating upon devotional subjects. At eight o'clock meet with the students for prayer; endeavour to keep my mind in a serious, heavenly frame. Having returned from conference, I would read the Bible, engage in social and private worship; retire in season, raise my mind to God before closing my eyes, that he would keep me from worldly dreams, from awaking with a cold heart. I would awake early, and raise my eyes to my Preserver in thankfulness and gratitude, beseeching him to guard me through the day from attending temptations, and give vigour and life to all my sacred duties. In my private and public duties I would keep my mind guarded from vain thoughts, from trifling away the time. When I enter the sanctuary, I would bear it in mind that it is the Lord's house; when returning, reflect upon the privileges I have enjoyed, and learn to improve by them.

"For a more particular statement of this subject see"———

The writer here refers to something, which he had written, or more probably to something which he intended to write, on this very important subject. If he has written "more particularly," I regret to state that the paper is not in my possession.

"*April* 1, 1815.—Set apart this day for fasting and prayer; particularly to prepare my mind for the table of the Lord. Found great difficulty in fixing my attention upon the subject. But I was soon enabled to overcome this difficulty, and God made me sensible that I was a helpless captive sold under sin; and led me as I humbly hope to apply to him for a remedy. Found much satisfaction while reading the account of my Saviour's death. O how they handled the Word of Life! O how have I handled him!

"*Saturday, sunset.*—Entered upon holy time. World I dismiss you, I command you in the name of Jesus, come not hither to disturb my peace; away with your cares, your perplexities, your pleasures. I have employment too noble for you. Vain heart, be in subjection to Jesus; let him reign exclusively; seek no longer your trifles; Jesus is to be your guest. O prepare him room; provide for his entertainment, and wait patiently for his word."

From the above extract the reader will perceive that Mr. Parsons supposed the evening preceding the Sabbath to be holy time. On this point Christians differ in opinion. It would however be the height of bigotry to suffer such a difference to mar the joys of christian fellowship.

Speaking in his journal of the sacramental supper, for which he had endeavored by fasting and humiliation to prepare, he says: "I cannot say that I had a comfortable season. The state of my health was such as to affect sensibly the enjoyment of my mind. I will not, however, attribute my dulness entirely to ill health; a corrupt heart is the source of all my pains, my wanderings, my leanness. As a child clings to its parents, so would my soul lay hold upon God. Here let me

live, and I am secure. The world, the flesh and death cannot injure a soul united to God. It is the constant desire of my heart to be humble, to sit at the feet of Jesus. Here is the resting place for my weary spirit. Here, 'not a wave of trouble rolls;' here is pleasure without pain, joy without a sigh, and hope without a doubt."

Extract from his journal.

"*State Fast, April* 6, 1815.—I would not lift my hand to choose where I must labour. I will let Jesus choose for me. If he go with me, I can go into a dungeon, and spend my life in irons. His presence among the degraded Hottentots would more delight me than a throne. I ask not for worldly pleasures, for wreaths of honor, for desks of popularity; I ask for the continued presence of Jesus, I ask no more."

I have made copious extracts from Mr. Parsons' journal, and letters written during the early part of his first year at Andover. The reasons are, the seminary enjoyed for some months, the special influences of the Holy Spirit; in these Mr. Parsons shared richly; and probably his growth in grace for an equal period of time was never greater. This season may well be compared with the one enjoyed near the commencement of his second year in college. How great an influence these two seasons of spiritual refreshing had in forming and maturing his christian character, and in preparing him for his Master's service, it is impossible to tell; but surely it should be a subject of devout gratitude, that he was so richly "blessed with spiritual blessings in heavenly places," in the early part both of his classical and theological education.

Extracts from a few letters will be all that I shall pre-

sent to the reader for the remaining part of the year now under consideration.

Extract from a letter written about this time to one of his brothers.

"In this seminary every thing is calculated to draw the mind to one grand centre. Holiness is inscribed on every employment.* Even the ground on which we tread is consecrated to Zion. Here the mind can feast on immortal fruit. How disgusting are the pleasures of the world, when we can look from earth to heaven!"

Extracts from a letter to the same person.

"You say you are 'determined to seek durable riches.' Never relinquish this determination. The door of mercy is opened, and Jesus stands with open arms to receive you. Christians are praying for you with tears. Angels are waiting to receive you to their communion.

"I trust you see your danger and your remedy. Is it not surprising mercy in God, that he still calls and invites you, notwithstanding he has been so often rejected? Does it not at times make your heart bleed, when you consider how you have treated that Being, who has been so kind and tender a parent to you? Yet there is hope. Although thousands have been to Christ, there is still an infinite fulness. No sinner ever came to him in vain. Are we in continual fear and anxiety respecting futurity? He can calm the tumult of our minds. Are we poor? With him are eternal riches. Are we polluted with sin? He can cleanse the soul. Have you any wants, any sorrows? Go to Jesus with them, and he will more than satisfy you. Let me entreat you to go immediately. Delay a few days, and it may be eternally too late. The disease of your mind may become incurable; the patience of God may be exhausted; and your doom may be written upon the gate of heaven, 'Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting.'

"Trust only in God; submit to the cross as a condemned criminal. Repentance is the only way to heaven. How can you rest, while your soul is suspended over the devouring pit?—Now while

*This remark must be understood with some limitation. No place on earth, however highly favored, is without its temptations. The writer probably meant that the appropriate duties and exercises have the effect which he stated.

you are reading this letter, let me pray you to retire to your closet, and give yourself to your offended Judge."

Although Mr. Parsons had experienced some mental conflicts in Andover, yet his joys had been great. And in the delightful society of his christian fellow students, under the paternal guidance of the able professors of the seminary, enjoying their correct and valuable instructions, engaged in pursuits most congenial to his heart, and comparatively free from care, his prospect of happiness, in the place, styled by him, "The mount of spiritual blessings," was very fair. But this bright morning was soon clouded. He was deprived of a very dear friend, Mr. Philanthropos Perry, his class-mate in college, his room-mate in the theological seminary. His feelings under this bereavement will be described in his own language.

Extract from a letter dated

"Boston, May, 1815.

"You cannot well imagine the feelings of my mind, while accompanying my dear room-mate down the vale of death. I weep while I tell you, that our souls were knit together in love, and our prospects of mutual enjoyment fair and promising. This we did hope would be of no short continuance; that we might labor long together in the same vineyard, and enter at last upon the same recompense of reward. How soon is that lovely youth to be called to heaven! I mourn in silence, but I mourn with hope. He will soon, we believe, mingle in a society infinitely more pleasant and delightful than the one he leaves, and experience joys too refined for earth. He can triumph with eternity in view, and sing, 'O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!'"

Mr. Parsons unbosomed the sorrows occasioned by the death of his dearly beloved friend to several correspondents. How interesting soever to some his letters might be, it would be manifestly unsuitable to transcribe into this work all that he wrote on this subject.

Still, as Mr. Perry was greatly esteemed and beloved—and especially so by those at Andover, who were best acquainted with him—I trust I shall not be censured for transcribing another letter with scarcely any omission.

"Boston, June 9, 1815.

"Dear Cousin,—Immediately after my arrival in this town, I received from a newspaper the following painful intelligence."

"Died, at Andover, on Friday last, Mr. Philanthropos Perry, of the theological seminary in that place. A rapid consumption in a few weeks terminated his mortal existence. He was a youth of remarkably amiable and gentle manners, which won the affections of all that knew him. His life afforded convincing proof that he was deeply and practically affected by the christian religion. His patience, humility and hope, in his last sickness, were peculiarly conspicuous. That support and peace which is promised to the people of God, was visibly realized in him. His closing scene afforded a triumph to the christian cause. It showed that a view of the cross of Christ can conquer the fears and pains of death, and make our exit into the world of spirits an object of desire and triumph, instead of aversion and fear. His instructors and fellow students cannot but deeply regret his death in view of his promising talents and usefulness; while they, with his friends at a distance, find consolation in his peaceful and joyful exit, from this world of sorrow to the presence of his Maker and Redeemer.'

"Although I ought to have expected this, and even did expect it, yet the intelligence was so affecting that I yielded for a moment to the influence of unavailing sorrow. Could I have heard him lisp, with his expiring voice, his last farewell, and seen him take his joyful flight to the mansions of the just, it would have relieved essentially the pressure of my grief. I have every reason, however, to be still, and to rejoice under this mysterious providence. I frequently enquire, why could not my life have been taken instead of his, which promised extensive usefulness? But let infinite wisdom direct. Mr. Perry's life, though short, has been very useful.—After he became a member of the theological seminary, it appears that God wonderfully prepared his mind for the trials that awaited him. His mind was much employed in cultivating a near and constant communion with his Redeemer. Often

would he speak of the pleasures which he derived from retirement, and of the triumphs of a Christian's death. Often would his heart swell with benevolence for the perishing heathen, as well as for sinners around him; while the prospect of devoting his whole life to this cause, added not a little to his enjoyment. The last composition, which he exhibited in public, was upon the christian warfare. Dear youth, how soon is thy warfare completed how soon thy victory obtained! How soon crowned with glory!

"After his disease assumed a dangerous appearance, he observed, 'I have no desire to live, if Jesus calls me home. I esteem it an unspeakable blessing, that I may so soon partake of that rest, which remaineth for the people of God.'—He was asked, what would you now do, if the Redeemer was no more than a man? 'I could,' says he, 'place no more dependence on him than upon any other man.' His last day was one of the most joyful, which was ever witnessed. When his limbs had become cold with death, he never expressed a fear nor heaved a sigh. He took an affectionate leave of all around him, exhorting the saints to greater diligence and zeal; while as with a voice from the grave, he proclaimed the certain and awful doom of the sinner. While looking into eternity, the final punishment of the impenitent appeared so dreadful, that he wept for them. When death approached, he smiled for joy. Then his spirit fled, attended by angels to the embraces of his Redeemer; while all who stood by his bed could exclaim, 'O let my last end be like his!'—O my brother, my brother, would to God, I had died for thee!

"No infidel ever died in this manner. Paine with his boasted philosophy, with all his exertions to fortify his mind against the fear of death, was compelled to yield to the gnawings of a guilty conscience, and to exclaim with horror and despair, 'O Jesus save me.' Hume, the celebrated infidel, to appease his troubled breast, spent his last hours in conversation upon the most vain and trifling subjects. He did not meet death like a man, as he boasted, but like a beast. Our religion affords a certain refuge in the hour of death, and presents a rational and joyful hope of future blessedness. But the impenitent often meet death with unspeakable anguish, as it hurries them into the presence of an offended Judge."

During the sickness of his friend, Mr. Parsons' health suffered an alarming decline. At length, in compliance with the advice of his instructors, he left his dying friend

about two weeks before his exit, and journeyed into the northwestern part of the state of Massachusetts. The journey had a salutary influence on his health; but it was months before it was perfectly restored. That this affliction was sanctified to him will, I think, appear evident from the following letter.

"ANDOVER, June 27, 1815.

"My Dear Mother,—Will a line from your absent son be unwelcome? True, I cannot refresh your spirit by a particular statement of revivals of religion; and perhaps the various operations of my own mind will be only what you continually experience to a greater degree. With you, my mother, I use freedom; I can tell you of joys and sorrows, which if related openly would merit the charge of pride and ostentation. I can tell you what are my views of Christ, of heaven and of death. For some weeks after the decease of my dear room-mate, I yielded to improper grief; and refused to be comforted. This, as it ought, kept me in darkness and doubt. But since I have given God the right of governing, he has given me the joys of believing. He met me, while I was yet afar off, and embraced me in the arms of his love. He kindly said, 'why weepest thou,' and then wiped the falling tear from my eye. O how could I be so sorrowful, since the promises of the gospel can never fail! My thoughts have been particularly turned to the subject of death. I have viewed it very near and very pleasant. I can find nothing in this gloomy vale to terrify or injure; for the Saviour is there. His rod and staff will defend and comfort. Death is pleasant as it terminates this course of sin, and liberates the soul from her long captivity. The struggling of the mind will then cease, cares, anxiety and trouble will no longer attend us; they cannot pass the banks of Jordan. But the peculiar pleasure which death affords, is the glory, which it reveals. Fix the eye upon heaven, and where is the dread and sting of death? Walk but a few moments the city of God, and contemplate the perfection and beauty, which is there displayed, and where are the ties which bind us to earth? Who, that has his soul inflamed with a glimpse of heaven, could not say,

'Come death, shake hands,
'I kiss thy bands,
'Tis happiness for me to die.'

It adds much to the enjoyment of the Christian to hold familiar and constant converse with death.

'Why should the children of a king
'Go mourning all their days.'

Why should we fear to die, when Jesus has gone before us?

"I have had of late a faint view of the joys of the redeemed. It has made my stay in the flesh almost a burden. This body of mine is wearisome to me. I long at times to be unburdened, that I may mingle in that blessed society. Do you ask how I can be willing to die when my sins are so aggravated? I have tried to be terrified with this idea, but there is no ground for it What! cannot God pardon them? Without atoning blood my first offence would ruin me forever. With it, sin will not debar the soul from happiness. Sometimes when I view myself the greatest sinner, I have the greatest hope of pardon. The fulness of Christ surpasses the guilt of the most abandoned sinner. Jesus is my hope, my confidence and my glory. On his arm I can rest my weary soul; to his care commit my temporal and immortal interests.

"It afforded me much pleasure that my mother so cheerfully gave me up to the directions of the Saviour. I doubt not, but that this resignation would support you, even if I should die in early life. I cannot make any calculations as to my future life. I would wait with patience the direction of providence. My friends may rest assured, that I regard my health as the greatest earthly blessing, and shall spare no time or expence to preserve it."

Extract from a letter to a friend in Lewis, New York, dated

"Pittsfield, Vt. November 3, 1815.

"No human foresight can prevent disappointments, or ensure success. It is the christian's duty as well as his glory, to commit his all to the disposal of infinite wisdom, and to rest satisfied that an infinite mind does direct. The moment I plan for future joys on earth, the voice of Perry is heard from the grave, 'He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies.' There is much advantage in keeping our end in sight, always looking for the coming of our Lord and Saviour. It prevents that attachment to the world, which kills devotion, and benumbs every feeling of piety. It en-

ables us to use the world as not abusing it, while we patiently wait for a better state, even an heavenly."

Sometime in October, Mr. Parsons visited his parents and friends in Pittsfield, Vt. and after a short but delightful stay, returned again to 'the beloved seminary.'

In a letter to his parents dated November 25, Mr. Parsons says, "we have preaching in the seminary every Lord's day, and shall form a church by ourselves." Although it is not expressly stated, yet the writer believes, that Mr. Parsons was one of the number which first composed the church in the theological seminary.

Extract from a letter to myself and Mrs. M.

"Andover, January 10, 1815.

"My Dear Friends,—Last new year's day I received information that I had been raised to a new station, and must sustain a new relation to my friends. I was informed of the appointment to the office of an uncle, which seemed to add to my age and dignity. Now all this revolution is said to arise from a stranger in your family; who, I conceive, must be of some influence, for he has already made grand parents, uncles and aunt. Tell me, does he not assume considerable authority; does he not sometimes shake his fist as if he would command silence? Does he not seem to say, strange world this, and then again more mildly smile at his follies? I should like to see this little champion, and talk a little about matters; but you will do it for me.

"But I will speak more plainly and more seriously. The treasure committed to your keeping is of amazing importance, and is most intimately connected with eternity. You may carry in your arms a minister, or a missionary of the cross. You certainly have one, who will shortly be an inhabitant of eternity, and may by grace shine as a star in the kingdom of heaven. O then, while it is lent you, use it as the Lord's; give it not too much of your affections; give it not too little of your fears. Carefully nourish it as a plant in the garden of God, water it with your tears and daily prayers, and perhaps it may be precious and lovely in the eyes of our Redeemer.—Perhaps in the ordinance of baptism more depends upon the feelings of parents than is generally considered. If the offering is made in faith, will not God regard it? If the child is lent to the

Lord as long as he lives, will not God sanctify it as he did young Samuel?

"Since I returned to this seminary I have partaken largely of the divine favors. My health was never better, my studies never more interesting, the society never more instructive. Our number is sixty-one.

"Our meetings on the Sabbath are in the chapel, attended by the professors and their families, and the preceptor and students of the academy. The seasons are interesting, and not without the influences of the Holy Spirit. It is to be lamented that those seasons, which we witnessed last winter, are past. You will pray for us, I trust, without ceasing.

"I cannot forget your dear people. May I not believe that a work has already commenced, which will prevail till all are interested in it by a saving faith? I have often thought of the resolution of Miss S. Anthony, to pray for Zion as her constant employment. Are there not such pious females in your church, who accomplish much in their closets? Surely God will not disregard the cries of his children, but will reward them abundantly in his own time. I know your anxiety for the return of the Holy Spirit and I am certain if you continue to wait on the Lord, he will visit your people with his smiles, and gather many souls into his kingdom.

"It must be one of the most difficult things in the world to unite a popular discourse with unaffected humility, christian liberality with sinless compliance; duties to our benefactors with gospel admonitions. I find it next to impossible to use the world without being absorbed in its concerns; to become all things to all men, and yet conceal nothing of the truth; to be cheerful without vanity; to be serious without austerity.—Tell me, how close study, intense thinking, can be united with an entire devotedness to God, with a holy panting after divine knowledge.

"O when will a cold heart cease to perplex me, when will pride be subdued, vain thoughts suppressed, and my whole life exhibit the meekness and simplicity of the gospel? Is not the conflict with sin so severe at times, that death may appear desirable? Well might the Psalmist exclaim, 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake in thy likeness.'

"I have commenced an examination of the subject of missions, and expect to go through a course of reading before I can decide the course to take. The Indians in the west have a special claim

upon our benevolence; and I cannot but hope that the set time to favor Zion in those parts is come. Brother Fisk is enquiring, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' And some others think seriously of a missionary life. You will, my brother and sister, make it your daily request, that I may be guided by the Holy Spirit. I am no longer my own. If the Lord should refer the subject to my choice, I would refer it back to him. I have no wish to choose for myself; but can only say, 'make me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto thee.'

Extracts from a letter, to Mrs. M. dated

ANDOVER, January 18, 1816.

"My Dear Sister,—My health was never better, and my spirits never in brisker motion. Divine favors have surrounded me, since I returned, and arms of infinite love upheld me. Duty requires a grateful acknowledgement, but too often my conduct resembles the rebellious Israelites, whom favors destroyed.

"I rejoice to hear of your comfortable state of health; and that God has blessed you with a fine son. Truly you cannot forget his mercies, nor despise his love. You will not, I hope, consider this favor as your own. It is only lent you for the present, for your comfort, and for your improvement. Should you use it improperly, love it too much, or place it between God and your affections, it will be taken away. How admirable was the resolution of Hannah, who left her darling child, in the temple of the Lord, to serve at the altar. She loved her child, but she loved her God more! and faithfully performed her vows. Does not God say, 'nourish this child for me.' May the Lord sanctify its heart, and make it a chosen vessel of grace.

"Females, at the present time, are doing much for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. I believe their influence will eventually be the means of extending, far and wide, the knowledge of Jesus. How much have they done by their prayers! Prayer is the mighty engine in the church, which breaks down opposition, and shakes the firm holds of infidelity. The private or social prayers of females may give strength to many feeble Christians, dispel the doubts of many desponding souls, and inspire whole churches with zeal and grace. Through their prayers, missionaries may be successful, and the wilderness rejoice on every side.—Pray much, pray often, pray fervently."

A letter to Deacon D. C. of Plymouth, Vt.

"ANDOVER, February 16, 1816.

"Dear Sir,—Your letter, giving intelligence of the powerful revivals in your vicinity, was read with peculiar interest and satisfaction. No information so deeply affects the humble Christian, as that which relates to the Redeemer's kingdom; nothing gives so much life and energy to the truly pious. Revivals of religion are interesting in whatever light they are considered. They magnify the riches of divine grace; advance and beautify the real church; diminish the power of Satan's kingdom; promote genuine morality, and the best interest of society and individuals. Considered in this light, revivals are events more momentous than revolutions in kingdoms.—It is certainly desirable that such information, as relates to this subject, should be communicated among all classes of Christians, for the purpose of administering consolation, and of exciting a general spirit of prayer. At the present day, God is doing wonders for the church. We daily hear of the most powerful and pleasing workings of the Holy Spirit. In fifteen or twenty towns in the state of New York, God is manifesting his love, and gathering many precious souls to himself. In four adjoining towns in Connecticut, more than four hundred persons have recently become the hopeful subjects of divine grace; and in many towns in this state the Spirit is heard like the still small voice. The number of hopeful conversions, which have lately come to our knowledge, exceeds two thousand. In foreign lands, God is evidently preparing the way for the diffusion of the gospel of Jesus. Indeed we have the strongest assurance, that the millennial glory is rapidly hastening on. The sun is approaching to its meridian splendor, when the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs of everlasting joy."

Extract from a letter to his father, of the same date.

"My Dear Father,—Your letter gave wings to my soul. In a moment I was with you, declaring the word of life to a solemn assembly, and witnessing the power of sovereign grace. I reflected with pleasure upon the events which have transpired in Reading, and wished myself there to see the displays of infinite wisdom. I think I shall set out for Vermont in about two months, and should be extremely happy to comply with your request to obtain licence to preach. But I suspect such a thing would be impossible. The

professors have refused before, and this year, they are obliged to be more strict still. It would be proper for me to spend next vacation, as I did a few Sabbaths at Bridgewater last fall. If in this way, I can assist my father, or advance the cause of Christ, I should rejoice much.—My heart is fixed upon the sacred duties of the ministry; while it is my constant request, 'Lord, make me to know the way wherein I should go; for I lift up my soul unto thee.' The language of my heart is, Lord send me; send me to the ends of the earth; send me far from all that is called comfort; send me to prison or to death, if it be thy will, and to promote thy cause.—O to be swallowed up in God; to be rid of this proud and selfish heart; to be always supremely delighted with my Master's service! How I need your prayers for more humility, more zeal, more wisdom."

Mr. Parsons had long contemplated the subject of a foreign mission with solemnity and joy; and with an ardent desire, if it were the divine will, to preach to perishing heathen the glad tidings of salvation. But fearful of mistaking the indications of Providence, and the path of duty; fearful of forming a wrong estimate of his qualifications for an undertaking so arduous; he delayed coming to a final decision till some time in the year 1816, which was his second year in the theological seminary. It had become necessary that the question should be speedily and finally decided. For this purpose he instituted an enquiry founded on the question, whether it was *his* duty to become a missionary to the heathen. His reflections upon this subject, he committed to paper, and they form a kind of discourse, with a text or motto taken from Psalm cxliii. The whole is too long for insertion; a part, it is apprehended, will not be unwelcome to the reader. It will show that in coming to the decision already known, he had fully counted the cost.

"Psalm cxliii. 8.

"*Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.*'

——'To know the way wherein I should walk,' has long been the prevailing desire of my heart. Sensible of my blindness and ignorance, I have endeavored 'to lift up my soul unto God.' I hope in his mercy and wait for his salvation. Perhaps he may think upon me for good, and make me rejoice in the manifestation of his love.

"It is my present intention to examine the question. Is it *my duty* to be a missionary?

"That it is the duty of some young men to devote themselves to the missionary cause, I cannot doubt. The heathen must not perish without the bread of life. Obedience to the divine commands, and gratitude for the blessings of the gospel, will not permit so many of our fellow men to remain in ignorance and spiritual death. Their cries must be regarded; their wants must be supplied. But it is not the duty of *all* to go to the heathen. The waste places of Zion must be built up; the gospel must be preached to the millions in our own country, which are perishing for lack of knowledge; our churches must be under the care of faithful teachers of divine truth. The present state of the church demands both missionaries and pastors.

"But what is my duty? A question vastly important and momentous. A question which demands the most serious and prayerful attention. Should I err here, it might be at the expense of my usefulness and happiness for life. I desire therefore to proceed with the greatest impartiality and seriousness; sensible of the danger of leaning to my own understanding, and of being influenced by worldly or sinful motives. O Lord, direct me, 'for I lift up my soul unto thee.'

"As it is not by a voice from heaven, nor by any miraculous impulse upon the mind, that duty is made known, I ought to examine the leadings of Providence, my feelings, the feelings of my friends, my health, and my qualifications for a work so important.

"If my feelings are of such a nature as would render me unhappy among the heathen; if my health is insufficient to endure the trials and sacrifices of such a life; if my qualifications are inadequate, duty would require me to engage in some other employment.

I. "What are my feelings upon this subject?

"Here I must pause and confess, with the deepest regret, that I have not that supreme love to God—that constant, uniform concern for souls, which a missionary ought to possess. I have the greatest reason to be humble before God, and to take a low place in the dust at his footstool for the pride of my heart, the criminality of my affections, and for my extreme indifference in his service.

"Notwithstanding my vileness and spiritual blindness, I trust that I have some evidence of a union to Christ, and of a love for his kingdom. At certain seasons, there has appeared an inexpressible glory and beauty in the divine character; an infinite fulness and preciousness in the Saviour, and a peculiar propriety and reasonableness in all his commands, promises and threatenings. At these times, I have found my heart going out after God, longing and panting to be like him, earnestly desiring to be devoted to his work, and to die for the honor of his cause. I have found myself delighting in his Sabbaths, and in all the institutions of the gospel; meditating with joy upon death, and the glories of eternity and waiting for the full manifestation of the glory, which is to be revealed to all who love God.

"With regard to the subject of missions, my feelings have been somewhat peculiar. At the commencement of my second year in college, after a long season of spiritual darkness and distress, the Saviour appeared for my deliverance. It was while contemplating with overwhelming joy the fulness and preciousness of Christ, that the wretchedness of the heathen, who were ignorant of this Redeemer, made a serious impression upon my mind. I was much affected with the consideration of souls perishing in ignorance and sin, without even the means of salvation. I longed and prayed for them; but could rest satisfied, that the will of God should be done. My anxiety for their salvation arose not from the expectation of [becoming a missionary,] for at that time I had no such intention, but from a view of their wretchedness and misery. And uniformly as the Saviour appeared glorious, their state appeared deplorable; and my desires for the spread of the gospel increased or diminished, as my views of Christ were more or less distinct.

"At a religious meeting soon after this, the 14th hymn of the 3d Book of Watts made a deep and pleasing impression. I did 'faint' to see Jesus, Lord of the whole earth, and all nations submitting to his delightful service. I wished for no higher honor than to be employed in his kingdom, and devoted exclusively to its interests.

"The works of Buchanan and Horne, I perused and reperused with instruction and delight. Here the enquiry arose, which has ever since been a subject of investigation and prayer; and which in the present discourse I am considering; 'is it my duty to become a missionary?' The path of duty has sometimes appeared plain and pleasant; at other times obscured by unexpected events of divine providence. During the succeeding summer, my enjoyment was uninterrupted and exquisite. It was an unfailing source of consolation that I was completely in the hands of God. I rejoiced that he would dispose of me, as his glory and the good of his kingdom required; while it was the language of my heart, 'Lord, here am I,—send me.'

"Ever after I indulged a secret yet ardent desire to be a missionary. Sometimes I found myself listening to the cries of the miserable subjects of superstition, and then lisping to them the news of salvation. I enjoyed an unusual freedom in prayer for the spread of the gospel, and made it an important subject, to be employed as an instrument of good to the perishing heathen. 'O Lord, dispose of me as thy glory may require.' No communications were read with more interest and solicitude than those relating to missions; and every token for good inspired new courage and zeal. The lives of the most distinguished missionaries, such as Brainerd, Buchanan, and the Moravians, and the fortitude, piety and faithfulness which they uniformly maintained, were instructive and profitable. From this season till the commencement of my studies in this seminary, my feelings were the same; though some things occurred which led me to doubt concerning the way wherein I ought to walk; especially the feeble state of my health, and the opinion of some to whom I made known my purpose. Unwilling, however, to come to an immediate decision. I determined to make it a subject of serious inquiry, till duty might be evidently made known. The spring succeeding my admission into the seminary, it pleased God to afflict me by depriving me of my health, and by removing my dear friend, Philanthropos Perry. These providences, though they compelled me to relinquish the idea of preaching the gospel to the heathen, increased my anxiety and love for the cause. Even while apparently drawing near to the grave, and with my eyes fixed upon the judgment, the duty of making exertions for so many immortal souls, appeared solemnly momentous. If I desired life at all, it was to preach Jesus to the heathen, to spend and be spent for souls. My health is restored. O my Saviour, may it be to thy glory!

"In January, 1816, I commenced an examination of the subject of missions, by a course of reading relative to the duty of Christians, to send the gospel to every creature. During the examination, I have frequently set apart days of fasting and prayer, for the direction of the Holy Spirit, and for the purpose of humbling myself before God. These seasons have been accompanied with an increasing sense of my vileness, and an ardent desire to be exclusively devoted to God. My thoughts have dwelt much upon the love of Christ, upon his tenderness and care for his people, and upon the promises of the universal reign of peace and righteousness. It is pleasant to commit my case to God, and wait upon him for direction and support. I certainly have no will of my own. In the most desolate wilderness, the smiles of Jesus will comfort me, and he will protect in the greatest danger.

"As far as I can judge of my disposition, it will not prevent my undertaking a mission any more than it will prevent my entering the ministry. Still I am liable to be deceived, and to engage in a work which I cannot accomplish. In the day of adversity my strength may fail, and the cause of Christ suffer an irreparable injury. Here again, my hope is in God. I can only repeat the language of the Psalmist, 'cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift my soul unto thee.'"

The second head of this discourse, which relates to the feelings of his friends, after considerable hesitation, I have decided to omit. Perhaps none of his writings exhibit more clearly the tenderness of his feelings, his extreme reluctance to be in any way the occasion of grief to his dearest friends, the warmth of his filial and fraternal attachments, and on the whole the loveliness of his disposition. His parents are still living*; and though I have not a doubt, that what he wrote respecting them, he penned in the sincerity of his soul; yet he has spoken in terms of respect and commendation, which I am conscious their modesty would suppress. Of his brothers and sisters, he says, "our attachment

* His mother departed this life, January 30, 1824.

has been strong and uniform. Our interests have been mutual, and our happiness uninterrupted."

On the whole, he concludes that the feelings of his friends will not prevent his engaging in an employment very dear to his heart.

Mr. Parsons' third particular, respected his health. One or two extracts will be presented, partly for the sake of showing, that though he fell an early victim to disease in a distant clime, yet in endeavoring to ascertain his duty, the state of his health was a subject of serious and candid consideration. After stating that his mind had sometimes wavered in this respect, he says:—

"My constitution, naturally slender, improves by exertion. And generally the greater my labors are, the better is my health. I am sensible that a life of inactivity would be far more dangerous, than all the toils of a missionary. Many of the missionaries have possessed a constitution more feeble than mine, who have enjoyed uninterrupted health among the heathen. Others, who had perfect health were unable to do any thing in a foreign climate.

"Little can be determined from the health of a student shut up in his room, and unaccustomed to exertion. An active life is uniformly conducive to health, and I am disposed to think that most of the complaints of professional men arise from inactivity and confinement. With regard to myself, I cannot decide positively. I see no reason, however, for neglecting this subject on account of my health. O my God, 'cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.'

"IV. The qualifications for a missionary life are too numerous to be particularly discussed at present. It has been a source of sorrow and pain to me, that my qualifications so little compare with those which are indispensable to a successful missionary. My acquirements are far below what every minister should possess; but what I do possess, are of such a nature as would perhaps be as favorable to a missionary life, as to any other. The employment of a missionary would better suit my disposition than any other. To spend my life in inculcating the first principles of our

holy religion, in teaching children the way of life, in establishing schools, societies, religious meetings and many such things, would be peculiarly pleasant and comforting. In this way I would willingly live and die. My own unpreparedness for this work calls loudly for humiliation; yet through Christ strengthening me I can do all things. I depend on his mercy to be faithful and persevering. God is my refuge and my hope. He will never leave me nor forsake me."

Extract from a letter to a relative, dated

"ANDOVER, March 6, 1816.

———— "Had we every thing desirable here—were we subject to no trials and disappointments—how seldom should we faint to see the courts of our God, and long to be removed to the more perfect society of heaven! Would not the Christian meet death with much greater reluctance, and dread the period of separation from the dear objects of his delight? Should we examine more minutely the dealings of Providence, and accustom ourselves to receive all the evils as the chastisement of a most indulgent parent, our happiness would be essentially increased, and most of our sorrows would immediately disappear. We might see all things working together for our good, and for the good of Zion. In darkness we could confidently look to Jesus as our sun, and our shield; in affliction, we might kiss the rod that smites us, and bear, with pleasure, those momentary troubles, which work out for us, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. In prosperity we could never forget our dependence, but gratefully receive favors as the purchase of redeeming love.

"I have often thought of my dear aunt, since I parted with her. Does she yet wander as a pilgrim on earth? However trying may be the dealings of Providence towards her, I am sure that all things are working for her good. Her tears are not forgotten before God; her prayers will rise as a memorial of her faith and patience. Her weary head will soon rest on Jesus; her fainting heart be strengthened with the redeemed. Her trials will cease at death; every cloud will be dispelled, and Jesus will wipe away every tear. Does she not, while standing upon the threshold of this glorious existence, have a constant view of the heavenly world?—To observe the consolation of a Christian, who is just completing his pilgrimage, who having passed through great tribu-

lation, is about to have his garments made white in the blood of the Lamb, is peculiarly refreshing to all who are looking forward to the same hope. May we not say of such,

'Happy soul, thy days are ended,
'All thy mourning days below;
'Go, by angel guards attended,
'To the sight of Jesus go.'

"The prospects of the church were never more flattering. Zion is literally rejoicing on every side. Reformations are frequent and powerful. In the city of New York, a special work of grace has commenced, which bids fair for an extensive spread. In eight or ten towns south of Boston, the Spirit has come down like a mighty rushing wind. Indeed there are revivals in many towns in all the New England states."

The spring vacation of this year, Mr. Parsons spent in Pittsfield, Vt., and the vicinity. And seldom, if ever, was the vacation of a student more faithfully and sacredly employed. In the course of it, he made one hundred and twenty-seven religious family visits, and attended thirty religious meetings in five towns. On the Sabbaths, in almost every instance, he aided the devotions of destitute churches by explaining the scriptures. Saturday was generally devoted to a preparation for this service. The labors performed were in accordance with the wishes of his beloved father; but they were not less voluntary and commendable in the son. And though to some, professedly religious, it might have been more pleasant to have spent the time in rides for pleasure, in fashionable circles, or in ranging the flowry fields of elegant literature; yet without doubt, his faithfulness has been registered on high, and will be had in everlasting remembrance. How many saints were comforted, and how many sinners admonished and alarmed, cannot now be told. But in the glori-

ous and dreadful day of account, it will appear that his labors were not in vain in the Lord. In addition to the salutary influence of his efforts in the other places which he visited, he was instrumental in promoting a special attention to religion in Bridgewater, which proved to be the commencement of an interesting and powerful revival.

It is devoutly to be hoped that young gentlemen, in similar circumstances, will be encouraged to "go and do likewise."

I cannot persuade myself to lay aside the record of this vacation without presenting a few extracts.

"*April* 29.—Visited Dr. B———'s family in R———, and spent a very interesting afternoon in conversation with Mrs. B——— upon the subject of parental faithfulness and filial attachment. She had, the day before, dedicated her children (five in number) to God in baptism; and was deeply impressed with the responsibility of parents. During this time, her children, emblems of innocence, hung upon her lips, and cheerfully attended to her instructions and commands.

"*May* 14.—Visited five families, but with little satisfaction to myself. I am surprised to find within me such a disrelish for spiritual things—such a disposition to be unfaithful, such unconcern for sinners. I never felt this disposition before since my dedication to the Lord. I believe, and to my sorrow I confess it, my stupidity, last winter, is one great reason of this barrenness. I would keep this distinctly in view for the future, that every day of stupidity will bring a day of mourning; that formality and coldness *now* will essentially affect my future usefulness, and perhaps destroy precious souls.

"Arrived at Andover, June 20, in usual health, and with a grateful impression of the divine goodness. The vacation past I review with peculiar satisfaction. It has occasioned many struggles with sin, many humbling views of myself, many refreshing views of Christ, and many hours of anxious concern for sinners. In eternity it may be known, perhaps, that my time has not been lost, nor my exertions, in the cause of my Redeemer. I resign all to him, and quietly wait for the salvation of God."

Extract from a letter written during this vacation to Mr. Silas Chipman, of Shoreham, Vt. dated

"PITTSFIELD, June 5, 1816.

"My Dear Brother,—I regret that your health is still feeble. I did hope to see you again at Andover, nor have I yet relinquished the expectation. But it is both our interest and our duty to be still, and know that the Lord is God. His government is perfect. His footsteps are in the great deep. Providences which to us are painful and mysterious, are a part of that glorious plan, which secures the best interests of the church and happiness of every child of God.

"Such reflections, I understand, have made your afflictions pleasant, taken away the fear of death, and given you that hope which supports the soul in the darkest scenes of adversity. With such feelings how comforting to commit our all to God. Come pain, sickness, death, we are safe. The arm of the Almighty cannot fail, his word cannot be broken. Let all your days be filled with sorrow and distress; let all your hopes of future usefulness die; with such a hope you can say, 'not my will but thine be done.' It is the correction of my heavenly Father; I will kiss the rod which smites me. Think not you are useless. A Christian cannot have his conversation in heaven, be resigned and cheerful in sickness, and be useless. Now may be the height of your usefulness. Many may say 'behold the excellency of his religion."

"But, dear brother, how little can man comfort you. Jesus has opened a fountain which never fails. From his right hand flow rivers of pleasure evermore. Drinking here, you will never thirst. You will rejoice in life, triumph in death, and sing forever. I must now, my brother, commend you to God, and to the word of his grace. May he be your guide, protector and everlasting joy."

For more than a year a correspondence was maintained between Dea. D. C. of Plymouth, Vt. and Mr. Parsons, while they were personally unknown to each other. To this circumstance I find an allusion in a letter dated June 22, 1816; from which I present two short extracts.

"I now write you, not as to a stranger, but with feelings of an

intimate acquaintance. This personal interview has strengthened the bonds of affection, which before existed, and commenced a union, which, I trust, will be perfected in a better world.

"Be much in prayer, active, humble, always abounding in the work of the Lord. The present is no time for inactivity. The work of the Lord requires the strength and talents of every saint. To be slothful is to deny the Saviour. The indolent professor will be treated as an enemy; 'the willing and *obedient* shall eat the good of the land."

Extract from a letter to his parents of the same date.

"My heart bleeds for the cause of Christ in Pittsfield and Bridgewater. The Lord will come. Zion will shine. We shall meet here between the hours of eight and nine, Sabbath mornings, to present the case of Pittsfield to the great Head of the church. Pray much for me. O for ardent piety; for a constant sight of Jesus!"

Extract from a letter dated

"ANDOVER, July 4.

"Religious intelligence from the christian world seems to centre here. Correspondence is held with almost every nation and people in the world, who profess the religion of Jesus. The number of revivals in the New-England States, was seldom if ever exceeded. The towns near Connecticut river are generally visited with effusions of the Holy Spirit. In Northampton are reckoned one hundred hopeful conversions; in Hadley, about one hundred and fifty; in Amherst, from one to two hundred; in Williamsburg, sixty; in Conway, sixty; in Hawley, between one and two hundred; in Plainfield, thirty five; in Ashfield, twenty or thirty. This is indeed the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. Exertions are now making more than ever for the salvation of the heathen. Spanish America will probably soon be supplied with missionaries."

This happy period in relation to Spanish America has not yet arrived. In some places the Scriptures have been distributed, and received with avidity. But where

in that vast section of the earth is a protestant missionary to be found?* Christians, in the United States, possess facilities superior to any part of Christendom for evangelizing South America. And it is hoped that they will not much longer slumber over this fair and interesting portion of the globe. In the great work of this world's conversion, the western continent ought doubtless to be considered as falling peculiarly to the lot of the American churches. May we not hope, either that the American Board of Commissioners, or the United Foreign Mission Society will speedily attempt the establishment of missions in South America; or rather that both these sister institutions will vie in the glorious undertaking? Are not extensive fields there whitening to the harvest? And will none gather it? Shall millions of immortal beings on our own continent descend into the grave, shrouded in the darkness of popery and the glooms of paganism, without an effort to save them? Will not some of the worthies in our Israel, whose rank and talents command attention, use their pens, or lift their voices in their behalf?

Extract from a letter of Mr. Parsons to his mother, written at different times in the months of July and August, 1816. It will be recollected that he returned to Andover about the middle of the preceding month.

"My Dear Mother,—Your request to write frequently, and to preserve an account of the exercises of my mind, I distinctly recollect. As to the frequency of writing, this long letter will be a sufficient reason, why you have received no communications till now; and the journal would require an apology were it not directed to my mother.

"Set apart this day with a number of my brethren in the seminary, for private fasting and prayer, particularly to deplore the pre-

*Since this part of the Memoir was written, the A. B. C. F. M. have sent Missionaries to Buenos Ayres, in South America.

sent declension of piety. As to myself, I find much occasion for repentance and humiliation. Although I have a prevailing hope, yet much of the time I walk in darkness or slumber in stupidity. The time was when my affections were placed on things above, when I enjoyed sweet communion with God, and sat under his shadow with great delight. O how precious the memory still! I find likewise less concern for sinners. Many around me need friendly advice and serious admonition; yet, seldom do I weep in secret places for their pride. That fervour, that activity of soul, which adorn the Christian, are seldom witnessed. This day I would retrace my wandering steps, I would enter the chamber where my soul first drew the vital air. O for the piety and devotion of those who are resting from their toils, and whose memory is blessed. O for the spirit of Baxter and of Brainerd—for that ardour of piety, that tenderness of soul, that deadness to the world, that concern for sinners, which were so conspicuously manifested in their daily conversation. Never, never may I cease to struggle and fight till every sin is subdued. Take from me, O my Redeemer, every thing which impedes my progress in the divine life, and bring me to thyself, the source of all consolation. Let me never grieve thy children, never bring a reproach upon thy cause.

"In the seminary, I have observed an increasing declension in spiritual religion. It is expected, and very properly, that we shall be examples of piety. Lower the standard of piety here, and you lower it abroad. The churches to whom we may break the bread of life, will be directed in a great measure by our deportment. Check the spirit of secret prayer, and this seminary might better be razed to its foundation. Does it not become us to fast and humble ourselves before God, that we perish not?

"*Monday noon.*—Spent an hour or two with a friend in a grove in conversation upon the present declension of religion. Commenced and closed the interview with prayer. Sang the 51st Psalm, and read a part of the third chapter of the Revelation of St. John. This season has given me a clearer discovery of my past and present unfaithfulness. It was my earnest prayer that the unfaithfulness of the last vacation might not prevent the salvation of sinners. I could commend to God those precious souls, which have been committed to my care. I am filled with shame. My leanness, my leanness! How much comfort I might have enjoyed; how many souls I might have directed to the Saviour, by supreme devotedness to God. Must I still live so far from duty? rather

would I be banished to a wilderness; rather would I be doomed to drag out my life in a dungeon, than to cherish an ungrateful, an impenitent heart. Chasten me, O Lord, but not in anger, lest I be like those that go down to the pit."

The vacation here mentioned was the one in which Mr. Parsons had been so eminently faithful. Respecting his sense of unfaithfulness, we can only say, that the nearer a Christian lives to God, the more conscientiously he strives to perform his whole duty, the clearer and stronger will be his conviction of his unfaithfulness and imperfection.—The people in the destitute towns, whose spiritual welfare Mr. Parsons so ardently endeavored to promote, he considered as committed to his care.

"MONDAY, July 8.

"Enjoyed a precious season with a friend this day. Was enabled to plead for more devotedness to God, for more heavenly-mindedness, more activity in the duties of the ministry. I was enabled to cast myself at his feet for mercy, and surrender my all into his hands. It is a privilege to sit at the feet of Jesus, and hear his words. For one blest hour at thy right hand, I would give all earthly joys away. My soul sometimes pants to be like Christ; to love him supremely, to be wholly devoted to his kingdom. We sung the hymn, 'Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,' with feelings corresponding in some measure with the words. We conversed much upon the present state of the college; and prayed for those, *who give only a negative evidence of piety.* There are some unusual excitements in the seminary; the Lord will carry on his work.—The week past, although attended with some things unpleasant, has been a season of much spiritual enjoyment. I would look to God for protecting grace. The week now commenced, I devote to the Redeemer.

"*July* 14.—I brought my heart to Jesus; I poured out my soul before him. I confessed my helplessness and my ruin." Referring to his heart, which he pronounces 'stubborn and relentless,' he says, "here, Lord, is thy greatest enemy; I bring it to thee to be slain. Every idol I cheerfully abandon for thy blissful presence. Give me poverty, disgrace, persecution, rather than the whole

world without thee. One hour of communion with God, I value more than all the world calls great and good. How great the privilege, how amazing the bliss of dwelling in the presence of him, who is worthy to receive honor and glory forever! O come Lord Jesus, come quickly.

"*July* 15.—Set apart this day as formerly. The situation of my Br. L**** occupied many of my hours. O may my Saviour receive him into his kingdom of grace. Had but little enjoyment till evening, when my mind was again liberated. Never were my views of my Saviour more distinct and refreshing. I had peculiar meltings of soul, tenderness of conscience, and sweetness of temper. There was something so exalted and enrapturing in the idea, 'I shall see him as he is,' that I almost fainted. O how rich the enjoyment, 'see my Saviour as he is,' bow at his feet, hear his words, see his smiles and sing his praise! O the delight, the honor, the privilege! O what condescension, what compassion shine in my Saviour's face. Could I hear his voice to night, 'come to judgment,' how welcome would be the message! Sung this verse,

'Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare,
'How sweet thy entertainments are;
'Never did angels taste above
'Redeeming grace and dying love.'

At a late hour retired to rest, and reluctantly fell asleep, repeating these words, 'How can I sleep while angels sing.' For this season, I bless my Saviour. It was all of him. I never felt more unworthy. Is not this, my mother, a part of heaven? Soon I hope to see this Jesus with you, and with united voice to cry, 'worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive glory, and honor, and majesty and power forever.' Amen.

"Monday, July 21.

"Last evening enjoyed peculiar nearness to God in prayer for a revival of religion. The Sabbath was a profitable day, although I suffered much from a worldly mind, and wandering thoughts. Spent the evening in a prayer-meeting just established; one which we hope will be of everlasting importance to precious souls. This day have had some freedom in religious duties, and some desires for the descent of the Holy Spirit. May we not hope that the day has dawned, and that the Sun of righteousness is rising to refresh the church? O how I long to break the bonds which bind me here! Come, that wished-for day, when I may distribute the

bread of life to the destitute and the perishing. Where is my destined land? In the east? Welcome the day that wafts me to those poor heathen. Or am I called to the west? There may I live and die a faithful servant of my Divine Master. Or is Vermont my field of labor? I would cheerfully resign all for a work so noble and dignified. I would not lift my hand to choose my future portion. Where Jesus sends me, I would willingly go. I have of late had an unconquerable ardor for usefulness to the souls of men. If my blessed Saviour should give me the honor of saving sinners, the largest desire of my heart would be granted: but without this privilege, I should be unhappy even with the world at my command. O to be a humble, active, faithful and successful minister of Christ! How great the happiness; how exalted the station! My soul is on fire, while I think of it. I must now, my mother, bid you adieu for the present. May Jesus dwell with you, walk with you, commune, and give you that peace which passeth all understanding.

"*August 7.*—I have been obliged, my dear mother, to omit writing till this late period, by reason of ill health. I have been led to think that my work upon earth would soon be finished, and my employment for eternity commence. But my health is unexpectedly restored, and my hopes of a life of activity in the service of Christ much revived. My health has not been so feeble as last summer, but I did fear the return of the same complaints, which must have occasioned serious injury to my constitution. Health never appeared more precious and more desirable. The idea of doing good to the souls of men makes me look upon an early grave with a degree of melancholy, although not with alarm.

"Of all my enjoyments, that, which I derive from the sovereignty of God, affords the most permanent satisfaction. He gave me my existence, my talents, my privileges, and all my earthly blessings; and he knows in what way they will promote his glory, and advance his kingdom. To him I yield my all. 'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' What sentiment but this can give serenity of mind in the midst of trials? God is all; and in all. He directs the pulse of my life with as much exactness, as he directs the course of the sun. May we not rest assured, that we shall die at that very moment, which is best for us, and for the church? This gives a smile to the grave. Jesus makes the dying bed; Jesus hides the feeble body in the grave; Jesus walks with the humble believer through the gloomy vale, and opens the gates of ever-

lasting peace. O who would not die for such a Saviour; die to live—die to sin no more—die to see God as he is, and be like him. How animating the thought! My heart often leads me from the Saviour to the trifling objects of sense. When, O when will the struggle cease, and 'my unwearied feet arrive, where perfect pleasure is?'

"*August* 12.—My health is quite good. Spent the last Sabbath at Reading, and in the evening spoke from Eccl. xii. 1. Many youth were present, and the attention was good. May the peculiar blessing of the Holy Spirit rest upon you, and prepare you for a triumphant admittance into the kingdom of heaven. This will always be the prayer of your affectionate and dutiful son."

Journal, "*August* 14, 1816.—Search me, O God, and try my ways.' I am unable of myself to discover my own vileness. I know not how many times every day I offend my Saviour, and grieve his Holy Spirit. I know not how ungrateful I have been for favours; how unhumbled in affections; how neglectful of the word of God; how unconcerned for his glory and the salvation of my fellow sinners. I know not the extent of my pride, my ambition, my worldly-mindedness. I know not the criminality of my unfaithfulness, and the dishonor I have reflected upon the cause of Christ. O Lord, thou, whose eyes penetrate the deepest recesses of the heart, wilt thou search me, and let me know enough of my heart to lie in the dust before thee all my days. And when I am placed where I ought to be, wilt though give me grace to remain there; and thy spirit to comfort and direct me; and let me always rest my soul on thy arms of love. I particularly request these favors with a view to my future labors for the church. To be a humble, zealous and faithful minister how much grace is needed; how much wisdom, gentleness, tenderness of soul, and devotedness to God! How much ardor, patience, perseverance and self-denial!

How much I need the Holy Spirit to guide, uphold, defend and strengthen me! In view of my weakness and ignorance, I desire to prostrate myself before God, and by prayer and fasting to make my requests known to him. O to come near his seat; I would order my speech before him; I would fill my mouth with arguments. I would plead his glory, the honor of his name and the advancement of his kingdom. I would mention before him the extreme coldness and slothfulness of his professed children; the contempt which is cast upon his Sabbaths and ordinances; the strength and success of his enemies, and the flood of iniquity, which has come in upon us. I would plead for a perishing world; for his chosen people, that he would take the work into his own hand, make bare his arm for their deliverance; beautify his church, enlarge her borders, and strengthen her stakes; give his ministers more grace and zeal, and put his enemies to confusion. I plead for myself, that I may be a humble instrument of making his glory known to a perishing world, of comforting his children, of enlarging his kingdom, and of stopping the progress of vice and infidelity. All my desires beside are faint compared with this.

Journal, "*Semi-annual Fast*, *August* 15.—"Rose this morning with feeble health, and with a confused state of mind. The infliction of the slightest pain, the disorder of any part of the system destroys the natural vigor of body and mind. How cheering the prospect of an eternal redemption from pain and sickness, and of the possession of immortal vigor in the delightful employment of heaven.

"In view of the distinguished favors, temporal and spiritual, conferred upon this seminary, and the scantiness of our returns, we should be humble and penitent;

and in view of the interesting relation, which it sustains to the church in present and future ages, we should be mighty in prayer for its purity and prosperity. O may our prayers this day obtain the blessing.

"In view of the responsibility of our station, we (members of a secret praying circle) propose to devise in what way we can afford assistance to the cause of Christ, and encourage by our prayers and exertions, all plans for this design. For the ensuing week we propose to converse more intimately and seriously with some of our brethren, and endeavor to excite that social and devout disposition, which is the foundation of future usefulness.

"What can I do this *day* for God? Can I not comfort some of his children? Can I not advance a step toward heaven; break some cord of sin; obtain some divine light?

"*August* 17, 1816, *Lord's day.*—Suffered much from this feeble body. O when I shall have worn it out in my Redeemer's service, it will be pleasant to leave it in the dust, till it shall rise with immortal vigor.

"The word of God (this day) was sweet and refreshing. The God-exalting and soul-humbling doctrines of the gospel are a feast to an immortal mind.

"The joy, which is now perfected in the breast of Paul, commenced while his tabernacle was in the flesh. His determination while on earth, to glory in nothing, save the cross of Christ, leads him to glory in nothing but Christ in heaven.

"Sensible of the indispensable importance of a deep, thorough and practical acquaintance with the word of God, I desire to keep my eye more steadily fixed upon this object, and to use every help, whether of commentaries, observation or conversation, for that strength and

discretion in divine truth, which may be for the edifying of the church.

"*August* 25, *Sabbath morning*.—In a few moments, the doors of God's house will be set open. O my blessed Saviour, let my morning sacrifice be spiritual and humble. Guard my thoughts by thy good Spirit; subdue unholy desires; elevate my affections to thee; and permit me to see thy glory, as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. "*Sabbath evening*. Have not had that unction of the Spirit, which alone seals instruction. The eye of faith is dim; the view of heaven indistinct.

"*August* 28, 1816.—In connection with brother W*****, this day is to be devoted to fasting and prayer for the directions of the Holy Spirit in our future employment. If it be the will of God that we should go to the heathen, we desire to know it. If we are destined for domestic missionaries, or for stated ministers, we would know the way in which we must walk. Upon a subject of such moment we think it proper to fast often, and pray without ceasing. Within us there is much darkness; we come to him, in whom there is no darkness at all. We come to the great Head of the church, and give up ourselves without the least reserve to his cause, to be directed by his Spirit, and supported by his grace. We fling ourselves at his feet, to be sent any where, or to do any thing, which he directs. We hold our Saviour dearer than all beside; every earthly favor is relinquished, if in competition with his glory.

"Why should I not be a settled minister? Not because there are enough to supply the churches; but because there are more than there are missionaries, in proportion to the calls of Providence. Upon this question, after much reflection, and I trust humble prayer, I have a good degree of satisfaction. I think it not my

duty to accept of any permanent situation, but to devote myself to the missionary cause. This conclusion, I think safe and satisfying. O thou, whose I am, if this be not thy will, make me sensible of it, and turn me to thee by thy good Spirit.

"*Sabbath*, *September* 2.—Refreshed this afternoon with the exhibition of the character of Christ. He is all my hope. I would bear all reproach for him, and devote my whole life to his service. I would preach him *constantly*, *faithfully*. It is my supreme desire to make my Saviour known to sinners.

"*September* 4.—In what way can I best glorify my Saviour as a missionary? To answer this question aright, it is my duty and delight to bow the knee to God in secret and earnest prayer, to converse much with my Saviour, and to humble myself in the dust before him. This day I would pray and fast, and commit my all to his gracious disposal. O to see Jesus with the eye of faith; to behold his glory, to rely upon his promises; to trust his grace. What a blessed privilege to converse with the great Head of the church, to devote myself repeatedly to him! From him I expect all my comfort, all my success. He is the Captain under whom I would fight, and for whom I would die. O to come near him! I would plead for the honor of making him known to a dying world.

"*September* 8.—How frail is all earthly dependence? My own resolutions form no barrier against the indulgence of a wicked heart; but they often leave me in false security. If I trust to myself, I am a fool, and such I have often proved myself to be; but never more strikingly than during this day. I am ashamed, I loathe myself. I flee to the friend of sinners, poor and miserable, and polluted as I am.

"*September* 13.— A criminal want of reflection, a delusive fondness for earthly splendor, sear the conscience of the Christian, and set him at rest in worldly security. Were we more familiar with death, did we contemplate more frequently the dreadful, pleasing events of the judgment, our christian graces would be of a more rapid growth, and of a sweeter fragrance. How often are the glories of Christ concealed from the eye of my mind, and the interests of his kingdom strangely forgotten! How often is my heart frozen with sin, and my affections benumbed with spiritual sloth! Does this become an expectant of glory, a servant of Jesus? Shall I, with such a mind, approach the table of my dying Lord, the following Sabbath? O may the Holy Spirit prepare from me an acceptable sacrifice. This day I will fast and mourn for my sins, and plead for a blessing. I desire to remove every obstacle in the way of my Divine Saviour, and may he at that interesting season impart to my famishing soul the bread of life. May he lift upon me the light of his countenance, and make me that happy man 'whose iniquities are forgiven, whose transgressions are covered.'"

Extracts from a letter to a relative in Goshen, Massachusetts, dated

"ANDOVER, August 22.

"The pleasing work of divine grace, which has recently commenced in Vermont, especially among the people of my father's particular charge, makes it my duty to go there in preference to any other place."

Mr. Parsons here refers to a visit, which he expected to make in the approaching vacation. He proceeds:

"In Bridgewater, Vt. a very powerful revival prevails. Twelve persons in three families have indulged hopes, and the inquiry is general, 'what shall we do to be saved?' After mentioning revivals

of religion in Middlebury College and several other places, he says, "From (almost) every part of the world we hear of the wonderful works of God. Surely the set time to favor Zion has come;

'Let earth receive her King.'

"What is the state of religion among you? Is there that union of feeling and of sentiment, that circumspection of conduct, which your own happiness and the cause of Christ demand? Or do the ways of Zion mourn? I believe God has a peculiar people in Goshen, and when he has purified them in the furnace, they will come forth as gold. O be much at the throne of grace; fill your mouth with arguments; plead the honor of God and his languishing cause. Sit down, as Nehemiah did, when he heard of the reproach of the church, and weep, and mourn, and fast and pray before the God of heaven.

"The afflictions, with which for a long time you have been exercised, no doubt, cause many desponding fears. You may say, will the Lord chide forever; will he be merciful no more? No, my cousin, in everlasting mercy will he remember you. What though your way be through pain and distress, is not the banner over you *love*? Is it not Jesus who corrects, and will he not be merciful? Wait upon God, cast your burden upon him, and he will sustain you. You may breathe in heaven, though you live on earth. 'Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw.'"

Referring to an unpropitious event in the history of American missions, he says: "It may damp the zeal of missions, but it will ultimately promote the cause. The heathen will be converted, and missionaries will go into every country, and evangelize every nation. What good plan ever succeeded without opposition? And does not God, to try the faith of his children, frequently throw obstacles in the way of those plans, which he designs to be executed. If we wish for domestic missionaries, we must have foreign ones."

Extract from another letter to the same friend, dated

"Andover, September 23.

"Strike out the idea of future rest, and how wretched would be our existence! Tell the aged saint that 'death is an eternal sleep,' that his expectations of future happiness are vain, and what would be his feelings? 'And is there no Saviour, no heaven, no rest to my weary soul. Must I die, and never rise? Sleep and be for-

gotten? But thanks be unto God, I have no such fears. Jesus lives, and I shall live also. Come death, I fear thee not. Jesus, my hope, has the keys of death and hell. On the arm of everlasting love I rest, and wait and long to wing myself away to everlasting bliss.' Is not this the consolation of my dear aunt? Does she not wait the summons of death with a tranquil mind, beholding her Saviour there cheering the way with heavenly smiles?" Having spoken of his aged and respected aunt, the writer addressed a short paragraph to her. "My dear aunt, I almost envy your situation; soon to 'languish into life,' to leave a sinful world, a wicked heart, a feeble body, for a Saviour's smiles, a glorious body, a crown which fadeth not away. Have courage then, for your warfare will soon be over, your victory won, and your reward an hundred fold. I cease not to pray for you, although, with repentance and humility I say it, not with the ardor, which becometh a child of God. May 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' continue to rest upon you, and eventually make your advent into heaven, both joyful and triumphant.

"You ask, my dear cousin, where I expect to spend my life? It is uncertain. I have devoted myself to the work of a christian missionary; and as such I expect to be under the direction of my superiors. I may not be sent to the heathen, but my life, God willing, will be spent in promoting the cause of missions. The cause is great, and the responsibility too great for an angel to sustain. I need your prayers; I trust I have them. Weak as I am, in Christ I am strong. I will glory in nothing, save in his cross.

"You inquire of Middlebury attachments; none exist—nor in an other place. It is a subject which I have purposely neglected, till I knew what the Lord would have me to do."

The aged relative mentioned in this, and in a preceding letter, was widow May, of Goshen, Massachusetts, who has long since departed to her final home. The writer has indeed spoken in strong language, respecting her; but not stronger, it is presumed, than her most intimate acquaintances will fully justify.

Journal, "*September* 22, 1816.—Was much refreshed this day by the preaching of God's word. The manner was peculiarly ardent. There were striking exhibitions of a humble, ardent and devotional soul. Every

one knew that the preacher had been with Jesus, and received his message from God. Such preaching makes me sick of myself, gives me repentance for my past coldness and slothfulness, and an ardent longing for deeper humility, for more intimate discoveries of my Saviour. O that I had in the wilderness, a lodging place, I would leave the world, and weep, and fast, and pray. O my Saviour, sink me low before thee, make me ashamed of my vileness, my strong attachments to the world, my feeble desires for thy glory. I plead for thy grace; and for a heart which shall delight supremely in thy service; and be willing to bear all suffering for thy sake. O to rise above the world and sin; to consider myself as a stranger and pilgrim below; and to press forward with continual alacrity in the work of the gospel!

"I do now humbly request the divine presence during the approaching vacation; and I lift my soul to my Saviour, that he would smile upon every attempt to glorify him, and give me souls snatched from devouring fire. That I may not grieve the Holy Spirit, and neglect opportunities to do good, I would, relying upon his grace, propose the following things as worthy of observation. Let conversation on the journey, be spiritual, by no means trifling; let every call be improved for God; pray three or four times every day; read the scriptures often; lift the heart to God while on the way; plead for deliverance from temptation; for grace to be faithful. During the season spent in Pittsfield, spend much time in secret prayer, much in fasting, much in heavenly conversation. Comfort God's children, alarm the wicked and direct them to Christ. Always be humble, mindful of my responsibility, of the worth of souls, of the shortness of time and of the solemnity of eternity. Be grave, yet cheerful; meek, yet bold for God;

submissive, yet longing and struggling for the descent of the Holy Spirit; and may this vacation be reviewed at the judgment, with joy to myself and to many souls, who are now in the way to ruin. Blessed Saviour, I lean on thy arm, I fall at thy feet. For thy name's sake, 'pardon my iniquity, for it is great.' Amen."

As I find no record of the vacation, concerning a holy improvement of which, Mr. Parsons had so much solicitude, I must pass it in silence, simply remarking that he had a delightful visit with his friends.

Very soon after his return to Andover, he wrote to his brother, the following letter.

"ANDOVER, November 20, 1816.

"My Dear Brother,—I arrived at this seminary in good health, on Friday noon. The journey was pleasant, though unexpectedly protracted by reason of the badness of the roads. My situation here, as I anticipated, is accompanied with a profusion of temporal and spiritual blessings, which demand a peculiar tribute of gratitude and praise. My room-mate, of whom you have often heard me speak, is a generous friend, a tender companion, and, I trust, a humble Christian. My health has certainly improved by my recent tour among the Green Mountains. Should it continue, I would not be unmindful of so distinguished a favor. But the events of the succeeding year may occasion many tears, many sighs.

"With all the enjoyment of the present, I can never forget the past. My thoughts will run home, and I am not solicitous to check them. Many of the little occurrences of the past vacation, which at the time, scarcely left an impression upon my memory, now afford me much amusement and instruction. I remember the domestic circle, the social visits, the cheerful walks. I remember also a father's solicitude, a mother's tenderness, a brother's kindness, and a sister's love. Of this one reward, you may rest assured, that of a thankful heart; as for any other, I can only say, that it is better not to vow, than to vow and not pay.

"My long, and perhaps criminal silence upon religious subjects seems to require me to be silent now. No event would afford more joy than that of your reception of the truth, as it is in Jesus,

and no one be more interesting to saints and angels. Should you become savingly interested in the gospel, all is yours. Conscience would whisper peace, afflictions would be sweet, life desirable, death triumphant, judgment joyful, and eternity blessed. Think of all the virtuous and pious as your companions; of a friend in sickness, in distress, in death; of a crown of glory, robes of resplendent white, palms of victory; and more, of a resemblance to the adorable Jesus. Dear brother, the decisive moment is at hand. Soon there will be a *farewell* to calls, to entreaties, and, if impenitent, to heaven.

"I shall never forget you in my prayers, while I have a heart of life to pray. At present, I must say *adieu*. May we meet to part no more."

In the foregoing letter, the writer addressed a paragraph to his youngest sister, then about twelve years of age. The reader will perceive that the style of it is different from that in which he generally wrote. But as his object was to benefit her soul, he wrote in a manner best adapted to that purpose.

"Sister Electa,—Your brother Levi still remembers you. Your health is feeble, but I hope it will recover. But, Electa, we were all born to die. Should I live a few years, I shall hear that my sister Electa is in the grave. We both must die soon. But shall we both live in heaven? Are you a friend to the blessed Jesus? Do you pray? Do you love to think about God? Love to converse about heaven? I hope to go there when I die. And, Electa, you may go there too. Jesus invites you. If you are sorry for your sins, and love God you will go there. Your brother Levi will always pray for you."

Journal, "*Nov.* 28, 1816.—*Thanksgiving day.*—The favors which a merciful Providence, during the last year, has conferred upon me, my friends and the church, demand a tribute of thanksgiving and praise. While reviewing the various tokens of the divine love towards a sinner like myself, and towards a fallen world, I am led to exclaim, 'O that men would praise the Lord for

his goodness; for his wonderful works to the children of men!' My health and temporal enjoyments have, with a few exceptions, been uninterrupted; and seasons of communion with God, and of delight in his presence have been frequent. I can recollect with pleasure those happy moments, when I seemed to be enclosed in the secret presence of the Most High; when a worm was permitted to behold the glory of God, and to rejoice in the rich displays of his adorable perfections. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'

"My parents, relations and friends have enjoyed similar blessings. So distinguished a favor deserves peculiar acknowledgement. But the smiles of heaven upon the church cannot fail to excite the gratitude of every child of God. How many churches have been visited, how many sinners converted, how great exertions have been made for the propagation of the gospel, how abundant has been the success of missionaries!

'O for this love, let rocks and hills
'Their lasting silence break;
'And all harmonious human tongues
'The Saviour's praises speak.'

"*December* 7.—Find within me, 'an evil heart of unbelief departing from the living God.' Have but little repentance for sin, little devotedness to my Saviour, little delight in his sanctuary. O that this heart would melt, this body of sin die. O to see Jesus; to sit under his shadow with great delight, to be supremely devoted to his kingdom! May the word of God this day be sweeter than honey or the honey comb; may the influences of his spirit descend 'like rain upon the mown grass,' refreshing and purifying all the faculties

of the soul. May this week produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

"*December* 9.—"I wander in darkness, my eyes run down with tears. Wherefore is the Lord afar off? Where is the blessedness I once experienced? I will look to him from whom cometh my help; mine eyes shall be to my Maker. I will flee to the cross, and if I perish, perish there."

"*December* 11.—My soul is troubled. 'I go forward, but he is not there; backward, but I cannot perceive him.' When will he appear for my help! When shall I see his lovely countenance! Wherefore does he contend with me? Lord, I am vile. I beseech thee, pardon my iniquity."

"*December* 13.—The Lord has withdrawn his assistance, and I labor and sigh in vain. God is just, I deserve sorer judgments than these. I plead the merits of Christ alone. I wait at his footstool."

From the foregoing notices in this journal, it appears that the writer had, for a short time, been walking in darkness. Perhaps this very darkness, this spiritual mourning, was kindly ordered for the purpose of producing deeper humility, and a more childlike and affectionate submission to the divine will; and thus of preparing him for an affliction, more severe than any which he had hitherto been called to experience. What follows will explain this observation.

ANDOVER, December 24, 1816.

"Dear Parents,—Your letter just received, containing information relative to sister Electa's illness, was truly affecting. When I parted with her it was with deep solicitude. I observed that when she stood at the window to see me as long as she could there were evident indications of approaching ill health. I thought much of her afterwards; and your letter has assured me that my anxiety was not without reason. I tremble for the result. What will

your letter next contain; but I recollect your advice, to bow with submission to the will of our heavenly Parent. God will do right. Though 'clouds and darkness are round about him, justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.' I cannot be sufficiently thankful that my parents have divine support in this season of affliction. It is the peculiar excellence of our religion, that it gives consolation when it is most needed.

"When I read that sister Electa was pleading for mercy, my feelings were indescribable. May the Lord give us faith to commend her to his mercy. May we not go and tell Jesus; plead his atoning sacrifice, his unfailing promises? I have returned from a little praying circle, composed of my intimate friends, where the situation of my dear sister has been frequently mentioned at the throne of grace. Will not the Lord hear, and cause this sickness to be for his glory? My parents have been commended to a merciful Saviour, 'who does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.' Will not the Son of God walk with you in this furnace of affliction? How pleasing would it be to me to be present with you and to mingle my tears with yours. How comforting to walk with Electa down the vale of death, to direct her to the Saviour, 'who taketh away the sins of the world.' I would tell her that Jesus will walk with those, who trust in him, and suffer no evil to befall them. Tell her, if she be yet a subject of prayer, and be able to receive a brother's love; tell her that I am with her in spirit by night and by day. I long to see her, and above all to hear of her joy in Christ. Will she not leave a word for one who longs and prays for her?

"I leave the event. I trust God will prepare me for every affliction, and make every trial 'work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' And may my dear mother say, 'the will of God be done. I will be still and know that the Lord reigns. Father, into thy hands I commend myself and the dear child whom thou hast given me.'"

Extract from a letter to his eldest brother, of the same date.

"Is she still verging to the grave? Let us eye the hand of God, and hear his voice, which is so solemnly speaking to us. Let not our sorrows keep us from leaning on the arm of Almighty strength. May the Lord Jesus be your friend and your hope.

May you 'run into the name of the Lord, as a strong tower, into which the righteous run, and are safe.'

"May our family be favored of the Lord. May he regard, with parental tenderness, all our sorrows, and cause us through great tribulation to enter into his kingdom."

The day after Mr. Parsons received the intelligence of his sister's sickness, another letter arrived, to which the following is an answer.

"ANDOVER, December 26, 1816.

"The will of God is done. That lovely flower has withered away. My sister Electa sleeps in the grave; her spirit has returned to God who gave it. *But I will be still.* I will not suffer a murmuring word to escape me. I will bow with submission, and kiss the rod which smites me, for I see the hand of a friend in all this. I see Jesus, the compassionate Saviour, chastizing in love, removing an earthly comfort on purpose to give us himself, and all the joy his presence and smiles can afford. He will walk with me in this furnace, and permit me to receive no injury.

"My dear parents. Your second letter arrived about twenty-four hours after the first. I was sitting in my study, and conversing with my room-mate upon the painful subject, when the letter was put into my hand. I opened it in haste, and perceived by a few of the first sentences, the affecting intelligence which followed. I laid the letter aside for a few moments; endeavored to compose my mind, and not sink under the stroke. My room-mate kneeled by my side, commended me to a merciful Saviour, and fervently implored the comforts of his grace. From this time till I retired, my mind was composed, though not without the greatest struggle. I slept well; in the morning was more refreshed than I expected. My brethren wept with me and prayed for me. My appetite was remarkably preserved. To-day my soul seems stayed upon God. Everlasting arms are underneath me. The Saviour has embraced me in the arms of his love, wiped the tears from my eyes, and healed my bleeding heart.

'When overwhelm'd with grief,
'To heaven I lift my eyes.'

"This affliction, I believe, will be for my good—make me more humble, more watchful, more faithful, more heavenly-minded.

This is my heart's desire and prayer to God. It has been my constant inquiry, for what purpose this affliction was designed. Is it not some kind messenger, to admonish us of our pilgrimage and of our home?

"It now remains for me to do all in my power to comfort you under this severe affliction. It would have been pleasant to have attended you through the whole trial; but it was not best. You have had one with you more precious than children, even him, who walked with the three children in the fiery furnace; who wept at the grave of Lazarus, and who has said, 'lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' He is not angry, but full of compassion. 'Even as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' Have we not mercies mingled with judgments? Our dear Electa was a child of prayer, she was in infancy given to the Lord; she had the instruction of pious, tender parents. She lived, while sick, till many prayers had been made for her, and till, we hope, she prayed for herself, and then fell asleep in Jesus. I have reason to be thankful that I saw and conversed with her last vacation, that she read the Bible by course the last year, that she read many religious tracts, and that it was in my heart to pray for her more than usual, since I left home. But I leave the event with God. My dear mother, you cannot tell how much my father's letter comforted me. You are divinely supported. Your refuge is in God. Dwell not much upon this affliction, but let your eyes be to the Lord. Your pilgrimage will soon be over. A few more waves of trouble will waft you to eternal rest. There you will have no more trials, there you will sigh no more. Let us gird up the loins of our minds, and run with more speed the heavenly race. While we live on earth, let us breathe in heaven. O the rest that weary pilgrims find in Christ! The language of this providence is, 'arise and follow me.' I doubt not but you will live to see the happy fruit of this affliction. May we not hope, that it will be sanctified to my dear brother I——. For this I will often bend my knees at the throne of grace. Perhaps Electa was taken from trouble to peace, from a mother's arms, to the bosom of Jesus.

"Remember me to those who were with you in this trial, and who prayed often for Electa. May the Lord reward them an hundred fold."

To his eldest brother, in a letter of the same date, he writes thus.

"Dear Brother,—I thank you for your affectionate letter. God has supported me, and I trust will support you. The affliction is sore. The wound is deep. Electa was dear to us both. You ask me to pray that this affliction may be sanctified to you. Yes, my dear brother, I shall, I cannot forget you. I do hope the death of Electa will be life to your soul. How much shall we need a Saviour on a dying bed! O let us seek him now! Will you not give yourself to him this day. Should this event pass unimproved, perhaps God will speak no more. The day of hope may be closed, and ruin certain. I now commend you to God, praying always for you, that you may be a comfort to your afflicted parents, an honor to the church, an heir of glory."

In his journal I find the following reflections, penned one day earlier than the two last letters.

"On the 17th instant my dear sister Electa breathed her last, and rests now, I would humbly hope, in the arms of her Saviour. She was a lovely sister, a peculiar comfort to us; but not too good to die. This furnace is exceeding hot. It now becomes me to inquire, why the Lord hath afflicted me? Had I not my affections too much upon the creature? Did I not loiter in my spiritual race, and forget the injunction of my Saviour, 'watch and pray?' Have I not been unfaithful to my friends, unfaithful to myself, unfaithful to sinners? Have I not been negligent in the duties of the closet, in maintaining a humble walk with God? In these and many other ways I have offended, and come short of the glory of God. I deserve his chastizing rod. I will submissively sit at his feet, and bear his indignation, because I have sinned. I will remember my backslidings, and return unto God. I will gird up the loins of my mind, and run with alacrity the race before me, looking diligently to Jesus, my guide and my hope. I

will be more humble, more devoted to God, more faithful in his service. I will consider, that this is not my abiding place, that I am only a stranger and a foreigner, as all my fathers were. I will converse more with God in secret, and with christian friends; be more intimate with the Scriptures, more devotional upon the Sabbath, more diligent in business, more circumspect before the world. I will strive to be holy, harmless, undefiled; and to make all, with whom I may associate, like our divine Saviour. I will seek opportunities to do good, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim the wandering, to alarm the sinner. I will be tender and dutiful to my parents, and make every exertion for their comfort, while God shall continue them in life. I will bind up their broken hearts, wipe the tear from their eyes, and point them to the 'rest which remaineth for the people of God.' I will be more faithful to my brothers; to pray for them, converse with them, and to lead them to the Saviour of lost sinners. It shall be my desire to live as seeing him who is invisible, with a constant view of death and my accountability; that when summoned to leave the world, I may rejoice in the blessed assurance of an inheritance with the redeemed, reserved in heaven for all who love the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"I make these resolutions, I trust, with a humble conviction, that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps; that all my strength is weakness, and all self-confidence vain and criminal. I come to thee, heavenly Father, for grace, for wisdom and strength. O let me be thine wholly and forever. Let me be humble in prosperity, submissive in adversity, and faithful in duty. May this sore affliction bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby.

May my dear parents be supported of God; my dear brothers be brought to the knowledge of truth as it is in Jesus; and may we all come out of this furnace as gold seven times purified, and sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

Journal, "*January* 1, 1817.—It is now known (alluding to the journal of January 1, 1816,) what trials, what sorrows, what temptations, what distress were reserved for me. How many hours of mourning and weeping; what anguish to bid a beloved relative farewell! But the Lord has done it. This reflection silences every murmur, and represses every sigh. 'What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?' My life has been snatched from the grave, when to human appearance it was rapidly verging thither. I will sing of mercy and of judgment.

"That the recent affliction may be sanctified to us all, especially to my dear brothers, and that I may be directed this year in the way of my duty, I propose to keep this as a day of fasting and prayer.

"*Evening.*—God will direct me in duty, and uphold me by his spirit. I would be altogether devoted to his service, and cheerfully submit to all the dispensations of his providence. I feel myself infinitely vile and helpless. I can go no where but to my heavenly Father. I fall at his feet. Could I feel suitably under this affliction, love God more and sin less, I would say, 'it is good for me to be afflicted.' My soul lies humbled in the dust. 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.' When shall I be like him?"

The reader has already perceived that the death of his beloved sister was to Mr. Parsons a grievous stroke. It was a theme, however painful, on which he long

dwelt with a kind of melancholy pleasure, in his closet and in his communications to his friends. "Like the music of Caryl it was pleasant, but mournful to the soul." Persons, not particularly interested in the event, may think that it has been sufficiently considered. I cannot, however, persuade myself to omit another letter on this subject; and I presume that no one having read it, would wish it omitted. It was directed to his only surviving sister and myself.

"ANDOVER, January 10, 1817,

"My Dear Brother and Sister,—How do you sustain this sore chastisement of our heavenly Father? When it was announced that our dear sister Electa was no more, did you not yield to weeping and sorrow, and refuse to be comforted because she was not? And have you not since then, found your converse with God more sweet, your attachments to the world less strong, and your desires for unreserved devotedness to the divine will more ardent and more successful?

"You have, without doubt, been impatient to hear from me since this affliction. To tell you that it was unexpected and severe, that it produced hours of weeping, that it excited many painful reflections, would be to tell you what you already know. To yield the fond expectation of ever seeing her again on earth, to relinquish those tender hopes and affections, which were excited by her pleasant conversation, her generous and affectionate disposition, has caused me many struggles. Still I can say, it is not in my heart to complain. God has done it. This is all I wish. 'My soul doth magnify the Lord.' Who is there in heaven but God? Whom should I desire on earth but God? To whom can I commit my friends, but to God? To what should I more cheerfully submit than to his sovereign disposal? Who can do better than God? Who knows better what comforts to give, and when to take them away? Let man govern the world, and would our interests be more safe, and our path less dreary? Who but God can give exercise to faith, love and hope, those graces so necessary in affliction? O think how tender he is of all his children! wipes away every tear, hears their groans and counts their sorrows! He is full of compassion, abundant in goodness, and rich in mercy.

Did any one ever cry to him, and not be heard? Did any one ever commit his soul to him, and still be unsafe? Think again, 'He does not afflict willingly.' His children are in great tribulation, but it is on their way to glory. They are deprived of earthly comforts, but to give that peace, which passeth knowledge. Friends are removed, for a friend who never faileth; they are cast into the furnace to walk with Jesus; life is bitter that eternity may be sweet. Shall we fear to walk where our Saviour leads us? Is not heaven worth enough to suffer a little for it? The crown of glory to wear a crown of thorns for it? Is it not better to be without friends, than without our God? To be in a dungeon, at the stake, or in the flames, rather than to part with heaven? O pleasing reflections, joyful anticipations! Soon we are at rest. A few more waves of trouble will waft us home; pilgrims a little longer, then fellow citizens with the saints and household of God, in glory.

'How can we sink with such a prop
'As our Almighty God?

"Do you not, my dear sister, find support in Jesus? Let us not grieve too much, but quicken our steps to heaven. Let us be more watchful, more faithful to our surviving friends. O may you rest your weary head on Jesus, and enjoy his smiles. Let us no longer forget our Father's house. I commend you, dear sister, to God; and what can I do more? For the present, farewell. May the Lord be your God, your eternal portion."

Journal, "*January* 11, 1817.—I thank my blessed Saviour for the privilege of commemorating his dying love this day. It was a heavenly season. 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' for this refreshing from his presence. Surely 'God is good to the evil and unthankful.' I will not forget his loving kindness and tender mercy. It is pleasant to sit with Christ at his table, to partake of his flesh and blood, to feast upon his unknown grace, to devote all to his service. The most unworthy may come. 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.' O may I wash in it, and be clean.

"Now I devote myself anew to my Redeemer, sorrowing from the heart that I have so often grieved his spirit. With the strength of this heavenly food, I would engage actively in the cause of Christ. Can I not do more to cultivate the spirit of the gospel, to purify my heart, and to present myself a living sacrifice to God? Can I not do more for the spiritual interests of my brethren, for the conversion of sinners, for the perishing heathen? My Divine Master, my trust is in thee. Keep me by thy grace; subdue the enmity of my heart. Let me lie in the dust, and like thyself be meek and lowly. May I pity thine enemies, edify thy children, and do all things for thy glory.

"*March*, 1817, *Fast day.*—'The sacrifices of God are a broken heart.' That fast is acceptable to him, which humbles the heart, and produces sincere repentance. Shall this be such a fast? Is there not a special call for humiliation? What is the decision of conscience? Have the duties of the closet been faithfully discharged? Or have I been satisfied with the service of the lips? Have I held communion with God, and obtained the unction of the Holy Spirit? Have I been watchful over my unholy affections, over the allurements of the world and the vain desires of the flesh? Have my words been such as become the gospel? Have I cherished and matured all the christian graces? Have I uniformly exercised supreme love to God, supreme attachment to the interests of his kingdom, ardent desires to be conformed to him, and bitter repentance and humiliation for sin? Has it been the design of all my studies, my conversation, visits and prayers to advance in grace and to promote the interests of Zion? Have I discharged all my relative duties in this seminary? Have I been sufficiently fervent in my

prayers for my friends, for the church and the world? These are questions, which this day should be examined; and conscious of a criminal deficiency in all these duties, I would by prayer and fasting implore forgiveness."

I shall here present extracts from three letters to a relative in Conway, Massachusetts. It will be perceived by the dates that the two first are not inserted in chronological order. For this arrangement there are special reasons.

"ANDOVER, May 1, 1815.

"My Dear Cousin,—I regretted exceedingly when I visited my friends last, that I was obliged to return without calling at Conway. I have no friends with whom I could have spent my time more profitably, and no visit would have been more pleasant. But duty evidently required that I should relinquish many of my intended visits. Separated as I now am from your society, with but little expectation of seeing you again in the flesh, I bear you in prayerful remembrance to the throne of grace; humbly hoping that the Christian's God will be your Protector and Redeemer.

"When I saw you last, the solemn and interesting subjects of death and eternity made deep impressions upon your mind; impressions, which I trust will be permanent and end in the salvation of your soul. Religion appeared to you of the first importance, as embracing all real happiness in this world, and in that which is to come. Such being the feelings of your mind, I have often desired to guide you to Christ. Have you found that all worldly enjoyments are unstable and unsatisfactory, that they cannot give peace to a guilty conscience nor remove the slavish fear of death? Have you found that all the sources of expected pleasure in the circle of friends, in amusements, bring pain and disappointment? Has not conscience in the silent watches of the night tortured you with painful reflections of increasing guilt, and filled you with fearful apprehensions of the justice of God?

"Borne down under the weight of sorrow, you may with the greatest propriety enquire, 'is there no remedy?' 'Christians, lead me to that enjoyment, which will calm the tumults of my mind, support me under every trial, and take away the sting of death.'

Yes, my dear cousin, we can direct you to such enjoyment; and this enjoyment is in God. To those who have obtained it, conscience whispers peace, death smiles, the grave is pleasant. They drink at that fountain which is never dry; partake of pleasures which satisfy the soul. They have comfort in affliction, triumph in death, and glory forever. Do you ask, 'how this happiness can be obtained?' I answer it is freely offered. The proclamation of the gospel is, 'ho every one that thirsteth, come to the waters, and he that hath no money: come ye, buy and eat, yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' Although thousands have repaired to this fountain, it is yet full. In it, the penitent thief on the cross was purified in his dying moments. Sinners, in every age, have the same blessing by looking to the same Redeemer; and believe me, there is hope for you. Look for a moment to Calvary; those drops of blood can cleanse a world. If you have not yet the joys of believing, let me, in view of eternity and impressed with the worth of the soul, entreat you to delay no longer. Your eternal *all* is suspended here.

"When heaven is offered, can we refuse? When we are invited to take gold tried in the fire, shall we remain poor and miserable? No, my cousin, while you are reading these lines, resolve to make religion your principal concern, and secure in season the reward of the righteous. I hope that this may be your happy situation, and that eternity may be yours to praise the Lord.

"Remember me most affectionately to my uncle and aunt. I know that aunt is usually ill. I trust, however, that she finds it good to bear her Father's rod. Her course to glory is sure, although attended with pains and sufferings. When Jehovah says, 'I am thy shield and thine exceeding great reward,' our hope is strong, our faith sure."

"Andover, July 10, 1815.

"My Dear Cousin,—The present unexpected opportunity of conveying a letter to you, I am unwilling to pass unnoticed. Your letter containing the affecting, pleasing relation of the work of the Holy Spirit in your family, and in town, was received in due season, and read with emotions not easily described. It was put into my hands on the evening I returned from Vermont; and the perusal removed that unpleasant state of mind, which journeying, fatigue and the world had occasioned. I rejoice that the long wished-for and the long prayed-for season has arrived, when salvation has come to your house. You are not insensible, I presume,

of the richness of this favor, nor of the obligations it imposes of supreme devotedness to the merciful Giver. I think I hear you say, 'what shall I render unto the Lord for his mercies? Bless the Lord, O my soul. Praise him in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power; praise according to his excellent greatness.'

"The feelings of your dear mother upon the present occasion, I can easily imagine. How long has she prayed and wept and hoped for the work you now witness? Does she not say, 'the night is far spent, the day dawns, the day-spring from on high has risen in our hearts. My soul doth magnify the Lord; my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' Such joy have those who wait upon God. The afflictions, which they may be called to endure, are momentary, and will issue in joy and peace. So it will be when life, like the vision of the night, shall pass away. The waiting soul then breaks its prison and its chains to enjoy the liberty of the sons of God. Its warfare closes, its battles are won, its victory obtained. Sorrow and pain are no more; tears and sighs are gone, and every thing in prospect, which can interest and delight.

"Do you, my cousin, anticipate a day so glorious, a crown so precious? Do you hope soon to leave a world of sin for a world of light and purity; this tenement of clay for a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens! 'The thoughts of such amazing bliss, should constant joys create.'

"You will find it of essential importance to walk frequently from earth to heaven. Contemplate frequently the glory of Christ and the perfection of his kingdom. Should you be in darkness, repair constantly to him in whom 'there is no darkness at all' Have you fears of death, commit yourself to him, who hath the keys of death and hell. Are you distressed for those who have no interest at the throne of grace? Plead for them, as Abraham did for devoted Sodom; and when you have done all, adopt the language of submission, 'not my will, but thine be done.'

"In many places God is appearing with power for the advancement of his kingdom. We have every reason to believe that the glorious period of righteousness and peace is rapidly approaching. Never were greater exertions for the diffusion of the gospel of Jesus, and never were the exertions crowned with greater success. The darkness of paganism is retiring, and the Sun of righteous-

ness is rising to enlighten the whole earth. Soon there will be 'neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but all one in Christ Jesus.'"

"ANDOVER, April 25, 1817.

"My Dear Cousin,—Whether your truly welcome letter of the 23d of September has been answered I have indeed forgotten. Ill health at the time, together with severe affliction, prevented my writing so frequently as I desired.

"Notwithstanding this long absence, I have never forgotten you, or your parents and friends. I long to visit you, and enjoy again the satisfaction of mutual conversation upon heavenly things. Is the voice of health still heard in your dwelling? Or what is more desirable, does the Lord lift upon you the light of his countenance? I trust you have advanced far in a life of godliness; have crucified the world and its affections, and maintained a humble, faithful walk with God. No greater honor was ever conferred upon man, than that which was conferred upon Enoch. 'He walked with God; and he had this testimony, that he pleased God.' And could the same be said of us, we should indeed rest with the blessed.

"No doubt you experience many trials in a religious course, which you never anticipated. We are taught that 'they who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.' What matter, if in our way to heaven we meet with here and there a thorn? Are the present afflictions worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed? Who would not for a crown of glory wear a crown of thorns? Who would not bear his cross for the privilege of following Christ? O my cousin, when shall we rise above this world, and live as seeing God? When shall we exchange these hearts of stone for hearts of flesh? Hasten that day when our eyes shall no more run down with tears; when our hearts shall no longer swell with sorrow; when we shall sit down in heaven and drink of those rivers of pleasure, which flow from the throne of God.

"Since writing the above, letters have been received from the missionaries, giving a most animating account of the state of the mission at Bombay. Messrs. Newell and Hall preach the gospel to the heathen almost every day, and we trust not in vain. They have under their care two hundred children, whom they are instructing in the things of the kingdom of God. They beheld an instance of self-torture which was truly affecting. A woman in

consequence of a vow made to her gods, consented to have two large iron hooks thrust through the flesh on her back, and by them to be suspended in the air, and swung about like a garment hung in the wind. This to please her gods. Who would not go to these wretched beings to tell them of Christ? Shall we have the gospel, and all its multiplied blessings, and not pity those, who are perishing in darkness; six hundred millions of our fellow men in darkness and the shadow of death. Giving to the heathen, does not impoverish our own churches, but enriches them. Never were our own societies so richly favored of heaven, as since the establishment of the Foreign Mission Society. 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.'

"Let us be faithful, humble, and persevering, that at last we may meet 'where the weary are at rest.'"

Extracts from a letter to Mrs. M.

"ANDOVER, March 3, 1815.

"Very Dear Sister,—Permit me to rejoice with you upon the reception of another favor, that of a little daughter, whom God hath graciously given you. While, like Mary, your soul doth magnify the Lord for so distinguished a blessing, you will be mindful of your increased obligations to devote yourself and all yours to our heavenly Parent. As pleasant as the little babes may now appear to you, and as dearly as you may and doubtless do love them, you will lend them to the Lord as long as they live. At present, your attention is directed to their perishable bodies, excepting what may be done by supplicating for them the blessings of divine grace. Soon duties infinitely more responsible will devolve upon you; that of enriching their minds with the truths of God's word, and of leading them as lost sinners to the Saviour of the world. In discharging these duties, you will find much to interest and encourage you. By the divine blessing the instruction which they may receive from you in early life, may be like precious seed springing up into everlasting life. The promises of God's word, which are connected with the faithfulness of pious parents, are sufficient to excite all to the most persevering exertions.

"I hope to see you this spring, and tell you more than I can write at present. May you have the smiles of the Saviour; may you 'be steadfast, immoveable,' and your 'path that of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

At Salem, Massachusetts, the last week in April, 1817, Mr. Parsons and several other young gentlemen were licensed to preach the gospel by the Salem Association. On which occasion he presented the following summary of his religious sentiments.

"There is one only living and true God, the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the World, who is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.

"The Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were given by divine inspiration, and contain a perfect rule of faith and practice, and are able to make us wise unto salvation.

"God exists in three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one in their nature, and equal in power and glory.

"Jesus Christ, the second person in the Trinity, possesses two natures, human and divine; in his human nature, is created and dependent; in his divine, self-existent, independent and eternal. He is the Saviour of the world; a proper object of religious worship.

"The Holy Ghost is a distinct person in the Trinity, in his nature, equal to the Father, and the Son, though in office, inferior to both. His peculiar work is to enlighten the conscience, to convince of sin, to sanctify the heart, and make sinners meet to be made partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

"God, as a wise master builder, did from eternity, arrange and determine all events in the natural and moral world, according to the counsel of his own will, and all things, even the wrath of man, will be overruled for the promotion of his glory.

"Our first parents were created holy, in the image of God, but by transgression, fell from their original rec-

titude, and exposed themselves, and by divine constitution, their posterity to the wrath of God, both in this life and in that which is to come: so that all mankind, in a natural state, are under the influence of entire moral depravity, are utterly alienated from the fountain of light and purity; every imagination of the thoughts of their hearts are only evil continually.

"Mankind, having violated the law of God, must suffer the full extent of the penalty threatened, or escape in a way which would make as distinct an exhibition of the perfections of God as if they endured it themselves.

"For this purpose, Christ came into the world. He preserved the honor of the law, and yet opened a way for the exercise of grace. By his sufferings and death it is rendered consistent for God to justify the transgressor; to bestow (mercy)* upon all mankind, although he is under no obligation to bestow it upon any. The atonement is universal; its application limited to a select number, which in the scriptures are denominated the *Elect*.

"Regeneration, or the new birth, mentioned in John iii. 3, consists in a radical change of heart from sin to holiness, is effected by the special operations of the Holy Spirit, and is manifested by the exercise of love to God, repentance, faith, humility, prayer.

"Those who are regenerated will *persevere* in a life of holiness, and arrive, at last, to the rest which remaineth to the people of God.

"Those who remain impenitent are without excuse, as nothing but the influence of a corrupt heart prevents their acceptance of the offers of mercy. For this rea-

* A word here is evidently omitted. I have ventured to insert "mercy."

son every mouth will be stopped, and all flesh become guilty before God.

"There will be a day of judgment, in which the secrets of all hearts will be known, and every man tried according to the fruit of his doings. Then will the righteous be openly acknowledged, acquitted, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity; but the wicked will go away into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

"The first day of the week is the christian Sabbath, a day to be devoted exclusively to the worship and service of God.

"The ordinances of the Church are Baptism, and the Lord's Supper; the proper subjects of the former, are, the infants of believers; of the latter, only the hopeful subjects of grace.

"Our Saviour instituted the gospel ministry, to perpetuate ordinances of his church through all ages to the end of the world; and it is by the foolishness of preaching that he saves those who believe.

"A minister of Christ should be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach.

"The gospel is designed to enlighten all nations; and at some future period all the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

Without attempting to comment upon this creed, or deciding whether the phraseology might not, in some instances, be amended, I would simply remark, that in the sentiments here expressed, the subject of the memoirs firmly believed and greatly rejoiced, ever after he thought he experienced the consolations of religion, and read the sciptures with spiritual understanding.

About the time that Mr. Parsons received license to preach, he was appointed an agent for the A. B. C. F. M. to solicit aid to the funds of the society. His specific object was to obtain money and subscriptions for the education of heathen children. On the last day of April he arrived at his father's house; and after resting a day or two, commenced the duties of his mission in the state of Vermont. No record of this agency has come into my hands. Personal knowledge and information from others will, notwithstanding, enable me to make a general statement respecting it. His visits to the churches were very acceptable and edifying; he formed a number of heathen school societies, communicated much valuable instruction respecting the present state of the heathen world, excited a spirit of benevolence and liberality, and kindled in many hearts a flame of love to the perishing pagans, which has not ceased to burn. To the people under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dan Kent, of Benson, he preached a sermon from this passage, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The effect was very great. Probably few discourses of the kind have given a more powerful impulse to benevolent feeling. The particular effect of his preaching in other places I am unable to state. The amount of money collected, of subscriptions obtained, and the number of societies formed, are also unknown to me. The mission, which continued about two months, was pleasant to him and profitable to many.

Some extracts from a letter to his parents immediately after his return to Andover, will give a little additional information respecting this agency.

"ANDOVER, July 8, 1817.

"Dear Parents,—On Saturday I called on Mr. Evarts, the treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, and delivered the money which I obtained for heathen children. He expressed his satisfaction with the measures I had taken, and requested a continuance of my labors in the same cause.

"I spent the Sabbath in Boston, and preached one sermon in Mr. Huntington's meeting house, and one in Park-street. On Monday I visited Dr. Worcester of Salem, (the corresponding secretary of the A. B. C. F. M.) and made a report of a mission, which was accepted, and my assistance in future was solicited.

"Two missionaries expect to sail for Bombay in October next, and will take charge of our money for the support of *Calvin Parsons;* and will as soon as possible give us a description of his person, disposition, and progress in learning."*

"By October we shall be prepared to make our first payment. I can pay five dollars now."

"—— I conversed with one of the Board upon the subject of my health, and he observed that a mission to the east would probably be of service to me. A change of climate is often very beneficial to persons of debilitated habits. I wish my parents to write their views upon this subject. I would not for the world disregard the feelings of those from whom I have received all my earthly happiness. It may be well to make my request known to the Board before September, although I shall not leave this country within two years, provided I should be under their direction."

The following letter, though of an earlier date than the preceding, may, with propriety, be inserted here.

"BROOKFIELD, June 4, 1817

"My Dear Mother,—Yesterday the public training prevented my meeting at Randolph; to-day the rain will probably prevent a meeting in this place. Shall I complain? Let those who deny an overruling Providence mourn and repine; but the Christian will say, 'Whatever is, is right.'" (The writer doubtless meant to

* In 1803, Levi's parents buried in his sixth year, a very sprightly and promising son, whose name was Calvin. In 1817, the family decided to educate a youth at Bombay, who should bear up the name. The annual expense of board, clothing and education at this place is said to be $30.

limit this quotation from Pope to the divine government. Surely, whatever God does 'is right.')

"My health is better than when I left Pittsfield. I may live three score years and ten; but unless to do good, I do not desire it. There is no resting place below; all is toil and vanity and sin. Like a weary traveller, at times I long and pant for my eternal home. Thanks to God,

'There is a rest for those who weep,
'A rest for weary pilgrims found,
'They gently lie, they sweetly sleep
'Low in the ground.'

God, I humbly hope, is crucifying me to the world, and preparing me for that state,

'Where I shall see and hear and know
'All I desir'd or wish'd below.'

And what matter *where* or *when* we put off our armor? What matter whether we have a throne or a dungeon, wealth or poverty? In heaven it will be forgotten. Will it not be a wonder in heaven to see kings and servants, black and white, all one, all equally honored, equally happy? There we shall see and know all the prophets, apostles and martyrs; and hear them tell how,

'From torturing pains to endless joys,
'On fiery wheels they rode.'

There we shall see Brainerd, and Watts, and Doddridge, and all the blessed dead. There, and what will complete the bliss, we shall see *Jesus*.

"Our Saviour said, and how wisely, 'blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace makers, the persecuted and reviled; for such shall see God.' I must close; I commend you again to our Lord Jesus Christ. May his rod and his staff comfort you, and your death be serene and glorious."

Journal, "*July* 13, 1817.—Why is my Lord withdrawn? Why do I lament and pray and wait in vain? Are his mercies clean gone forever? Will he be favorable no more? Shall I still live unfaithful in duty, cold

and formal in prayer, grovelling in my affections, and sensual in my desires? Is there no remedy for me? 'I will arise and go to my Father, and say, Father I have sinned, and done evil in thy sight.' I will cast myself in the dust, and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I will resolve, if I perish, to perish at the foot of the cross. 'For thy name's sake pardon mine iniquity. Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation; then will I teach transgressors thy way.' Lord melt this stubborn heart: purge away from me every iniquity. Lord, 'I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant, for I do not forget thy word.' Let me be crucified to the world, and quickened by thy Spirit. I have forgotten thine holy word, I have been unfaithful in thy service, and unconcerned for the glory of thy name. I have vowed to the Lord, and have not paid; I have indulged a spirit of pride, selfishness and vain glorying. For these, God has turned away his favorable presence. O for grace to begin anew; to be more humble, more prayerful, more faithful. Can I not this week do something to effect a revival in this seminary? Will not God hear prayer? I will pray more frequently and more fervently. I may converse with my brethren, and with my friends. I may exhibit the unction of the Spirit, and 'lift up holy hands without wrath and doubting.' Lord, let all my powers be thine. May I grow in grace, and advance in the knowledge of my Saviour. To thee, heavenly Father, I commend my spirit, my life, my all.

Extract from a letter to his eldest brother.

"ANDOVER, August 13, 1817.

"My Dear Brother,—I cannot easily account for this long silence. I have waited, till my anxious heart is ready to break, to receive a long and friendly letter from one whom, I need not say,

I most tenderly love. My mother's very interesting letter I read with much pleasure, but I should have received still higher satisfaction had your pen supplied the place, which now remains unoccupied.

"My time has been more than occupied this summer. Almost every Sabbath sent out to preach at a considerable distance, I return weary and exhausted. Since I finished my mission in Vermont, I have preached in Boston, Newburyport, Haverhill, Dracut, and Nottingham, and in the chapel.

"I am contemplating an ordination at Boston in September next, with Mr. Dwight, who is to be the pastor of Park-street church, and with three missionaries. The Board of Commissioners have advised me to this measure, as it will better qualify me for a domestic mission. I wish very much for a letter from my parents relative to this subject. Although I am persuaded that this measure would please them, still I wish for an expression of their feelings."

A letter to his parents of the same date.

"My Dear Parents,—After mature deliberation, I believe it my duty to receive ordination as a missionary with my brethren at Boston next month. It will afford my parents pleasure, if I assure them that as I approach this season of a public dedication of myself to God, my mind becomes more and more tranquil, and the path of duty more and more pleasant. I am sometimes astonished at myself. I cannot, I dare not indulge a single feeling of regret. 'I know in whom I have believed, and am confident that he will keep that which I have committed to him.' If Christ be with me, no matter *when*, or *where*, or *how* I die. Sometimes I think the world is dead to me; at others it betrays me into a thousand snares. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou, my blessed Saviour, art with me."

Journal, "*August* 26, 1817.—In view of the approaching solemnities of my ordination as a missionary to the heathen, I desire this day to humble myself before God and plead for the influences of the Holy Spirit. In this dedication, Christ must have all. The examination of the subject of missions, after years of serious and

painful inquiry, has terminated in a tranquil conviction of duty. Weak and unworthy as I am, this is my consolation, that the Lord will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. This is all my hope. 'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' Will the Redeemer leave me to languish and faint in a foreign land? Will he cast me from his presence? No, Divine Saviour, thou wilt never leave me, never forsake me. Though far from parents and friends, thy presence will support and comfort me, and the Holy Spirit guide me into all truth. If the Lord be on my side, 'I will not fear, though an host encamp against me,' though I be buried in the sea. 'My grace,' saith God, 'is sufficient for thee.' Now, blessed God, accept this surrender of my all into thy hands; and when I present myself in a public manner to take the most sacred vows upon me, then wilt thou graciously accept the offering, and grant me 'an unction from the Holy One.' Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, while I wander as a stranger and a pilgrim; and when the work which thou hast for me to do is completed, then may I say, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day.'

The following letter to his parents, written a short time after his ordination, will evince the very happy state of his mind on that memorable day.

"ANDOVER, September 8, 1817.

"Dear Parents,—Received this morning your very interesting letter of the 20th of August, and read it with emotions never before experienced. I cannot be sufficiently thankful that my parents have cheerfully resigned me to the direction of the great Head of the church. I have no doubt, that in the resignation of so dear an

earthly treasure, God has imparted the richer blessings of his grace, and enabled you to say,

'Whate'er my duty bids me give,
'I cheerfully resign.'

"Before the reception of this letter, you will learn the interesting events of last Wednesday. It was a day which I shall ever remember with peculiar pleasure, as the day of my public dedication to God and to the church. I was not sensible of the least reserve. I could subscribe with my hand to be *forever* the Lord's, to be sent *any where*, to do *any thing*, to suffer *any affliction*, to endure *any hardship*, to live and die a missionary. I could lay my hand on my heart and say, 'Lord, send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and uncivilized regions of Africa; send me to prison, to tortures, to death; if it be thy will and for the promotion of thy glory.' God has truly verified his promise, that his grace shall be equal to the day. And I have strong confidence that he will *never* leave me, *never* forsake me. Though my way be on the great deep, he who said to the troubled waves, 'peace, be still,' will be ever by my side. Though I linger in a prison or expire at the stake, I will fear no evil, 'for thou, Lord, art with me.' Never was I more deeply sensible of my entire *weakness*, and utter *unworthiness* of divine favor. If I get to heaven, I must sing every step of the way thither, *grace, grace, boundless, sovereign grace.* Never did I see more of the vanity, and unsatisfying nature of all things below, nor feel a greater desire to relinquish my earthly all to Christ. Still how weak my resolutions! But,

'When I am weak, then am I strong;
'Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.'

"I cannot believe that in dedicating myself to the work of a missionary, I have mistaken the path of duty. I believe what a good minister once told me, that the path of duty will be made exceedingly plain. My dear parents, short but pleasing is our residence below. Few days pass, and we are no longer pilgrims, sojourners, strangers; but fellow citizens with the saints and with the household of God. Soon we shall know no longer disappointments, tears, groans, sickness, trouble; but clasped in the arms of our (now) absent Saviour, shall rest with the Redeemed, and

'Not a wave of trouble roll
'Across our peaceful breast.'

"My health was never better; it is apparently perfect. It shall all be given to Christ; and if I had ten thousand talents more than I possess, I would give them all to my blessed Saviour. But my dear parents, never cease to pray for your feeble, unworthy son, that he may finish the work assigned him, turn many from darkness to light, and finally be received to glory with the redeemed; with pious friends, with dear parents, to part no more."

Having completed the usual course of theological studies, Mr. Parsons took leave of the seminary in September, 1817, and returned to Vermont. During a few of the last months of his residence at Andover, he preached in various places. It is impossible to speak definitely of his usefulness in the seminary or the region around it. Undoubtedly many felt the influence of his deep seriousness and unfeigned piety. It is evident that he did considerable to promote vital godliness and an intelligent missionary zeal. Encircled with those, who have since become heralds of the cross in heathen lands, domestic missionaries and pastors of churches, and many of these being his intimate friends, his influence was highly salutary. That it was not small will appear from the fact, that during his last year at Andover, he was president of a respectable association, called "The Society of Inquiry on the subject of Missions." In that day when all the bearings of our actions and all the consequences of our conduct shall be known, it may appear that his usefulness was on the whole, as great as during any other part of his life. To be confident, however, on this point would be highly improper. But this is certain, that his exemplary faithfulness and fervent supplications were not in vain.

MEMOIR.

PART II.

SKETCHES OF MR. PARSONS' MISSIONARY LABORS IN THIS COUNTRY.

We come now to a new era in the history of Mr. Parsons, to the commencement of his public labors as an evangelist and missionary. For although he had been employed a short time as an Agent for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and afterward had preached occasionally in different places, yet he could not be considered as having fully commenced his ministerial labors till after his ordination and the conclusion of his theological studies at Andover. Then he became a public servant of the church.

Several applications for ministerial services had been made to him; but he chose to accept an invitation from the Vermont Missionary Society; having had unusual desires to be useful in this state before his departure from his native land.

He had contemplated a short tour as an agent for the American Board; and I believe he did spend a few weeks in the month of October in visiting the heathen-school societies, which he had previously formed. But of his services during this month I find no record.

He commenced his mission under the direction of the Vermont Society about the first of November.

While a student in theology, Mr. Parsons named to the writer, that he had often desired to labor for a season in some obscure place, make it his supreme object to promote the conversion of sinners, and have the unspeakable delight of seeing many souls brought home to God. The blessing so earnestly and repeatedly sought he was soon to enjoy. The history of this mission will be learned from his own pen.

In his journal dated "November 2, 1817," I find the following observations.

"That this mission may be for the glory of God, and for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, the following regulations with respect to my conduct may, by the divine blessing, afford essential assistance.

1. Always practice the duties which are enjoined upon others.

2. Devote Saturday to a holy consecration of myself to God in reference to the work of the Sabbath.

3. Be sober in conversation, humble in deportment, and faithful to the work of an evangelist.

4. In disputations be *candid* and *gentle*, yet prompt in the vindication of truth.

5. Let every sermon be *practical*, *simple* and *instructive*, delivered with ease and solemnity.

6. In preaching to Christians of different denominations, I will endeavor to excite a spirit of brotherly love and of prayer for the diffusion of the gospel.

7. Always be particular in ascribing the success which may accompany my exertions to the influences of the Holy Spirit."

It was important for Mr. Parsons, as a missionary, to keep an accurate journal, and to be particular and sometimes minute in recording facts and conversations. As his intercourse with persons in different circumstances

and of widely different character, tended to increase his knowledge of human nature, it was desirable to retain this knowledge. This would be most effectually done by committing to paper, while the occurrences were recent, what appeared most interesting. But the original journal is too long for insertion, and in some instances too minute to be generally interesting. At the close of his mission, he presented to the trustees of the society, a report, giving a general view of his labors and success. This, so far as it was published by them, will be inserted in the proper place.

I shall here present the reader with a few of his devotional exercises, and one letter written during this mission.

"*Calais, November* 13, 1817.—Rode from Montpelier to Calais with a mind exceedingly barren and stupid. Cherished but few thoughts of God; few desires for his glory. Have reason this evening for deeper abasement than ever, before my Maker, for perpetual shame and confusion of face. 'I will arise, and go to my Father; and say, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,' or to be treated as such. Yet for Zion's sake I will say, 'cast me not away from thy presence, take not thine Holy Spirit from me. I will not rest, till I have found a dwelling place for the Most High; till I can say, my Redeemer is mine, I am his.

"*November* 14.—Find little, if any thing, this morning in my mind acceptable to God. Pride, that accursed thing, which the Lord hates, prevents seasons of communion with my Saviour, and renders me a stranger to permanent enjoyment. A review of the past fills me with pain and regret, and the fear of future unfaithfulness with the deepest melancholy. This day is

devoted to fasting and prayer for repentance and abasement, for grace to honor Christ and advance his kingdom in this place. It is not by might, but by the power of God, that hard hearts melt and stubborn wills bow. He can make me a son of thunder to his enemies; can endue me with the holy Ghost, make my preaching like Peter's on the day of Pentecost, or like Paul's before Agrippa. The throne of grace is all my dependence, all my consolation.

"Visited four families; conversed with six individuals who indulge a hope, three of whom have recently received the quickening influences of the Spirit. This affords evidence of the commencement of a revival of religion. Sinners were disposed to hear. May not this be the dawning of a better day? Surely a work *here* must be all of God. The most unworthy instrument will be employed to save souls. It is my sincere desire to be humble in the dust, to be stripped of all self-dependence, to be delivered from every sin, to be guided into all truth. At the footstool of mercy my only plea is, the *glory of God*, the salvation of souls.

"*Saturday*, 15.—Have this evening to mourn my unfruitfulness in devotion, and unfaithfulness in duty. Could I rely on the mercy of God, and cheerfully obey his will, I would rejoice with joy unspeakable. Lord, melt this obdurate heart and bow this stubborn will; and let me be more conformed to thine image. Then will sinners be converted.

"*November* 23.—God withholds his Spirit, and I labor in vain, and spend my strength for nought. It is just. I dare not complain. Yet with humility will I seek him, whom my soul loveth. I will say, wherefore contendest thou with me; why go I mourning all the day? The prevalence of infidelity, bigotry, delusion

and party-spirit must render ineffectual the preaching of the cross, unless the special grace of God interpose. 'Oh that I knew where I might find him! I would come even to his seat.' I would plead for his cause, I would plead the honor of his name. O Lord, revive thy work. My soul longeth and fainteth for the living God.

"*November* 29. *Saturday evening.*—Have suffered much the past week from an evil heart of unbelief. I dare not expect a blessing to accompany my exertions. God has cast me from his presence, and taken his Holy Spirit from me. My only plea is, Lord *remember me* a *miserable sinner.*

"After serious examination, fasting and prayer, I have obtained clearer discoveries of my own defilement. I am certain of a spiritual declension. I will return to him, who *has* delivered me from trouble. Although I dare not rely upon resolutions, I desire the week ensuing to live nearer to God."

A letter to his parents.

"CALAIS, DECEMBER 3, 1817.

"Dear Parents,—I forget whether I am in the East Indies, or in Vermont. Since I came to this region I have neither seen, nor heard from, any individual (the Rev. Mr. Hobart excepted) whom I ever saw before. The winter will probably pass in this state of retirement and solitude. I was completely tongue-tied for a few days, but I now perceive symptoms of recovery.

"I have enjoyed perfect health, although my work has been arduous and difficult. Within a short time, I have attended fifteen meetings, and at the fifteenth, very unexpectedly to myself, I preached an hour. Invitations to preach are becoming more numerous, and meetings more generally attended. Every man must see the missionary, and puzzle him, if he can. I find myself in close quarters occasionally, and am obliged to make the best of it. A long catalogue of questions looking very sharply towards infidelity, is brought forward without *ceremony* or *apology*, and the crooked must be made straight, and the rough smooth.

"The universalists have but one difficulty, the Bible, to encounter. Press them a little with passages of scripture, and they leap out by turning deists. The path from the one to the other is very short and plain. Infidelity here assumes its boldest and most shameless appearance. *Reason* is made *omnipotent*. It is another word for licentiousness. But the recent attempts to introduce (anarchy) into the church have been connected with consequences still more alarming. Every one walks in the sight of his own eyes, and yet clings to a hope of heaven with an undoubting confidence. Multitudes in this place have a hope of piety, and this apparently is *all* their religion.

"A church will be formed here, probably, this month. About fourteen are prepared to become members. Others are serious. Hopes are entertained of a general revival. The Sabbath after next, the communion will be attended in Marshfield, by permission of Providence, and a number received into the church. I find the work every day more interesting; yet the *heathen* are not for a moment forgotten. The path of duty in this respect becomes more plain and pleasant.

"——— To-morrow is Thanksgiving. Could I get a pie or two from home it would not be amiss. However, I am kept well. My parents need not fear, nor think of me with anxiety; but they will, I trust, earnestly request for me that assistance, which I particularly need. I am more than ever sensible of my weakness, and would be more grateful than ever for the prayers of the saints."

The following report or journal, together with the introductory remarks of the trustees, were published by them immediately after the termination of Mr. Parsons' mission.

Extracts from the Rev. Levi Parsons' Journal, returned June, 1818.

["The following extracts, comprising the greater part of Mr. Parsons' Journal, we publish, at this time, because we believe they will greatly encourage the friends of missions to renewed exertions, and because they will be read while the events, which he records to the praise of divine grace, are so recent, with more interest than at a future day. Few missionaries have labored with

more success, either in healing difficulties in churches, or in exciting the attention of those who live without God in the world. His labors in many towns were accompanied with special divine influences. We believe that, in many towns, in the north part of this state, and more especially in Troy, his labors were a savour of life unto life to many perishing sinners. Who can read these extracts, without resolving by a free-will offering to increase the means of our Missionary Society, without praying the Lord of the Harvest to send forth laborers into his vineyard?"]

"*To the Trustees of the Vermont Missionary Society.*

"GENTLEMEN,—In performing the mission assigned me, to the destitute settlements of this state, I have occupied a field far less extensive, than was, I am sensible, expected by the Trustees of the Society. My exertions have been confined, principally, to the counties of Washington and Orleans; although, in a few instances, I have preached in the counties of Caledonia, Windsor and Addison.

"Eight weeks were devoted to Calais, Cabot, Marshfield, and Plainfield. During this time, we were favored in some degree, with the influences of the Spirit. Numbers were convicted of sin, and a few made to rejoice in hope.

"Great lukewarmness existed among professors of religion in Marshfield. Their numbers have been from time to time diminishing, till but a few remained of the little flock, to weep over the desolations which surrounded them. At a meeting preparatory to the sacrament they confessed with apparent penitence, their criminal departures from duty, and renewed their covenant with each other, and with God. And on the succeeding Saturday evening, a difficulty, which had some-

time existed in the church, and which, it was feared, would eventually prove its disorganization, was brought to a final and happy termination. Nine candidates were the next Sabbath admitted to full communion, and the Lord's Supper administered, after a long and lamentable declension.

"It was not so in Plainfield. Religious meetings were frequent and solemn. Many were searching the scriptures, with reference to their own salvation, and a few were hoping in the mercy of God. On the 13th of December, eight candidates were received into the church, which previously consisted of thirty three members; and at the sacrament of the Supper of our Lord, the most pleasing unanimity was apparent between Christians of different religious denominations.

"In Cabot are seventy five or eighty members of the congregational church; most of whom are the subjects of the late revival in the spring of 1817. At a circular meeting in November last we may notice the commencement of another work of grace, during which ten or fifteen made a public profession of religion.

"As I shall not have occasion to mention these towns again, I will observe that in addition to the donations I received, an annual subscription of $150 has been obtained for the support of a missionary. The subscribers earnestly request the patronage of the society, and should a missionary be stationed there, every possible exertion will be made to defray the expense.

"Two weeks were employed in the towns of Hardwick, Craftsbury and Greensborough. In these places are two hundred and thirty two members of the congregational church, and ninety members of the baptist denomination. One hundred, or more, of these are the

subjects af a revival, which was instrumentally occasioned by *Sabbath school* instruction.

"In Hardwick, I administered the sacrament of the Supper of our Lord, at which were present, it is supposed, one hundred and fifty communicants. Eight candidates were admitted to the church, and a number of families presented for baptism. A contribution was solicited, and received for the Board of Missions. In addition to this, the ladies organized a society, and soon obtained an annual subscription of thirty dollars; of which nine dollars and thirty one cents were delivered to my charge. The particular object of this society is to aid in supporting the gospel in the destitute towns of that vicinity.

"On Wednesday, February 11, I was requested to preach in Hardwick, before the Society for the reformation of morals. As circumstances connected with this association are peculiar and interesting, it may not be improper to relate them.

"For some years after the organization of the society, the most determined opposition prevailed, which eventually damped the zeal of its firmest supporters. At a meeting in March, 1816, it was for sometime made a question, whether an immediate dissolution would not, under existing difficulties, be desirable. Unwilling to yield in the accomplishment of the object for which they associated, and stimulated by a spirit of benevolence and piety, the members of the society resolved to make their last efforts with the rising generation. The attempt was arduous, and the prospect of success unpromising. Many of the youth had received, from their infancy, the bitterest prejudices against the Holy Scriptures, and were beginning to exhibit the fruits of infidelity. To counteract the influence of prejudice and

corruption, to divert the minds of youth from favorite objects of pursuit, appeared to many like the fruitless attempt of the enthusiast.

"But the friends of piety remained firm in their resolution, although at times they were obliged "to hope against hope." The beginning was small. A few parents assembled with their children the ensuing Sabbath evening, and after explaining the object of the society and impressing the duties of religion, commended them to the Saviour of sinners. Their prayers were not in vain. During the summer, Sabbath schools were established in Greensborough and Craftsbury, embracing children of different religious persuasions, who were ambitious to excel in their knowledge of the word of God. The succeeding June, at a public exhibition in Greensborough, were present, at an early hour three hundred children. Many chapters in the Bible, and most of the questions in the different catechisms, were recited with a promptitude and solemnity, which astonished every observer. Towards the close of the exercises was witnessed a scene which drew tears from every eye. The following question, (or one similar) was directed to a young lady, "what good excuse have you for not repenting?" She wept, and was unable to reply. It was put to the second and to the third with the same effect. Soon, not the children only, but the whole assembly were weeping. Many said, "how dreadful is this place, for God is here." Those, who assembled purely from motives of curiosity, were pricked in their hearts, and cried out in the anguish of a wounded spirit, "what must we do to be saved?" These impressions were lasting and salutary. Within a few weeks, thirty of the pupils, and as many of their parents, were made to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

Among these are a number of little children of twelve or fourteen years, and a few young men, who are now preparing for the ministry. In this revival of religion more than one hundred made a public profession of their faith in Jesus.

"The Sabbath schools are still continued under the peculiar smiles of Providence.

"In Craftsbury are no less than five different religious societies. The Congregational Church is small, and unable to support the gospel. The present prospects are more favorable. An unusual attention to serious subjects has been observed, and great anxiety was expressed to receive *immediate* assistance from the Missionary Society. This station is one of the most important and interesting. And with trifling expense to the society, might be supplied the towns of Greensborough, Glover, Eden, and Craftsbury.

"In Troy, and the adjoining towns, spent eleven weeks. The revival commenced upon the first of January, and continues still with great power. Three churches have since been organized; two of the congregational, and one of the baptist denomination. In these churches are more than seventy members. Twenty or thirty besides are in the judgment of charity the subjects of renewing grace. The particulars will be more fully detailed at the close.

"Thus I have endeavored, in a very concise manner, to present to the Trustees an account of my exertions in behalf of the society. During the thirty weeks, employed in this mission, I have preached one hundred and forty six sermons; made five hundred and sixty five religious visits; attended fifteen church meetings, and thirty nine religious meetings; visited six schools; assisted in the organization of three churches; bap-

tized forty adults, and forty six children; admitted ninety seven to the communion; and seven times administered the Supper of our Lord.

"In a number of towns in this section of the state, infidelity has assumed its boldest appearance. The Holy Scriptures are rejected as the work of human invention, and the Sabbath treated with avowed and public contempt. There are instances of parents *commanding* their children to labor upon the Sabbath, declaring that if they were employed upon no other day, they should be on this.

"Profanation of the name of God is another *prevailing* vice. Children are taught, from their cradles, to speak with contempt of the Saviour. In one instance I recollect a child was *requested* by its parent to speak profanely. The child hesitated for a while, and then burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Papa, I dare not say that wicked word."

"The sentiments of *Huntington* prevail to an alarming extent. It is maintained, with firmness, that in this life, the Jews behold in heaven Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with weeping and gnashing of teeth. The confidence of universal restoration to life and blessedness, emboldens thousands to reject the word of God. Unwilling to lead a holy and godly life, they cleave to the presumptuous hope of passing to heaven, through the depths of despair.

"The *ignorance* which exists upon the subjects of the soul, is to be deeply lamented. Many families have lived ten or fifteen years, without the scriptures in their houses, others are unable to read, if a Bible were presented. An aged lady informed me that she lived fourteen years without hearing a sermon or a prayer.

"And by those too, who come in the character of preachers of the gospel, sentiments are inculcated in-

consistent and dangerous. The Old Testament is absolutely rejected as the guide of our conduct—the Sabbath denied its sanctity, and in the attempt to escape the charge of *tradition* the house of God is made a haunt of confusion and disorder. One instance of comment upon a passage of scripture may illustrate the subject. A minister, remarking upon the two immutable things, mentioned in the epistle to the Hebrews, by which it was impossible for God to lie, affirmed, that these two things were the sun and moon.

"In a few instances, the most daring attempts have been made to prevent the work of the Lord. The opposers of religion have been through the ceremonies of organizing a church by themselves, with the evident design to divert the attention of those who were disposed to serious reflection. Usually, the leaders of this presumptuous conduct, are relying upon the hope of universal salvation.

"Yet, in the midst of wrath the Lord hath remembered mercy. Since the commencement of 1817, not less than three hundred additions have been made to the congregational churches in these destitute towns, and a considerable number to the churches of other religious denominations. Almost every place has been visited with the peculiar influences of the spirit. The fields are white for the harvest. The missionary has the greatest encouragement to hope for success.

"But I will remark more particularly upon the recent revival of religion in Troy, and its adjacent towns.

"Troy, (formerly Missisque,) contains thirty five families. Previous to the revival, only one individual was known as a professor of religion, and only one family, in which were offered morning and evening sacrifices. From information, I have been led to believe,

that, in scarce any place, did the sins of Sabbath-breaking, swearing and intoxication, prevail to a more alarming excess. Especially, for a few months previous to this, every thing seemed to be ripening for the judgment of Heaven. But he, who is rich in mercy, looked down with compassion. It is difficult, if not *impossible*, to account upon natural principles, for the first serious impressions. We can recur to no alarming providences, no appeals to the passions, no allusions to the wrath to come. But God, determining to bring into contempt all human glory, hath accomplished the work *himself*. Some were convicted in the field; others during the silence of the night; some by hearing the name of God blasphemed; others by reflecting upon death, and the subsequent events of the judgment day. At my first meeting, I perceived an unusual attention. Every ear was opened to receive instruction, and many expressed by their countenance and actions, the keen distress of a wounded conscience. The ensuing week convictions and conversions were multiplied. At some of the religious conferences, more than twenty requested the prayers of their christian friends.

"On Thursday, the 5th of February, assisted the Rev. Mr. Leland of Derby, in organizing a church, consisting of twelve members, all of whom gave evidence of renewing grace. At the close of the exercises, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered for the *first* time in Troy. The season will ever be remembered with peculiar gratitude. The Holy Ghost rested upon us. Not an individual of the vast multitude was inattentive, or unaffected. Many who assembled from motives of curiosity, were pricked in their hearts. They returned not to *ridicule* but to *weep* in secret. The Lord Jesus was made known in the break-

ing of bread. Christians were glad when they saw the Lord. Sinners looked upon him whom they had pierced, and mourned.

"After this, circumstances occurred which checked the progress of the work. And while Christians were contending about the mode of introduction into the church, a number drew back, it is to be feared, to perdition—an event which cannot be too deeply regretted, nor too deeply engraved upon the memory of those, from whom shall be required the blood of souls. For some weeks the operations of the Spirit were suspended. And when the rage of contention subsided, and the children of God repaired again to the throne of grace, the heavens gathered blackness portending a plentiful shower. The Lord came down in his glory. In vain was the virulence of the moralist, or the sneers of the infidel. Nothing was able to oppose, with success, the influences of the Spirit. No heart was too hard to be melted; no will too stubborn to be bowed; no sinner too abandoned to be reclaimed. The Sabbath-breaker, the swearer, the drunkard, were humbled at the footstool of mercy. They were monuments of grace. They were brands plucked out of the fire. Every house, for a distance of more than twenty miles, was open for instruction. The church was soon enlarged to forty-five members, and many more were the evident subjects of grace. The neighboring towns were blessed with the same out-pourings of the Holy Ghost. In Westfield, I assisted with Deac. S. Skinner of Troy, and Mr. E. Skinner of Craftsbury, in the organization of a church consisting of ten members. Considerable additions have since been made, and many are now inquiring, 'What shall we do to be saved.' The unanimity which exists both in the church and society is un-

common and auspicious. The Lord is doing a great work in that place, and to him be all the glory. There have been a few instances of hopeful conversions in Potten, and Sutton, in the province of Canada. There is still the greatest anxiety to hear the gospel, and the fairest prospects of usefulness presented to the missionary.

"The revivals continue in this vicinity. More than seventy, including twelve who have connected with the baptist society, have made a public profession of religion. Others are waiting for a favorable opportunity. All ages and classes have shared in the work. Among the number, who have united with the church, is the youth of fourteen, and the aged sinner of three score years and ten. At present, they are left as sheep without a shepherd, and must be in future, unless assistance be afforded from this society. Should a missionary be stationed there, he might receive, at least, two hundred dollars annually, and preach the gospel to more than two hundred families, many of whom are now perishing for the bread of life.

"Could the friends of missions witness the anxiety and distress which many of their brethren in the Lord have experienced, while deprived of the blessings, so richly conferred upon us—could they hear the ardent expressions of gratitude to the society for sending them a missionary, they would be stimulated to greater exertions, and be inspired with greater zeal for the universal diffusion of the gospel of peace.

"At one time, I recollect, I called upon an aged woman of ninety-six years, who is just sinking into the grave. She took me by the hand, and raising her eyes to heaven, exclaimed, with almost celestial raptures; "I thank the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost for

sending his servant to us this day. May the Lord bless you, my dear friend." And then, for a moment, she sat in silence overcome with joy and gratitude. I spent some time in conversation, and received much instruction from this eminent servant of the Lord, whose eyes were fixed upon the visions of God, and whom I shall not probably see again till the morn of the resurrection.

"*June* 22, 1818.—I could not persuade myself to omit this journal, though doubtless in some respects imperfect. In it there is a schedule of the number of churches and members of different denominations, or the destitution of them, in twenty-five towns. The schedule, for obvious reasons, is here omitted. The object aimed at, it was difficult to attain, with perfect accuracy. It appears by what followed, that the information given to the writer of the schedule was not, in all cases, strictly correct. If I do not misremember, he afterwards told me, that in a few instances, in some neighborhoods or remote sections of towns, there were small religious societies, or members of such societies which he did not mention. The omission was owing to ignorance of their existence on the part of those, from whom he received his information. These inaccuracies, though wholly unintentional, wounded the feelings of some. A certain clergyman, published a letter, in which he accused Mr. Parsons of misrepresentation, or of something which admits of a harder name. It ought here to be mentioned that preparing the schedule was not a mere project of the missionary; he was directed by the society under whose patronage he labored, to reconnoitre the region, where he was employed, and ascertain and report as correctly as possible its condition, its supply of religious instruction, or the want of it. Some other things in the journal might perhaps have been more judiciously

expressed. These admissions will not, in the view of any good judges, detract from the excellent and well established character of Mr. Parsons. The imperfections of this journal, when he was led to consider them, had a most salutary tendency on his mind. They illustrated in this case a passage of scripture always full of consolation; that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Instead, therefore, of defending himself with a kind of independent obstinacy, he was always ready to retract an error, when he could discern it, and especially so on this subject.

I shall here present the reader with some of Mr. Parsons' reflections on the foregoing particulars.

"*November* 19, 1818.—Heard this evening from brother W——, particular remarks upon the errors of my journal. Some inaccuracies and injudicious remarks may occasion lasting injury to the church, and ruin souls. In this view of the subject, the affliction was severe, and, I hope, will be sanctified. After I retired it was my design to unburden my soul to Jesus; and to implore direction and forgiveness. I fell asleep with a burdened spirit. I awoke with unexpected composure and resignation to the will of God. This affliction may check the progress of pride, and teach me that 'it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.'"

"*November* 24, at Craftsbury.—Conversed with Mr. F. the methodist minister, and he appeared to maifest a willingness to re-consider the subject of his letter; and after considerable conversation, concluded to present the public with the substance of it. The Lord be praised, and to him be the glory."

Whether the gentleman here mentioned has ever reconsidered the subject of this letter, or presented 'the public with the substance of that conversation,' is not known to the writer.

The affliction just mentioned was, no doubt, kindly ordered; and one important design, in sending it, probably was, to prevent any rising emotions of self-complacency in him, who had been the honored instrument of promoting a great revival at the commencement of his ministry. However lovely some of God's servants may be, he will take care to secure to himself all the glory of their success.

As the revival in Troy and in the vicinity was Mr. Parson's principal harvest, so far as the immediate gathering of souls into the kingdom of Christ is concerned; it may be agreeable to the reader to be presented with some short additional notices of it.

A letter to his eldest brother.

"TROY, VT. April 7, 1818.

"My Dear Brother,—Lest this long absence should trouble you, I will again tell you that the Lord is continuing his work here, with greater power than ever. Nineteen were admitted to the church Sabbath before last; five stand propounded; ten or twelve are rejoicing in hope; hundreds pleading for mercy. Every thing is made to bow. The most abandoned sinner sits at the feet of Jesus. Nothing can resist the power of God. To him be all the glory; O yes, to him be all the glory.

"From one station to the other it is more than twenty miles. Every house is open to receive me, and every heart prepared for instruction. We will 'stand still, and see the salvation of God.'

"I have but a moment for writing. I never forget you when I remember the souls of this people. The Lord prepare you with them to 'sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

The writer addressed a few lines to his parents in this letter.

"My Dear Parents,—You will see that I cannot, at present, leave this people. The Lord is displaying the riches of his grace, and causing heaven and earth to rejoice in his mercy. I request your prayers that I may be exceedingly humble before God. This revival has been sanctified to me in some measure. But my wicked heart distresses me. With Job, I wish to loath and 'abhor

myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' Pray for this people; we need, we shall *expect* your prayers."

Journal, "*April* 18, 1818.—At Westfield preached at the house of Mr. T. S. and assisted with Deac. S. of Troy, and E. S. of Craftsbury, in the organization of the church. The Supper of our Lord was administered for the first time in this place, since the foundation of the world. At the breaking of bread the house was as solemn as the tomb, not a whisper, nor a motion of a single individual. It brought fresh to mind that period when the sun was dark, the rocks rent, and the earth quaked at the expiring groan of nature's God."

About seven months after this, Mr. Parsons made his next and last visit in this region. What his feelings were in visiting, and parting with a numerous flock of spiritual children, and beloved christian friends; and with what sensations they received him, and bade him farewell, expecting no more to meet in this vale of tears, may be much better conceived than described. Perhaps it would not be altogether presumptuous to compare this visit with St. Paul's farewell interview with the elders of Ephesus. "And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him; sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

In Mr. Parsons' journal I find the following notice of his visit with his friends in Troy.

"*November* 29, at Troy, Vt.—This day preached my last sermon to my dear little children, whom I am not to see again till the heavens be no more. The dear lambs of the flock were nourished with spiritual food, and seemed to be under the protection of the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Precious have been the

seasons of the year past. A few months since, and this whole region was a moral wilderness; now the desert rejoices upon every side. More than one hundred give evidence of adoption into the family of Christ. The sacrament was administered to more than sixty communicants, who we trust will come with Christ in the glory of his Father. Now, O Shepherd of Israel, to thee I commend these dear disciples; I give back the trust which I have received; I come to thee to keep, protect and comfort thine own children. O may they be sanctified through thy truth, and received to glory."

The reflections of Mr. Parsons in his journal dated "May 29, 1818," will close the account of this mission.

"Through the multiplicity of my duties as a missionary, I have thus long, with sorrow I mention it, passed in silence the dealings of God with me. The clearest displays of divine glory in the conversion of sinners, will not promote personal piety, without the ardent struggles of *secret* devotion. To maintain a regular and endearing walk with God, to rise above the frowns and flatteries of the world, to discharge acceptably the responsible duties of an ambassador of Christ, every faculty of the soul must be consecrated to the work of the Lord, and every moment convey to heaven the fervent sighs of a mind endued with the unction of the Holy One.

"Were I to describe the character of a *true* missionary, he should be one whose eyes were closed upon the world, and fixed steadily upon the visions of God. In his closet he should, every day, wrestle in prayer till his face shone with the glory of heaven. He should pour forth the sighs of a broken heart, and wait at the

footstool of mercy till the Saviour appeared in his beauty and glory. In conversation he should be serious, unaffected, and instructive, accommodating himself to the most illiterate child, and yet enriching the higher circles with the ardor of his devotions. He should be modest and pliable, but inflexible in the support of the truth as it is in Jesus. Passing by the unessential points of difference existing among real Christians, his attention should be fixed upon the salvation of sinners and the universal diffusion of light and knowlege. In the desk, his feelings should vibrate to every sentiment proclaimed, and the ardor of piety should be diffused through every sentence. He should know how to fix every eye, and engage the affections of every heart. He should be able to discern the feelings of piety, though concealed in the rubbish of education, prejudice or sloth. He should drive the hypocrite from the strong holds of delusion, and open to the stupid sinner the torments of the damned. He should consider himself a messenger from heaven, a guide to souls, an example to all who believe. He should be always ready to be summoned to his Judge, with the animating assurance of receiving the reward of a faithful and devoted servant of Jesus.

"But with mourning I retrace the steps of my past unfaithful and almost unprofitable life. Yet with humble gratitude and with unceasing praise, would I recount the many instances of conviction and conversion, which I have been permitted to witness. To God, and to God alone be all the glory."

Vermont, though not Mr. Parsons' native state, was endeared to him by many tender and delightful associations. Here he received his classical education; here in an eminent degree, he enjoyed the season of his first

love; here he witnessed many signal triumphs of divine mercy in several revivals of religion; and here for about ten years was his home. Hence, as would be natural to a mind like his, overflowing with love and good will to men, he longed to impart to the inhabitants of this state, especially to its destitute population, some spiritual gift, which might be of lasting utility.

The particular enterprize respecting which he had often thought, and doubtless often prayed, was the establishment of a juvenile missionary society. He concluded that such a society, without essentially lessening the stream of charity which flowed in other channels, would enlist in the cause of christian benevolence an interesting portion of the community, who had hitherto done but little for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. While a member of the theological seminary at Andover, he communicated to the writer his views on the subject; and said he ardently desired to be instrumental of forming a society which should bless the state after his decease. He also communicated his plan to a fellow student who was coming into Vermont, and earnestly requested him to begin the work. But that young gentleman was dissuaded from the undertaking. He however formed one or two benevolent societies of another description. Mr. Parsons was seriously disappointed that the favorite enterprise did not at that time succeed. But God had reserved for him the honor of leading in this labor of love.

Accordingly having finished his mission in the northern section of the state, he opened his mind on this subject to the Trustees of the Vermont Missionary Society. His plan was approved, and he was immediately employed to form juvenile societies, designed to be

auxiliary to a general society, which should be composed of delegates from these smaller associations. Mr. Parsons, in conjunction with some gentlemen of high respectability prepared constitutions for auxiliaries and for a general society, which, with some alterations, were adopted. He commenced his labors with a cheerfulness and zeal which might have been anticipated. Even his incipient exertions were hailed as the dawn of a brighter day. He was received with the utmost cordiality, and his plan and efforts almost invariably approved. Some who had demurred about sending our contributions to the heathen, while nearly half the state was suffering a famine of the word of the Lord, here found agreeably to their wishes a wide field open for cultivation; and a multitude of young people lent their names and gave of their substance to repair the desolations of Zion around them. The zeal and cheerfulness evinced in subscribing and forming societies equalled probably the most sanguine expectations. The following letter from Mr. Parsons gives a succinct account of his labors.

"ANDOVER, September 30, 1818.

"*To the Trustees of the Vermont Missionary Society.*

GENTLEMEN,—I am called sooner than was expected to the employment of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. After mature deliberation, and with the advice of christian friends, I have considered it my duty to leave the interesting field in which I was called to labor while under your direction. In forming this decision, I have been frequently reminded of the critical situation of the juvenile societies, and have been sensible that no part of *our* country demands more special and vigorous exertions. The *present* moment, in a particular manner, if faithfully improved, may so firmly establish the institution that for ages to come it will make glad the city of God. The impulse which these societies have already given to the christian public affords encouragement for persevering exertions. It is expected that an effort will soon be

made to form juvenile domestic missionary societies in every section of the United States; that the pious and benevolent may build up the walls of Jerusalem before their own doors.

"In preparing a report of my mission, since my last appointment, I might descend to particular circumstances, were it requested; but as most of the facts are already before the public, a recital would be uninteresting and tedious. As an agent for the formation of juvenile societies, I have devoted fifteen weeks; visited twenty two towns; assisted in the organization of thirty two societies; and obtained by subscription, a sum not far from three thousand dollars. It was my design as far as my health would permit, to supply destitute towns upon the Sabbath; yet I found that this arrangement, in but few instances, would promote the object to which I was particularly devoted. I supplied Sudbury, Bridgewater, Roxbury, and Starksboro', each with preaching one Sabbath. In B. and R. the subject was presented; but *immediate* exertions, on account of the peculiar situation of the people, were deferred. Assurances were, however, given that the subject would not long be delayed. Should this object be pursued, agreeably to the design of the constitution, and every destitute town contribute a part in the support of missionaries, an annual subscription might be raised of more than ten thousand dollars.

"I cannot close without requesting the privilege of acknowledging with gratitude the numerous favors conferred. Never have I passed a year, which I review with so much satisfaction, and never can I forget the kind attention of those under whose patronage the gospel has been preached to the destitute."

In pursuance of arrangements previously made, and for the purpose of organizing a general society, delegates convened in Castleton, on the 16th of September, 1818, from societies formed in the following towns: St. Albans, Georgia, Westford, Burlington, Charlotte, New Haven, Middlebury, Cornwall, Salisbury, Shoreham, Benson, Castleton, Pittsford, Rupert, Dorset, Randolph, Pittsfield and Bennington.

Rev. Joshua Bates, President of Middlebury College, was chosen Moderator, and Joel H. Linsley, Esq. Secretary. Dr. Bates delivered an appropriate and im-

pressive discourse from Isaiah lxii. 1. "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth;" and Joel H. Linsley, Esq. delivered an interesting address. Both the sermon and address are before the public. The Hon. Richard Skinner, since successively Governor and Chief Justice of the State, was elected president of the society. I hope to be excused for omitting the names of the other officers. The following motion and vote will show the estimation in which the labors of Mr. Parsons were held. "Moved by Rev. Daniel Haskell, [late President of the Vermont University] seconded by Rev. Martin Powell, and voted that the thanks of this society be presented to the Rev. Levi Parsons, for his indefatigable exertions in forming the various auxiliary societies."

It would be natural to suppose, that having witnessed to such an extent the consummation of his wishes, Mr. Parsons would experience the liveliest emotions of joy. The reverse, however, was true. In a manner unaccountable to himself he found his mind benumbed with a kind of insensibility entirely new, attended with no small depression of spirits. From whatever cause this resulted, it was doubtless kindly ordered by his Heavenly Father. He probably designed to make his servant feel his impotence and worthlessness.

The amount of monies received by the treasurer of the Vermont Juvenile Missionary Society at this meeting was $743,19.

The society has been greatly enlarged since its organization by the accession of new auxiliaries.

If the friends of this institution are called to lament the indifference of many professing Christians, the in-

activity of some auxiliaries, and the want of pecuniary resources; still its real usefulness has probably equalled every rational expectation. The first and last annual reports are not in my possession; but in looking over the second, third and fourth annual reports, I find that twenty nine different missionaries had been employed for different periods of time. The fourth annual report states that three hundred and twenty one weeks, or upwards of six years of service, were performed in that year. I am unable to state the whole amount of labor performed by the agents of this society, nor is it necessary. But besides the warnings given to the impenitent, the instruction and consolation afforded to scattered disciples, and the encouragement granted to feeble churches*; one church has been organized, five ministers settled, and hundreds, recently strangers to faith and hope, have hopefully been brought nigh to God, through the instrumentality of this infant institution.

The following quotation from the second annual report of the directors gives a correct view of the friendly feelings entertained towards this society, and of its success.

"No appeal to the charity of the christian public, ever before made in behalf of the churches and towns in this state, destitute of a preached gospel, has been equally successful with that which has been made by this society. The prospect of our moral desolations, extensive and gloomy as they are, has affected many hearts, and has produced a respectable offering of time and exertions and property, to repair them. The numerous members of the societies auxiliary to this, have duly appreciated the necessity of a preached gospel, to

*During the last year, two new churches were organized through the instrumentality of that society. Its usefulness continues.

form the moral principles and habits of a community, and to save immortal souls from the ruin to which sin has exposed them, and to prepare them for the exalted blessedness of the heavenly state; and they have manifested a becoming zeal to extend this invaluable blessing to the inhabitants of our waste places. Already as the fruit of our exertions the wilderness and the solitary place has been made glad; the Divine Spirit has condescended to accompany our missionaries in their journeyings, and to smile upon their labors; the hearts of desponding Christians have been revived, and many sinners, washed from their pollution in atoning blood, have commenced a song of praise to their great Deliverer, which will never end."

At the third annual meeting, the president of the society, the Hon. Titus Hutchinson, of Woodstock, stated in an address, that it appeared from very satisfactory evidence that more than four hundred, probably about five hundred souls, had been brought into the fold of Christ by the labors of their missionaries. Since that time the gracious visitations of the Holy Spirit have no doubt considerably swelled the number. But it must be left to the records of eternity to reveal in all its extent the usefulness of this society. Doubtless similar institutions have been as useful; and some of longer continuance and greater resources, much more so. But the foregoing outline will show that the founders and patrons of such societies do not labor in vain. Had the agency of Mr. Parsons in bringing into existence the Vermont Juvenile Missionary Society been his only service for the church, his usefulness would have been great, and his memory blessed. We would beware, however, of ascribing too much to man; the Head of the church designed signally to bless the destitute pop-

ulation of the state, and selected his own instruments. While the gospel is obtaining triumphs abroad, and erecting the monuments of victory in heathen lands, shall the desolations of Zion around us be permitted to continue; shall a society so favored in its beginning be suffered to languish; shall the dwellers on our mountains and in our vales, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, descend into the grave in cheerless ignorance and stupidity for the want of our prayers and contributions? If so; will it not appear in the great day of account that we have been accessary to their ruin? Shall we not be found stained with their blood?

Journal.—"The prudential committee of the Board for Foreign Missions, at a meeting held at Andover, September 24, 1818, requested Mr. Pliny Fisk and myself to prepare as soon as possible for a mission to Western Asia. *The object is*,

"I. To acquire particular information respecting the state of religion, by correspondence or otherwise, in Asiatic Turkey.

"II. To ascertain the most promising place for the establishment of christian missions, and the best means of conducting them.

"III. To inquire by what means the scriptures and religious tracts may be most advantageously circulated."

"Sept. 24, 1818.—Received this morning the request of the prudential committee that immediate preparation be made for a mission to the *Holy Land*. With mingled emotions of joy and sorrow I received this interesting information. The idea of a *permanent station* in the vineyard of Christ, after many years of deep solicitude and increasing anxiety; the peculiar interposition of Divine Providence with regard to this appoint-

ment; and the prospect of laboring in a land with which is associated every thing endearing to a Christian believer, occasioned a most ardent expression of gratitude and thanksgiving. But my rejoicing was with trembling. The expectation of a station so conspicuous to the known world; the amazing responsibility which must of necessity rest upon us; the *temptations* and dangers connected with the undertaking, seemed sufficient to require *mourning* instead of joy, and *despair* instead of hope. In view of my entire inability for a work so important, I could often plead, 'Lord, send by whom thou wilt, let *me* be excused; and the reply was often returned, 'who hath made man's mouth, or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the *blind?* Have not I the Lord? Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say.' Here my doubts were removed. Lord, with thy presence I will go; with thy armor and shield I will fight the battles of the Most High; with thy spirit I will leave *all* I hold dear below, rejoicing that I am counted worthy to bear to the land of darkness and woe, the light of salvation, the glad tidings of peace.

"Come now the happy day, which shall bear me to the heathen world. In the arms of Jesus I am *safe;* with the prayers of ten thousand Christians I need not fear. With the Holy Spirit I may yet bring many sons and daughters to glory, and die with joyful expectations of a better world."

"Oct. 1, 1818.—With brother Fisk this day has been set apart for fasting and prayer, in reference to our contemplated mission. A number of questions were prepared for a guide to our inquiries. 1. In what particulars have we neglected our duty? By permitting worldly business to occupy those hours which should to have

been devoted to secret duties; by too often neglecting the scriptures; by misimproving many opportunities for exhortation and instruction; by permitting the duties of the week to occupy the hours of the sabbath; and by indulging in improper conversation.—After singing the fifty-first Psalm we made our confessions to God. 2. What sins most easily bset us?

"Vanity in regard to special attainments or to particular favors. Unholy affections; despondency in view of trials. To overcome them, keep in view the perfection which God requires; fly from temptation; cultivate the habit of incessent prayer in every situation.

" *Question* 3.—How shall we promote personal holiness, and best subserve the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom?

" By keeping a journal; observing days of fasting and prayer; by christian correspondence; by frequent conversation with those, with whom we may associate upon practical piety; by disseminating recent information upon the subject of missions; by enlisting the prayers of Christians.

" Most of this day has been devoted to prayer. It has not been unprofitable. The Lord accept our feeble attempt to obtain his blessing, and grant that his presence may go with us, when we leave all for his kingdom; and may our way be prospered, and our mission continued for a long time yet to come."

" *Oct.* 8.—Pursuing our inquiries we this day endeavored to set our faces toward the holy temple, and by fasting and prayer to humble ourselves before God.

" *Question* 4.—Qualifications.

" Love for the work; perseverance in duty; fortitude in danger; and zeal for the salvation of the heathen. A disposition mild and forbearing; a mind cheerful,

generous, and devotional. A hope in Christ strong and increasing, an entire resignation to the will of God, and an unshaken confidence in the complete fulfilment of every divine promise. We need *humility*. This excellent trait of character should appear in our conversation, deportment, and public duties.

"*Question* 5.—What are our peculiar duties to each other?

"Our hearts should be knit together as the heart of one man. Our employments, our duties, our plans must aim *incessantly* at the same object. We must possess the most implicit *confidence* in each other's pursuits, and seize every opportunity to impart mutual consolation, and to inspire a holy resolution in the work of the Lord. We must ever remember, that where the spirit of the Lord is, there is *peace*, a sweet unanimity of feeling and sacred devotedness to the interests of the church. Woe be to us, if we continue not in the spirit of the gospel of peace. Woe be to us, if we be not crucified to the world, if we continue not to grow in grace, if we follow not our divine Master who went about doing good. This subject was deferred, till the ordination at Salem."

The ordination here alluded to was that of his companion in labor and of two other foreign missionaries.

"*Salem, Nov.* 6, 1818.—Set apart this day, agreeably to appointment, for the purpose of a more particular examination of our duty. After prayer and confession of our sins, the subject of a mutual and *private* dedication of ourselves to the work assigned us was introduced and considered. Many advantages, it was supposed, might be derived from a formal consecration to this mission. It may remind us more frequently that the vows of the Lord are upon us; it may be of use in some sea-

sons of trial, in some unexpected affliction to which this work must expose us. After mature reflection, and (we would hope) after imploring the direction of the Holy Spirit, we cheerfully agreed to subscribe our names to the following covenant.

"As Christians, as ministers, and as missionaries, we have been separately consecrated to God; we do now, in a united private capacity, not as an unmeaning ceremony, but with sincerity of heart, and with earnest prayer for divine assistance, give ourselves to each *other*. We enter into a holy *covenant*, by which we engage, with divine assistance, to keep ourselves from every employment which may impede our progress in the work, to which we are sacredly devoted. We are to live in love; to maintain the most perfect harmony of feeling, of design and of operation; to unite our strength, our talents and our influence, for the conversion of the heathen. We give ourselves to each other in all our *private* duties, engaging to make each other's interest our own at the throne of grace, and to strive together for high attainments in piety, for entire devotedness to the cause of Christ, for pure affections, for a humble walk with God. For this purpose we will endeavor to subdue every unhallowed, every ambitious desire, remembering that he, who would be the greatest, must be the *least* of all. In all things we are to be *equal*.

"We give ourselves to each other in the *public* duties of our office, uniting our exertions and our counsels for the extension of the gospel of peace, endeavoring to be an example to the heathen, in every good work; and by a holy, humble and amiable deportment to win them to the truth, as it is in Jesus.

"We will *never* separate unless duty very evidently

require it; and then it must be by mutual counsel, and with christian attachment.

"We give ourselves to each other in all our *afflictions*, *temptations* and *persecutions*, having our hearts knit together as the heart of one man, and performing all the duties of Christians and friends.

"And while we take this covenant upon ourselves, it is with earnest prayer, that in life we may *long* be united, and in death not far divided.

"Pliny Fisk,
"Levi Parsons.

"*Salem*, *Nov.* 6, 1818."

Although Messrs. Parsons and Fisk had been directed to make speedy preparation for a mission to Western Asia; yet the prudential committee judged it expedient to retain them for a season in this country to labor as agents for the Board. Accordingly Mr. Fisk went to the south, and spent some time in Charleston, S. C. where provision was made for his permanent support. Mr. Parsons was directed to labor in Vermont and New York. The following remarks respecting the duty and encouragement of an agent, the history of his agency and devotional reflections, are contained in his private journal.

"As an encouragement the agent must keep continually in view the good which may result from its efforts. He must not let his mind be affected by the low standard of others.

"The following course is suggested.

"I. He will call upon the minister and upon other persons of influence in religious charity. Do this before the subject is presented in public; and in many cases spend an evening in company with ten or twenty, who will be disposed to favor the object. This must be done with caution, lest the object be defeated.

"II. Preach on the subject of missions three or four times to the same people, as may be considered best. Spend two or three weeks in an important town and its vicinity.

"In the course of the sermons speak of the *miserable condition* of the heathen world; of the duty of sending the gospel to all nations, proved by scripture and on the principle of general benevolence; of the gospel as designed to renew the world, and of the success which has attended missions as an evidence that they are the cause of God. No nation was ever yet converted to christianity except by missionaries. The christian world are able to send the gospel to all nations. The expense of war would support ten thousand missionaries from the United States. The expense of litigation in Vermont would raise annually four hundred thousand; and in Boston, one hundred thousand. In order to this (the evangelizing of the world) Christians must enter upon the work with zeal and perseverance.—The peculiar duties of the American churches arise from an abundance of temporal and spritual blessings.

"III. Objections are to be treated rather as inquiries than as formal objections.

"IV. The agent will keep in view two things, the *necessity* of raising the standard of piety; and the desirableness of uniting the whole community in a permanent plan of usefulness.

"V. The claims of the Board, designed to embrace the U. S.—It has members in seven different states, and friends and contributors in every part of the union."

It was unquestionably the original intention of the A. B. C. F. M. to embrace, as far as a society of this nature can do it, the whole United States. But since

the formation of "the Foreign mission Society" in New York, it is not probable that the former society will embrace the union. Two sister institutions having the same object in view, the evangelizing of heathen tribes and nations, may do more than one extended as widely as it could be; may elicit more prayer, excite more influence, and raise a greater fund of charity. Nor would we forget to be thankful that there are other similar societies in this country. The enlightened christian will bid God speed to them all, and rejoice in their prosperity.

On the 11th of November, 1818, Mr. Parsons left Boston on his way to the fields of his agency. He passed through Andover, and on the 13th arrived at Concord, the capital of New Hampshire.

In his journal of the same date, I find the following remarks. "For a few days past I have been much depressed in view of my low attainments in piety. Shall I not one day fall into open sins, and bring contempt upon the blessed Saviour? Will not my last days be sorrow and pain? Will not souls go down to despair in consequence of my imperfections? My strength is weakness, my resolution ineffectual. Where can I go for refuge? Lord, I must come to thee. Keep me in thy hand. Be thou my refuge and my guide."

On the next day he went to Hanover, N. H.

Journal. "*Saturday, Nov.* 14.—Have had occasion to remember the instruction of St. Paul to Timothy; 'in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledgement of the truth.' To possess serenity of mind while encountered with the scoffs and insults of opposers, is one of the most important, one of the most difficult attainments in the christian character. Perhaps

no qualification for a missionary is more amiable and useful. In future may this heavenly grace appear conspicuous in my conversation and deportment.

"Spent the evening in the study of professor Shirtleff. Upon the table I observed a tract entitled 'the religion of the closet.' It led me to a very happy and profitable train of reflections."

On the Sabbath Mr. Parsons preached for professor S. to the students of Dartmouth college and the congregation worshipping with them. Respecting the labors of this day I find the following remarks. "The reflection that divine truth was this day dispensed to those, who are soon to direct the civil and ecclesiastical concerns of our nation, rendered the season peculiarly pleasant. It was with great reluctance that I entered upon the public duties of the house of God. But when duty seemed to require it, my prayer to heaven was, that one at least of the dear youth might be renewed and made an able minister of the New Testament. My work is done. The day of judgment will determine the result of the preaching of the gospel.

"I would avail myself of the remark of professor S. 'quote scripture verbatim.' Again I would be guarded against 'any appearance of indecision in the performance of any duty.'"

Mr. Parsons was detained in Hanover on Monday, waiting for the stage.

Journal. "*Monday evening, Nov.* 16.—A remark made this day in conversation with a brother in the ministry, 'that a minister's usefulness depends upon his private walk with God,' cannot be too often repeated. The Lord will honor who honor him. He will make them his peculiar people, and grant them peculiar blessings. I will take up a lamentation, I will weep in se-

cret, that my conversation is not in heaven; that there are so seldom sweet meltings of soul after God.

"This evening, I would remember that every visit should leave an impression of the presence of the Saviour. Truth is to be spoken in small things in unequivocal terms."

"*Nov.* 17.—Have not found a Bible in any of the rooms assigned me to-day. Would it not be useful to present this subject to the public? Might not every christian parent furnish each parlor with a bible and psalm book? Infidels might read and be saved. Conversation this day has been profitable, and seasons for prayer more interesting than usual.

"*Nov.* 18.—Arrived at Pittsfield, and found my friends in health. After two or three hours at home commenced my journey to the north part of Vermont. Every evening demands unceasing praise."

After an absence of about two weeks he returned to Pittsfield.

Journal, "*December* 7, *at Pittsfield.*—Returned on Saturday evening to my parents with gratitude, I would hope, for preserving grace. On the Sabbath preached with more enjoyment than usual. In the evening a pleasing stillness was apparent in the house of God.

"In view of recent afflictions and of the peculiar necessity of special grace, I would this day by fasting and prayer seek the assistance and blessing of our heavenly Father.

"*My first request* to God is, that I may know more of his character, and bear more and more of his image. My soul panteth after God. When shall I see him; and what is more, when shall I be like him? Were my eyes enlightened by the Holy Spirit, I should see him in his works, in storms, rain, snow, heat and cold,

I should see him in his *Word* unfolding the perfections of his character; I should see him in the countenances of his children, and in the disposal of sinners.

"If I were like God, I should be sensible of sweet meltings of soul while in his presence; and of ardent desires to consecrate every moment to his service. I should know my duty, and discharge it; afflictions would be blessings, earth would be heaven.

"*My second request* is, that the dear lambs in the flock of Christ in Troy, Vt. may be under the special protection of the Head of the church. I am to see them no more at present; but the blessed Jesus is with them always, to counsel, direct, comfort and save them. O may that church *live* before thee. Let it be purified, enlarged and beautified, and may 'her walls be salvation, and her gates praise.' After crossing this boisterous sea, may we be united in bonds of sweetest harmony, and with united voice cry, 'worthy is the Lamb.'

"*My third request* is, that the present excitement in the northern section of this state may be for the furtherance of the gospel. If it must continue and increase, may it be a sanctified affliction, and may it be the feeling of my heart, 'not my will, but thine be done."

To the occasion of the excitement here mentioned we have already referred. There was no unpleasant excitement among the denomination to which Mr. Parsons belonged. On the contrary he was greatly esteemed and beloved. The writer has been informed by persons of undoubted veracity, that no missionary ever visited that region, who was so generally acceptable. But to individuals of another denomination his journal has given umbrage. But as Mr. Parsons had a friendly interview with the gentleman who had contradicted some of his statements, and as that gentleman

"concluded to present to the public the substance of their conversation," it is hoped that whatever dissatisfaction there might have been among those who deserve the name of Christians, it was of short continuance. The open opposers of religion, however, were still dissatisfied. It was not to be supposed that the enemy of souls could behold unmoved such inroads upon his territory. Before Mr. Parsons made his last visit to that region, it was reported with an air of undoubting assurance that for his crimes he was immured in prison. The propagators of this calumny must have been somewhat chagrined to see him again breaking the bread of life to those who acknowledged him as their spiritual father. The intelligent christian will easily account for this opposition on the principle, that no gentleness of manners nor loveliness of disposition can disarm the enmity of the carnal heart.

Journal.—"*Another request* is, that my father's family may enjoy the presence of the Saviour. I leave them with our blessed Redeemer. Great has been the anxiety of my parents for me, and as great, if possible, shall be my solicitude for them. Morning and evening shall my prayers ascend to God for my parents, that their usefulness may continue, their consolations increase, their sun set serenely, and the opening heavens shed upon them the light of eternal day. For my dear brothers, I will implore pardoning mercy. We part to meet not again in time. Shall we meet at thy right hand, O my Saviour? Be thou their friend; sprinkle them with thy blood, and raise them to glory."

On his way to the state of New York, the principal field of his labors and success, we had the happiness of receiving a visit from Mr. Parsons. The interview was precious, and our united prayer was, that Jehovah would

send salvation to the land once wet with the Saviour's blood. On parting, referring to his agency, I remarked, perhaps injudiciously, that I should feel some reluctance to engaging in such an enterprize at such an inclement season. He pleasantly replied, "you have your sources of comfort, I have mine."

Having collected in Vermont $ 155, he went to Cambridge, N. Y. where, considering the success that attended his efforts, he may be said to have commenced his mission.

Before he had preached in Cambridge, I find in his journal the following observations.

"*Dec.* 18, 1818, *Cambridge, N. Y.*—I will sing of mercy. The Lord has given his angels charge concerning me, to keep me in the house and by the way. I have been enabled sometimes to say, 'my Redeemer liveth, and I am his.' But in consequence of some unsuitable conversation, my affections wandered from God, my mind became barren and sensual. This evening, have been enabled to rise above the world, to draw near to the mercy seat, to plead for a guilty nation. It is pleasant to see the Saviour while below. With his presence I can glory in tribulation, sing in a dungeon, triumph at the stake. This evening I lift my soul to heaven for assistance in the duties of the Sabbath, for a blessing upon the attempt to present to view the miseries of the heathen."

In this place the Rev. Mr. Prime, pastor of the presbyterian church, most cordially and successfully seconded the efforts of the missionary.

Just as Mr. Parsons was preparing to leave Cambridge, the Rev. Mr. Bullions, pastor of the seceder church, disregarding some unessential forms of difference, and with true christian liberality, invited him to visit his

people, and aided him in his work. In reference to this, Mr. Parsons says in a letter to his father, "Satan must be enraged to see such *union*, and such *zeal* for the King of Zion."

From Albany he wrote the following letter to his sister and myself.

"January 4, 1819.

"It is now half past ten, and I have hesitated whether it is duty to retire immediately, or to converse a little with a brother and sister who share much of my affection. In my present employment you will not expect many seasons of intimate conversation. Those seasons are past; but the recollection of them is fresh and pleasant. Soon they will return, if we bear the image of the heavenly world, to be enriched with the attendance of our best friend, the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Since I left Shoreham, I have thought often of your dear people; and will you consider me an enthusiast when I say, that the Lord most certainly has good in store for you and them? Even now while I write, are not some sighing under the pain of a wounded Spirit? This night I will look again to the temple of God; perhaps the Lord is waiting to be gracious. My brother, be very sparing of your health; yet be not discouraged in well doing.

"———In Cambridge, in two societies, and from a few individuals belonging to other towns, I received more than five hundred dollars for foreign missions. Surely the silver and the gold are the Lord's. Last Sabbath I preached in the Rev. Mr. Chester's meeting-house, and expect to-morrow to begin to *beg*. I think that a great sum will not be raised, as the city has been ravaged by *beggars* such as myself.

"This evening has been interesting. Four heathen youth were present at the monthly concert, and fervent prayers ascended to heaven for them. Will not our Saviour sprinkle them with his blood? I sat at supper with them last evening, and could not but consider it a high honor. The dear boys may yet reach the blessed world, and be our companions (if this blessedness be ours) in the delightful employment of heaven. They are from the Oneida tribe, and on their way to Cornwall, in Connecticut. Their parents are pious. They wept when they gave up their little boys to be carried far from them. But they said they had given them to

the Lord Jesus, and they wished not to keep them. The Lord will protect them.

"My dear brother and sister, let us work while the day lasts. Soon our Lord will make our troubles cease, our joy perfect. A little while—O then, fly to our Saviour's arms; fly from sin and sorrow to everlasting bliss.

P. S. "*Tuesday morning.*—The hotel at which I left my horse and things is in flames! I arrived in time to save my horse; and my things I hope to find."

On *Thursday*, *January* 7, Mr. Parsons went to Troy; but in consequence of the advice of Rev. Dr. Coe he did not publicly disclose the nature of his agency till the following Sabbath.

Journal. "*Troy*, *January* 9, 1818.—The Angel of the Lord went before me, while soliciting charity for the miserable heathen. The hearts of all men are in the hand of the Lord.—For two days past I have been presenting this subject to the people of this place; to-morrow I expect to preach on the mission to western Asia. I will look to thine holy hill, O my God! Thine assistance is all my support. O that I could get nearer to my heavenly Father, exercise more frequently the spirit of adoption, experience sweet meltings of soul, and a holy ardor for the salvation of Israel. I would wait at his footstool, and consecrate my all to his kingdom.

"*Sabbath*, *Jan.* 10.—Preached in the forenoon at the baptist church, and in the evening to Dr. Coe's society. The assembly was large and attentive, and manifested a disposition to aid the cause of missions.

"*January* 14.—Concluded my exertions in Troy. In this place I have been received with every expression of christian benevolence and respect. Dr. Coe employed his influence and exertions in favor of the mission, and is deserving the thanks of the Board."

Dr. Coe, whose "praise was in all the churches" where he was known , has some time since departed to his final rest. Nor can I here forbear to mention the more recent death of his son, pastor of the church in the village of Whitehall, N. Y. Seldom, if ever, was a minister more beloved or more lamented by his people. Blessed with promising and popular talents, located in an interesting part of the Lord's vineyard, having already seen some fruits of his ministry, and steadily growing in the affections of his charge, his prospects of success and happiness were fair and flattering. But he was cut down in the bloom of life, about one year after his ordination, and removed, we humbly trust, to a more exalted station, to brighter prospects and sublimer joys. Short as his career was, he will not soon be forgotten by his flock, nor by his brethren in the ministry.

But to return from this disgression. On Wednesday evening Mr. Parsons preached in the Baptist church to a large and attentive assembly. On Thursday he left Troy for Albany, and spent the following Sabbath in Schenectady.

"*Sabbath evening, January* 17.—By the request of the Rev. Mr. Van Vechten, preached in the reformed Dutch church, and received a handsome collection.

"The colleges stand about half a mile east of the village, upon a hill which overlooks the village and the vast plains upon the Mohawk. The edifices are about one hundred and fifty feet in length, four stories high, the bricks are covered with a white bitumen, which adds to their beauty and durability. The rooms at the ends of the buildings are appropriated for the residence of the president and professors. A chapel is to be erected between the two edifices.

"*Monday, January* 18.—Rode to Milton; and although the storm was severe, a few attended worship, and were ready to promote the object.

"*Tuesday.*—Preached at Ballston Spa, in the episcopal church, with unusual indications of the approbation of the assembly."

After speaking of the several mineral springs at this place, and of their excellencies compared with each other, and with the waters at Saratoga, the writer proceeds:

"There are a few most elegant buildings for the accommodation of visitors. Two hundred may reside in the same hotel. A few feet north of the new spring is a large factory edifice, one hundred feet long, and four stories high. The expense of erecting and furnishing this factory was $150,000. It stands a monument of the vanity of human glory.

"*January* 27.—Arrived at Kingsborough on Friday evening last. At the request of the Rev. Mr. Yale, attended a church meeting on Saturday, and presented the subject (of my agency) to professors of religion. Preached on the Sabbath, and perceived a peculiar interest manifested in the assembly. On Monday called on a man of wealth, and it pleased the Lord to open his heart; many followed his example. Every individual appeared disposed to promote the cause. Seldom have there been clearer manifestations of the grace of God in disposing the rich to aid the cause of truth. The Rev. Mr. Yale used every motive to liberal charity, and through his influence this great work has been accomplished."

In the last quotation I have a little anticipated some devotional exercises. These exercises, penned on Saturday evening and Tuesday morning, will convince the

christian reader, that his recent success as well as his success in general was in answer to humble and fervent prayer.

"*January* 23, 1819.—Have not been so strict in self-examination, so punctual in secret duty, as my happiness and the cause of Christ require. The pressure of business and the debility occasioned by continued exertions have pleaded an excuse from communion with my Lord and Master. If I am any thing but sin, if I have any exercises which are not entirely polluted, grace, sovereign grace, must have the praise. To redeem a sinner so vile, to change and purify a nature so corrupt, must require the exertions of an *infinite* Saviour, the compassion of a God.—And must I still wander in darkness, grovel in the dust, forget my own mercies, and abuse my privileges? Were I like that beloved missionary, *Brainerd*, how should I fly away from things so vile, engage in the more important, more exalted duties of this holy profession.

"Were I what I *should* be, with what devotion should I lead the people of God to the throne of grace! With what clearness and power should I on the morrow plead the cause of souls; with what pungent conviction of truth I might call into action the slumbering energies of the church! My strength is in Jesus. But my repeated forgetfulness of his mercy prevents near approaches to the mercy seat, intercepts the glory of his countenance, and turns my joy into sorrow.—I will kneel before my Maker, I will remember his covenant, I will wait at his footstool. Perhaps I may have one pledge of pardon, one token of his protection. Perhaps I may meet him in his temple.

"*Tuesday morning*, *January* 25.—This morning I have special occasion for thanksgiving and praise. Lib-

eral contributions have been received from individuals, who are not, by profession, interested in the cause of the Redeemer. Thanks to our God, for he will replenish his treasury and accomplish his great salvation.

"Reflections upon my past ingratitude and pride have mingled my joy with sorrow. I do not *breathe* in heaven. I do not strive against sin, as our Lord wrestled in prayer unto blood. Satan carries me captive at his will, worries, torments and persecutes me. If I must fall into his snares, my request is that my Redeemer may not be reproached; that the enemies of the Lord may not have occasion to blaspheme. But,

'He that hath made his refuge God,
'Shall find a most secure abode.'

"*Johnstown, January* 29.—Preached last evening for Dr. Hosack, and have obtained a liberal contribution for the mission to Judea. Considerable opposition was manifested by the ***** who seemed to think that the Lord would accomplish his work without their aid; and it is more than probable.

"In this village are three fine churches, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Lutheran, a court house and jail, and a considerable number of fine houses. One mile west of the village is another house of worship, pleasantly situated.

"*Herkimer, January* 30.—Retired this evening to prepare for the holy Sabbath. How precious are those moments in which there is communion with the Saviour, weeping for sin and peace in believing! With this joy the stranger intermeddleth not. It is reserved for those who love our Lord Jesus Christ. To-morrow the cause of missions must be vindicated, objections answered, and the miseries of millions of heathen proclaimed. To discharge such duties, it is necessary to

remember that it is of the Lord to give success; that the influence may be felt for ages to come; that multitudes may be redeemed from destruction by the effect of one sermon. My work here will be short. Lord support my sinking soul, increase my languishing faith, sanctify my unholy affections, and may I enter the 'holy of holies' with acceptable incense.

"*Sabbath*, *January* 31.—Preached two sermons and obtained——. Considering the situation of the village, this free-will-offering is as generous as any yet received.

"*February* 6.—This week I have spent at Mount Vernon, and presented my request to the presbytery; and after a serious discussion obtained a favorable answer. Bless the Lord.

"*Utica*, *February* 6, 1819.—In view of the work now before me in this vicinity, it is suitable that I should acknowledge my dependence, and seek assistance from him who only can open the hearts of men. I would come before this people as a servant of Immanuel, pleading his cause, and relying upon his Spirit for success. Dismiss then every fear, prepare thyself for the field; stand up with boldness to the work, dread not the frown of the world; thy God is with thee; his angel will go before thee to keep thee from the snares of the adversary. May this day be holy; the Lord reclaim my wandering affections, sanctify me for his worship, and accept my feeble atttempts to glorify his name."

In Utica, where Mr. Parsons preached four times and was received with much attention, he received for the aid of Foreign Missions, a very liberal donation. On Wednesday evening of the same week, he preached in Norwich Society, Litchfield, and obtained a subscrip-

tion of considerable amount. Thursday evening he preached for Rev. Mr. Bogue of Paris, and received a respectable collection.

"*Sangerfield*, *February* 13, 1819.—The Lord was with me by his Spirit last Sabbath. In the morning I was sensible of more spiritual enjoyment than at any time since the commencement of this mission. 'Those that honor me, I will honor,' is the unchangeable counsel of heaven. Be it remembered, be it written upon the tablet of my heart, that success and enjoyment in ministerial duty depend upon a spirit of prayer. A minister of the gospel should be very constant and very frequent in secret communion with his Redeemer. The love of Christ should constrain him to be humble, holy and persevering. My health is very feeble. But let me not repine; this world is a vale of tears. To-morrow, important and interesting duties will devolve upon me. Through Christ who strengthens me I can do all things. Through his grace the hearts of many will be opened to aid the cause of missions.

"*February* 14.—Preached two sermons for Mr. Beardsley, and attended a conference in the evening. The children were much interested in the contributions for the heathen."

Extracts from a letter to myself.

"SANGERFIELD, February 15, 1819.

"Dear Brother,—Yours of December I received a few days since, and read it with peculiar pleasure. It has been our privilege to meet frequently; but our prospect of meeting in future is uncertain. A friendly, christian letter, therefore, now and then, may cheer our passage through this vale of tears; and quicken our steps to our final home. Let us not forget it, the result may be favorable to the cause of our Redeemer.

"Have obtained in all about $2000. It is the Lord; to him be the glory. Mr. ——— is a heavenly man; how happy for our

world, if there were thousands like him. There is in Utica an unusual seriousness. In this place in Beardsley's society another revival has commenced.

"After obtaining $8000 more, I design to direct my way homeward. But for this my dependence must not be on an arm of flesh.

"At times my enjoyment in divine things has been unusual. The blessed Saviour has not been far from me. Many prayers are offered for the success of our proposed mission. O that I had the spirit of an apostle. Will it not be the great desire of your heart that I may be exceedingly humble, and yet exceedingly courageous in the service of our Lord? It is an honor of which I am truly unworthy to assist in carrying back to Jerusalem the proclamation of pardon through a Redeemer's blood.

"I must close; be very faithful, suffer with Christ, and then we may 'sit together in heavenly places.'"

Journal. "*Thursday, Feb.* 25.—Preached last Sabbath for Mr. Truair, and have seldom witnessed more evident tokens of the divine presence. The hearts of many were opened. Surely the Lord is in that place! Tuesday evening preached for Rev. Mr. Knight of Sherburne, second parish, and received considerable assistance. The excuses made by Christians are not only unreasonable, but highly derogatory to their sacred profession. The Lord open the eyes of the blind."

"*February* 26.—Visited a few families in Madison, and found Christians disposed to promote the good work. But two infidels had the hardihood to assert, that 'this noise about religion is all folly; the heathen are on their way to glory as well as Christians.' Poor deluded mortals! Then our Saviour was an impostor; for he affirmed, 'he that believeth not shall be damned.' Then Paul was an enthusiast, for he suffered the loss of all things; for what? for the salvation of those who would certainly be saved, without the exertions of any one. The Lord subdue these bold enemies of the cross of Christ."

"*Sabbath*, *March* 7, at Hartford and Whitesboro', preached for Mr. Coe and Mr. Frost. Experienced in these societies considerable opposition. May it teach me to be wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove.

"*March* 13, at Rome.—Preached twice for Rev. Mr. Gillet, and considering the severity of the storm, obtained a liberal donation for the heathen.

"Rome is a flourishing village. Frequent in this place have been the seasons of refreshing from on high, and many have participated in the best of heaven's blessings.

"*Rome*, *March* 15.—Since I left Utica, God has given me peculiar favors. Everlasting arms of love have encircled me. Success has been connected with every attempt to plead the cause of the heathen. The glory of the Saviour has been manifested and my hope strengthened in this arduous work. At times my heart appeared to pant after God; my soul to rise above the world to the mansions of everlasting day. This day the scene is reversed. My soul sinks in despondency. None come forward to present liberal offerings to the Lord. But I must not yield to discouragement; must bear the chastisement of an indulgent Parent. All things work together for good for those that love God. Though he afflict his people, yet his loving kindness shall not fail."

"*March* 16.—Have not experienced a more severe affliction than the one this day presented. Every attempt to plead for the heathen is fruitless. Even Christians have not a freewill offering for the Lord. There is no eye to pity, no heart to feel. Surely the hand of God is in this event. Some purpose of mercy is to be disclosed, some christian virtue to be nourished. Perhaps

it is to humble the pride of my heart; to teach me patience in adversity, and perseverance in the cause of souls. In this world, faith is the life of exertion; it is that vital principle, which supports and adorns the believer on his passage to glory; which enables him in adversity, and even in the fire of persecution to lift up his eye to heaven, exclaiming, 'My Redeemer lives, and I shall see him for myself.' Perhaps a way may yet open for usefulness, or what is preferable, perhaps the Saviour will reach forth his hand, saying, 'It is I, be not afraid.'

"*Verona, March* 18.—This is a wilderness dreary and dangerous. Not one smile from heaven cheers the prospect before me; not one sigh bears to the throne of grace the acceptable incense of repentance and faith. Within are the ragings of corruption; without, the frowns of Providence and the reproaches of the wicked. In what language can I describe the abominations of the heart; it is a cell full of venomous serpents; a sepulchre garnished, but full of dead men's bones; a fountain from which flows the poison of death; a pit without a bottom, containing degrees of corruption, infinite upon infinite. If I find a good desire within me, it is a *stranger*, a *foreigner* sent from the world of light and purity. If I speak a holy word, or perform a holy action, the occasion of it must be an unnatural principle within. How can one dream of heaven, while unrenewed? How can the sinner say, I am innocent! It is like a prisoner clanking his chains, and saying, 'I am free;' like a blind man boasting of the strength of his sight. The sinner is dead, yet he knows it not."

"This day procured rules of prudence, and will endeavor to profit by their instruction.

'I. One must not spend all that he hath; do all he can; tell all he knows; believe all he hears.

'II. Think before *whom* you speak; *why* and *what* you speak; *observa*, *audi*, *cerne*, *face*.

'III. Know how to be good natured to all men.

'IV. Hear the advice of the town clerk of Ephesus; do nothing *rashly*.

'V. When your spirit is heated is the time for the bridle.

'VI. In a violent impulse, be jealous, be afraid, lest you fall into temptation.

'VII. Never sacrifice hours in *contention*.

'VIII. Take no notice of the *calumniator*.

'IX. Keep company with your superiors.

'X. Be furnished with a stock of useful questions.

'XI. When you tell secrets, mind your *stops;* even with best friends.

'XII. If solicited to engage in civil concerns, reply, 'I am doing a great work, I cannot come.'

'XIII. Gain by every thing, even by reproaches.

'XIV. Tell a story with unstumbled brevity. Let not pleasantry become levity.

'XV. Let not your moderation be what is called *murderation*.

'XVI. Have two heaps; one *unintelligibles;* the other *incurables*. When you find a subject incomprehensible, throw it into the first; when you find a man unpersuadable, throw him into the other.'"

These rules remind me of Cecil and Mason; but not having either of the authors at hand, I know not to which to ascribe them; nor am I very confident that they are the production of either.

"*Westmoreland*, *March* 20.—The Sabbath again is at hand; duties solemn and interesting are enjoined.

The cause of Christ, of the heathen, demand the energies of body and mind. Relax then the labors of the week; refresh thyself under the shadow of the Almighty; derive nourishment from his bounty; open thy soul to receive the influences of the sun of righteousness. O my soul, return unto the Captain of thy salvation; obtain new direction; seek for fresh tokens of his favor. Then return to thy accustomed duties, and plead with renewed vigor the cause of thy Redeemer.

"During the past week, the horrors of death encompassed me. I was a forlorn captive, wandering, I knew not where, seeking I knew not what. Often as I have suffered for the same fault, I still pursue the dangerous path, till the correcting rod of mercy drives me back to the fold of Jesus. Thanks to God for his tender solicitude for his wandering children."

After preaching in Verona and Westmoreland with considerable success, Mr. Parsons went to Camden. In this place, where he preached in a very inclement day, his eyes were greeted with a large and interesting assembly. A recent revival of religion had prepared the hearts of many cheerfully to aid with their substance the cause of missions. Here he was greatly edified in witnessing the serious and devout tranquility of a young man just on the confines of another world. In two societies in Vernon he found "the good people, though considerably embarrassed, disposed to bring a mite for the salvation of the heathen." In Clinton there were some instances of most determined opposition. But christians were united in their efforts, and presented a respectable donation.

Mr. Parsons arrived in Cazenovia on Saturday, April 5, "much fatigued and dejected." Here he preached

four sermons, and had the happiness to find that his labors were not in vain. "The village," he says, "is situated at the mouth of a beautiful lake, and affords one of the finest situations for splendid edifices. The residence of Col. Linklain is equalled by few in this western country. The mansion house commands a full view of the lake and of the village." Con. Linklain some time since departed to his final home. His death was most sincerely lamented by his colleagues, the honorable and reverend members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and doubtless as deeply lamented by many more.

In this place Mr. Parsons had some strong and distressing conflicts of mind, as will be seen by the remarks in his journal. "The boldness and fortitude of the men of this world are sufficient to put to shame the disciples of Jesus. They jeopard their lives in the field, forsake parents, wives and families for the acquisition of wealth; toil, suffer and die in defence of the cause of sin. The sinner in his opposition to the gospel laughs at difficulties, and moves forward with unyielding resolution. Not so with christians. Slothful, covetous and timorous, they forget their high standing in the armies of Israel. Unmindful of the Captain of their salvation, they make but feeble efforts against the enemies of truth, and too often retire with shame and disgrace. Too many indulge in wantonness and sloth, revolving around in a beaten path of formal duties till the close of their mortal existence. They manifest not the self-denying spirit of apostles and martyrs. In these charges few professors are more concerned than myself. My unfaithfulness in duty, my ardent attachment to this world, occasion perpetual shame and alarm. In this condition, *I must not, I cannot live.* Unless suc-

cessful efforts be made against the corrupt affections of my heart, weeping and destruction will come upon me like a whirlwind. Something must be done, *immediately* done. Already I see the enemy approaching; I feel the misgivings of guilt, the remorse occasioned by unfaithfulness and desertion. There must be a change, an *entire* change, or the christian world will be veiled in weeping, and the anger of the Almighty burn against me. Too long have I lingered on the plains of Sodom, too long pursued the honors and pleasures of the world, too long listened to the suggestions of the father of lies.

"Jesus alone is my refuge. His arms are extended to receive those that escape to him. To him I would return weeping and penitent. He has grace, fortitude, perseverance, to impart to the mourning believer. This day in the strength of an Almighty Redeemer, I desire to take the vows of God upon me; solemnly engaging to renounce the world, to disregard its insinuations, flatteries and frowns; to keep my attention fixed exclusively on the mission to Judea; to employ every moment, to engage every feeling for a spiritual crusade to the Holy Land. I engage to live nearer to the throne of grace than before, watch more closely the workings of sin within me, and press forward to eminent usefulness in the church. I will strive to be a holy man, a humble disciple of the Saviour; till called to 'the rest which remaineth for the children of God.'

Mr. Parsons had for years desired an opportunity of preaching to the American natives. This desire was granted. On the 7th of April agreeably to a request and appointment previously made, he visited the Stockbridge Indians under the care of the Rev. John Sergeant. Great preparations were made to receive him.

It was at a late hour when he arrived, and though worn down with excessive fatigue, the sight of Indian blankets excited unusual animation. Never probably did he preach with more fervor; and the thought that his audience might be the descendants of Abraham inspired an ardor entirely unexpected. After sermon, the Indian chief, a large man of princely appearance, delivered an address to Mr. Parsons in the true style of Indian oratory. He thanked God that he had sent his servant among them, and that they had been permitted to hear "a great and important talk." He expressed his gratitude and that of his people for the good counsel of the missionary, and hoped that they should long bear in remembrance his faithful admonitions. Having delivered his speech, which by gentlemen present was considered excellent, he then read a "talk" in Indian and in English, which he desired Mr. Parsons to deliver to "the Jews, their forefathers in Jerusalem." Then the Indians contributed in money $ 5,87, and two gold ornaments. Next he was invited to the mission house, and presented with several small baskets curiously wrought and ornamented; and with an elegant pocket lanthorn, as a present to himself, containing on the bottom of it the following inscription,

"This to illumine the streets of Jerusalem.
"Jerusalem is my chief joy."

At the close of this interview the Indians flocked around Mr. Parsons, and caught him by the hand, saying, "we understand you." Referring to this season Mr. Parsons says in a letter to his father, "Never did I rise so high above my ordinary course as when preaching Jesus, to these once miserable pagans. The chief said, 'I thank God that he has put it into your heart to visit Jerusalem; I hope he will bless you, and enable

you to turn many unto the Lord.' While he was delivering his address, I could from my heart call him *brother*. The events of this day will be held in pleasing remembrance through life. Degraded as are the wandering tribes, many of them will come to glory, and sit with Christ on his throne. The Lord make this season salutary to the kingdom of Christ."

"*Augusta*, *April* 13.—From Stockbridge came directly to this place; preached twice on the Sabbath, visited from house to house, and had very animating success. The union and zeal apparent among the people of God reflects honor upon their holy profession. Vain is the opposition of men and devils: our Saviour sitteth in the heavens and will command the wealth and glory of the world, when his kingdom demands it."

"*Peterboro'*, *April* 14.—Obtained a respectable contribution. A most profound attention was given to the subject of missions. The children in Miss C——'s school presented a large donation for the purchase of Hebrew Testaments for the Jews."

"*Pompey*, *April* 17, *Sabbath morning*.—Amidst all the sorrows of mind, some enjoyment is imparted, some seasons are afforded of hungering and thirsting after righteousness. With gratitude reviewing the success of the past week, I will look again to my Redeemer. This day, a dependent, feeble child must plead the cause of the everlasting God. And as the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, my preaching may be the power of God unto the salvation of men. Dismissing every fear, penitent for every sin, I would stand up to the work; and though the wicked triumph on every side, I will vindicate the cause of a risen Saviour, the cause of eternal truth.

"*April* 19.—Feeble health prevented any vigorous ef-

fort upon the Sabbath. The assembly was large and attentive. No opposition has as yet appeared. The spirit of missions is beginning to command the influence and wealth of the American churches. The farewell command of our Saviour is beginning to be heard and obeyed. For this favor, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name; for of thine own do we give thee.

"*April* 20.—Feeble health demands cessation from labor; soon this dust of my tabernacle will be scattered, to be built again like to the glorious body of Christ. Yet my prayer is, Lord, spare me to proclaim in Judea salvation through the cross. The blessings connected with this mission must be publicly acknowledged, when I return to the Board. Evidence must be given that I seek not my own, but the things of Jesus Christ. The question is, how large a portion of my salary shall be given to the Board? Will not the spirit of God direct in the discharge of this duty? O for a holy, teachable disposition, for an ardent desire for a conversion of the Jews, the ancient people of God."

Extracts from a letter to the Rev. Elisha Yale of Johnstown, N. Y.

"POMPEY, April 20, 1819.

"My Dear Brother,—Yours of the 31st of March was duly received and perused, and reperused with peculiar satisfaction. The complete list of donations is forwarded from Kingsboro' and from Johnstown. Justice to the benevolence of your people demanded it; and other places apprized of your good works, may go and do likewise. The spirit of missions is prevailing, and will prevail even in *our* age far beyond our limited calculations. Suppose that the single state of Vermont should present to the American Board the sum annually expended for purposes *unnecessary*; 3,000 missionaries would receive a competent support. (For litigation the tax is 400,000; for intemperance at least 800,000; for amusements, loss of time, splendid equipage, 400,000 more.) For a moment,

let us suppose that all the members of *churches* in America devote that portion of their substance to Christ, which they now devote to objects of no consequence either to their temporal or spiritual enjoyment; and a sum would be raised sufficient to send the gospel to every pagan under heaven. Have then the professed disciples of Christ so far declined in zeal and piety? are they so indifferent to the souls of men, that even *this part* shall be absolutely refused, or given grudgingly? The excuses made by the saints are unreasonable, and highly criminal in the eyes of the great Head of the church. There must be a change, an *important* change in the feelings of the expectants of glory, or infidelity will command an influence most alarming and formidable. Nothing but the return of primitive zeal and perseverance will raise our sinking churches from absolute dissolution. This subject then furnishes me with an answer to your interesting question, 'how may a minister strive lawfully to be the greatest? Duty in his high and responsible station demands an earnest desire to attain a degree of piety, of zeal and of humility far beyond common examples. He who can see a world sinking to hell, while he possesses the means of recovery, and yet not feel his soul panting after more exalted piety, has certainly forfeited his high standing in the kingdom of the Redeemer. It is not only right, but it is *duty* to desire to bear more of the image of Christ, to be more devoted to his service than any with whom we associate. In a sense similar was not our Saviour great? As a man, he excelled the greatness of Moses and of David—possessed far more the spirit of heaven—gave more spiritual instruction, and devoted his life more uniformly to the great business of his mission.

"My mission continues under the smiles of an indulgent Providence. But my time is short—already the time is approaching when I am to be here no more forever—in June and July I must return to Andover—prepare as soon as possible for our mission. Whether I shall return through Albany or through New York, is yet uncertain. It is with pleasure that I recollect your regard for Jerusalem—pray much for us, my brother, that we may be men of piety, humility, and of *faith*.

"It will be a peculiar favor to receive letters from you directed to Jerusalem.

"Will you speak particularly of the temptation of Christ? What may be understood by "a testimony that we please God?"

After leaving Pompey, Mr. Parsons preached in one or two places with some success; and then went to Homer.

"*Homer, April* 24.—With feeble and declining health, I commence the duties of another Sabbath, depending upon him for support, who has been my continual preserver. Reviewing the week now closing I find much occasion for gratitude and encouragement. Under the tenderest care of my heavenly Parent, my life, ever trembling and decaying, is preserved to the church. And the reflection is invigorating that to me may be granted the honor of erecting the spiritual walls of Jerusalem, the ancient city of our God. Unless prevented through the pride of human glory, or by an early exit to the world of spirits, the blessing of many heathen may rest upon me. With the spirit of Moses I can lead the armies of Israel to the spiritual Canaan. With him my prayer is, 'if thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.'

"*Homer, April* 28.—My journey hither has been pleasant. The road runs through a very fine plain; and although the land is yet in its uncultivated state, yet it is susceptible of high improvement, and must eventually attain a degree of cultivation almost unequalled in this section of the state. Homer is a pleasant town, situated on a creek, which affords an enviable situation for mills of every description. Two villages, separated by a distance of two miles by hills and groves, present a picturesque appearance. Two houses of public worship, a court house, jail, academy and an elegant school house are all the public buildings worthy of particular notice.—On the Sabbath the assembly was large, attentive and highly interesting. Formerly this place has been the theatre of the most marvellous dis-

plays of (divine) mercy. Devoted four days to this society, and obtained considerable assistance for the benefit of foreign missions."

"*Marcellus*, *April* 30.—By the way called upon the Rev. Mr. ———, who exhibited evidence of devotedness to the service of the sanctuary. While struggling under peculiar afflictions and embarrassments he seems to have pursued with unwavering resolution the path of duty and usefulness.

"The country to day exhibited its usual fertility and beauty. In its present rudeness, no certain estimate can be formed of its intrinsic value; but unless I am quite deceived it will hold a high station in the opinion of discerning men."

"*Marcellus*, *May* 1.—'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' So numerous and formidable are the enemies of my soul; so arduous and responsible the duties of my station; that *frequent* examination and fasting are indispensable to safety and usefulness. The eyes of the church are directed to us,* as the messengers of salvation to the most interesting portion of our world. The enemies of religion are watching for an opportunity to defeat this noble enterprize of christian benevolence. The best interests of Zion are embarked in a spiritual crusade to the land of promise; and upon its success is suspended in a very important sense, the final dissolution of the empire of sin.

"More particularly let me consider that we are under the inspection of Him, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and who will trace out the most secret sin and hold it in utter detestation. If we seek the Lord, he will be found of us; but if we forsake him, he will cast us off forever. O my soul, why dost thou linger and

*His colleague, Rev. Mr. Fisk and himself.

yield to the suggestions of sin and Satan? Knowest thou not, that this is the place of danger and ruin; where thousands, once apparently distinguished for piety, have made shipwreck of the faith, and descended to the grave with sorrow and disgrace? Rather would I suffer the tortures of the rack, or be compelled to experience more anguish than was endured by a saint on earth, than draw back to the dishonor of my Saviour, and to the grief of the people of God."

"*Skeneateless*, *May* 3.—This is a beautiful village, situated on the northern extremity of a lake of the same name. The land is fertile, highly cultivated and presents a prospect truly romantic. The mansion house of Esq.———, commands a full view of the lake, is decorated with every thing calculated to amuse a mind of refined taste; but it presents not a charm to him, who has beheld with an eye of faith the city of our God, the New Jerusalem. Unhappy must be the situation of that individual, who sees no other beauty, who seeks no other good than this world presents."

"Was peculiarly favored during the exercises of the Sabbath; pleaded the cause of Christ and of the heathen, with unusual animation. But how various are the feelings of the children of God; at one time penitent, sorrowing, devout; at another stubborn, unrelenting covetous. In all the little events of life, the saint is disciplined for the service of the Redeemer. And could we trace out the invisible agency of God, we should behold him in the minute occurrence as distinctly as in the motion of the planetary world. It is undoubtedly true that reformation under slight chastisements prevents more aggravated judgments; and that Chriatians would often remove themselves from sorrow, by keeping a more steady eye upon the dealings of Providence.

—In this mission I have observed that *devotion* and *success* have been *inseparable companions.*

"*Auburn, May,* 8, 1819.—Impressions received by the assembly of worshippers will be retained for a long time to come; many of them will live when I am dead. An improper *action, gesture* or expression may seal up a heart, which was just opening to receive the truth, may give strength to the cause of sin, and increase the danger of those, who are already standing upon slippery places; while a single expression of breathing out of the soul to God in prayer, of panting for the glory of the Redeemer, may carry conviction to the most thoughtless wretch. A sermon of no uncommon merit, distinguished by no peculiar traits of genius, may, by a solemn and devotional utterance, leave an impression highly favorable to the cause of truth. Should all the ministers of the gospel commence the service of the sanctuary by *devout, pleading prayers,* should they manifest a holy familiarity with the Saviour, the task of gaining the attention and of affecting the heart would be less difficult and arduous. The Sabbath would not be profaned by so many sleepy countenances, and by so many restless and indifferent worshippers. The feeling would be generally imbibed, 'this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' My heart's desire and prayer is, that my deportment may be unassuming and inviting; and that my manner of preaching may be simple, devotional and energetic, that every duty may be discharged to the edification of God's people."

Auburn, May 10.—Preached two sermons, and obtained very considerable aid for my mission. This village is rapidly increasing, and with the contemplated theological seminary will obtain a high standing in this

western country. The Presbyterian church in its external appearance is very elegant, but within is unadorned and uncommonly plain. The bank is a fine edifice; and the state prison has not, I presume, its equal in the northern states. The society is much improved, and christian priviliges are numerous and superior."

"*Cayuga*, *May* 11.—This village is attached to the town of Aurelius; and though small, is well adorned with fruit trees and gardens. Here is one of the most elegant and productive gardens that I ever saw. It is scarcely possible for the imagination to paint a more beautiful spot. The bridge directly west, passing the Cayuga lake, is more than a mile in length and presents a very delightful appearance. The religious assembly was numerous, and manifested much interest in the cause of missions."

Journal. "*Canandaigua*, *May* 15, 1819.—Designed to devote this day to fasting and prayer; but a change of arrangements rendered it inexpedient. Let me not forget, however, that frequent departures from God call for special mourning and self-examination. The success of my mission in this town is suspended upon the approbation of my Saviour; and not upon strength of argument, beauty of language, or grace of utterance. With eyes uplifted to the Parent of mercies let me enter the courts of our God, and there lead the devotions of the saints, and present the claims of the heathen world, leaving the result with him who will do all his pleasure. Observed the concert with my friends, praying for Jerusalem, and renewing my vows to be a faithful and devoted missionary.

"*May* 16.—It is the Lord's Day, consecrated to the worship of our risen Redeemer. Prayer and praise will be presented by the whole church of the first born

to the great Author of our salvation. Heaven will not be indifferent to the songs of saints below. Let me, O thou blessed Redeemer, join the anthems of the heavenly world, let me listen to seraphic music till my heart is tuned for so exalted an employment. 'Open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.'

"*Bloomfield*, *May* 22.—Again my health is feeble, and my mind discomposed. I have apprehended that my usefulness in this tour has terminated; but discover some symptoms of recovery. It is refreshing to meet my christian friends this evening in the delightful service of prayer. So numerous and fervent are the intercessions of the saints for my success, that I am encouraged to rise and press forward with more assiduity and fortitude. The richest of heaven's blessings rest upon those dear saints who this evening pray for Jerusalem. The Lord will not be indifferent to their desire. Commune, O my soul, with thy Saviour, obtain his smiles, lean on his arm; then will the Sabbath be a delight; the offerings of this people will be abundant, the church will be enlarged, infidelity will retire, and the Saviour be hallowed by the assembly of his saints."

"*Rochester*, *May* 26.—For variety and novelty this place has claim to particular notice. Situated upon the banks of the Genesee river, it is supplied with superior mill seats, and by reason of the rapids can be supplied with water in every corner with trifling expense. A few rods below the village are the *Falls*.

"The water in one entire sheet is precipitated ninety feet perpendicularly. The view of it on the eastern bank is very fine and distinct. The spray rises to a considerable height, so that in a few moments we were completely showered. Here I parted with a friend and college companion, A. S., Esq. Three miles below is

one of the finest curiosities furnished in America, the Carthage bridge. It consists of one entire arch, one hundred and fifty feet long and two hundred and five feet from the water. On the east side one may descend one hundred and four feet, and the arch above seems like the vault of heaven and the gulf below like the opening of a bottomless pit."

"*Oak Orchard.*—Left Carthage at nine o'clock, A. M. and arrived here at six in the evening. The road is accommodated to a ridge of land, once the shore of lake Ontario; hence the road is called '*ridge road.*' For seventy or eighty miles a water level. The great *canal* runs south parallel with this ridge. The land wears the appearance of barrenness, yet the testimony of the inhabitants is in favor of its fertility."

"*Gaines, May* 27.—Called this morning at Morehouse inn, and found the people quite disposed to hear religious instruction. Perhaps the season may be remembered with gratitude and thanksgiving."

"*Lewistown, May* 28.—This town was burnt by the Indians during the late war, and the buildings are now small and unfinished. The farms are beautiful, and the state of society rapidly improving. Spent the evening with Rev. Mr. Smith and a few christian friends who assembled to hear from the Jews. On my way hither called upon the Rev. Mr. Crane, a missionary to the Indians. He lives upon a most elegant farm situated upon the principal road. His ministry does not subject him to the trials and self-denial of Brainerd, the beloved missionary. On this beautiful spot Mr. Crane can participate in all the pleasures of refined society, and pursue his studies without interruption in the bosom of an affectionate family."

"This morning one of the finest prospects opened

before me. Standing at the door of Mr. Smith's house we have a full view of *Queenstown* heights, of the village of the same name, and of the gulf through which passes the Niagara river. The reflection that on the ground in view, fell many an American soldier, that over the precipice were driven many retreating friends of our country, that over these heights once fell the waters of the Niagara, produced emotions both grand and solemn. Add to this the loud and heavy roar of the falls, which are heard at the distance of seven miles, and it will be easy to imagine the feelings excited.

"Passing from Lewistown I soon came to the rock called 'the Devil's Rock,' which rises in a perpendicular direction one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water. During the French war, the Indians drove a large number of our soldiers over this precipice, and all of them were dashed in pieces by the fall. Two miles from this rock opened on a sudden a full view of *Niagara Falls.*

"Although at the distance of two miles, they were distinctly observed. The spray from the northwest corner ascended like the smoke of a great furnace. Accompanied by a guide I descended a stair-way one hundred and fifty feet, and beheld with my own eyes this great sight which has commanded the attention of the world. Standing upon the shore beneath the stair-way you seem to be enclosed in one vast prison, with walls around you of nearly two hundred feet in height. On the left for more than a mile in extent are precipitated all the waters of one of the largest rivers in our country; on the right the angry floods dashing upon the rocks present an aspect of horror. Passing over the river about twenty rods below the falls, we ascended the rocks to

the opposite bank, and from Table Rock beheld, in the most delightful attitude, the wonderful works of God. In a few moments we were completely dripping with the spray; in which appeared a rainbow with all its bright and glowing colors. Here we stood, and with wonder adored the great Original. Every object seemed to adore, and in silent accents proclaim the power of the eternal I AM. Debased and stupid must be that individual who can behold all this, without raising to heaven a soul filled with reverence and adoration. Returning the same way, and with our little canoe tossed upon the foaming billows, we sung the following lines, 'Our little bark on boisterous seas,' &c.

"The rapids above the falls present, if possible, a more grand and majestic appearance. The waters rushing forward with amazing velocity, dashing against the rocks and raising on high their foaming billows, cannot be viewed but with emotions of terror."

"*Buffalo, June* 1.—The assembly last Sabbath manifested a considerable interest in the subject of missions. In a few instances, however, the most determined opposition appeared even in the house of worship. This bitterness was occasioned by a supposed misapplication of monies raised for the aid of missions among the western Indians. No evidence, however, was produced in support of such an opinion. The truth may be the hostility of the human heart to the things which be of God."

The economy as well as the philanthropy and benevolence of missionary societies in their attempts to civilize and evangelize the savage tribes on our borders, are too well known to need any apology. If any apology were necessary, it would be abundantly sufficient to mention the patronage by the general government to

missions among the Indians. And the paternal approbation of the President of the United States to the missionary stations, which he visited in his recent tour. But the best testimony is the intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement of the Indians, especially of their children and youth, wherever they have enjoyed the benefit of the instruction of missionaries.

"Another circumstance unfavorable to my mission was the irregular conduct of ——————, a converted Jew, who a few weeks before obtained a contribution for the purpose of obtaining an education. Every friend of Zion must regard such a procedure with decided disapprobation. It has given strength to infidelity and put to shame those who desire the salvation of Israel."

"*June* 4.—Took a passage in the steam boat to Painsville, Ohio, and arrived in two days. The severity of the storm, together with the improper conduct of many of the passengers added not a little to my sorrow and anxiety. It became a question of serious import with regard to prayer in the cabin. The pious part of the passengers desired it; the irreligious were engaged in card playing, with apparent disapprobation of religious order and decorum. However, through the influence of a friend, permission was obtained to close the day with prayer. After the passengers were collected, I read the 139th Psalm, and remarked upon the omnipresence of God; then kneeled down and commended ourselves to the divine protection. The season was interesting and the impressions produced may be salutary. My work with these precious souls is closed; I am never to see them again till the judgment of the great day."

"*Painsville*, *June* 7.—Arrived at my brother's, on Chesterfield hill, on Friday morning. Saturday after-

noon visited one of the most interesting curiosities in this country. *A Fort upon Grand river.*

"We approached the fortification upon the north side, and after ascending two hundred feet from the level of the water entered upon a beautiful plain, embracing probably one acre of land, in the form of a *Jew's harp.* Passing on we came to the first rampart, in a direct line from east to west from one side to the other. Ten rods farther is the second rampart; pass the same distance and you find the third rampart, all directly parallel with the first. In the middle is a *passage way*, which crosses the three ramparts in a direct course. Beyond all doubt, gates were once standing to protect the soldiers from the enemy without. That the fort is very ancient, the standing of trees upon the very rampart two feet in diameter is sufficient proof.

" The history of this fortification is lost. The impression which it occasioned will never be forgotten. I imagined myself standing upon the ashes of the dead; upon the spot which was defended by a people of whose origin, character and habits the world must remain in darkness till the light of eternity shall reveal them. At the voice of the final Judge this earth will rise in human form to be the receptacle of souls now participating in the joys or sorrows of a future state."

" *Saturday evening.*—Preached to a few families on Chesterfield hill upon the subject of the final judgment. *Sabbath.* In the village preached two sermons; and although the assembly was small, the season was interesting and profitable. Many wept; all were attentive. Will not our prayers and our tears come up in remembrance before God?

" The natural appearance of this country is very inviting. The meadows and hills, the groves and rivers

compose a most delightful scenery. Walnuts, chestnuts, apples and peaches are procured in the greatest abundance. The woods swarm with squirrels, deer, wolves, bears and (what is not so very desirable) with rattle-snakes. But the moral aspect of the country is deplorable. In two counties the courts held a session last Lord's day. In the afternoon the judges and attornies were returning from court in great parade, disturbing every family disposed to preserve the religious order, and setting the law of God at defiance. What influence can a pious parent have over his children, while the example of the ruling men is on the side of infidelity? What parent would be willing to part with a tender child to dwell in this moral wilderness, this region of sin and corruption? Well may we sit down and weep and pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into this part of his vineyard.

"As yet I wander as a stranger and pilgrim, bearing about a body of sin and death, cherishing a trembling hope of attaining to the resurrection of the just. Every passing day records many imperfections and violations of the divine injunctions, attended with painful and affecting circumstances. Every day the arms of everlasting love encircle me, protecting my soul from the snares of the adversary. What a strange existence? What a wilderness of gloom and sorrow! Yet it is not impassable. The way of the saint is through a dark, and at times, a cheerless region; through danger and persecution. Yet it is darkness in the midst of light; it is danger in the midst of perfect security; it is sorrow mingled with joy unspeakable and full of glory.—Sustained by a merciful providence I have visited a dear brother, for whom many prayers have ascended to heaven. Situated as he is in this distant and uncul-

tivated country, borne down with recent, severe affliction, my arrival was announced with every expression of gratitude." Referring again to the labors of the past Sabbath he says, "the assembly wept profusely, and some evidently felt their danger. Opportunities for conversation with my brother are now past. I bless God for the privilege of conversing with him, of preaching to him, and of commending him to the Saviour of sinners. May his name stand engraven upon the Lamb's book of life."

"*June* 8.—Arrived at Buffalo in twenty eight hours from Grand river, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. My health has much improved by this short tour on the lake."

From Buffalo Mr. Parsons passed through Batavia, Le Roy and Caledonia on his way to Lima.

"Journal. "*June* 12.—The Psalms abound with expressions like these, 'my soul followeth hard after God; my soul panteth for the living God; I cry unto my God day and night, I lift up my soul unto thee,' which denote great advancement in piety and holiness. How few know the import of this language! How seldom does my own experience testify in favor of this exalted devotion! I reach after it, but do not obtain it; I seek its value, yet it is through clouds and darkness; I walk towards it, but it is with trembling and deviating steps. This day by fasting and prayer, I would sit at the feet of Jesus, and receive instructions from his lips. I would confess and forsake my sins, and relying upon his faithfulness, would say, 'Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean.' 'To whom shall we go but unto thee, thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

"*June* 17.—Preached two lectures in Lima and organized a society with a liberal subscription.—The

town is very inviting in its appearance and well united in religious principles."

Mr. Parsons preached for the Rev. Dr. Fitch in West Bloomfield, and received a contribution; and then enjoyed a delightful season with a relative in East Bloomfield. In the latter place he says in his journal, "passed the night with the Rev. Mr. Steele. In the morning devoted an hour to religious worship in reference to our final separation." In a similar way should friends always part. The memory of such seasons is precious.

"*Canandaigua, June* 18.—Visited a few families and attended in the evening a meeting of the Female Praying Society. Sung the hymn composed on the occasion of the departure of the missionaries. Zeal for the salvation of the heathen is gaining a commanding influence among good people."

"*Geneva, June* 19.—Saviour guide my reflections and services, quicken my affections, purify my soul and crown every effort on the morrow with abundant success. The answer cannot be anticipated, yet it is desired with much solicitude. Let the cause of missions be vindicated, the name of Jesus be hallowed, and of trifling consequence will be the derision of man."

"*Geneva, June* 21.—Preached in the afternoon of last Sabbath to a most splendid assembly, but not with much satisfaction to myself. In the evening preached in reference to the present serious and increasing attention to religion. A most perfect silence prevailed during the dispensation of divine truth. Eternity may reveal the glorious effect of preaching the gospel."

"*Genoa, June* 23.—For the purpose of making arrangements for another agent, directed my course to this place, and passed the night with the Rev. Mr.

Smith. The country surrounding the lakes is by no means inferior in quality, or uninviting in position. Crossed the lake directly west of Genoa in a boat constructed in an oval form, and put in motion by four horses. The lake is two miles and three quarters wide; we crossed in forty minutes. Genoa is a beautiful agricultural town; and the society quite improved."

"*Auburn*, *June* 24.—Arrived a little before evening, and preached my last discourse to an interesting assembly. Received the remainder of the donations and closed my mission here forever."

" *Marcellus*, *June* 25.—On my way visited many dear friends, and enjoyed special seasons of conversation, relative to the final prevalence of truth. Spent the evening at judge Bradley's in company with Col. B——, who is a devoted servant of God, waiting for his summons to a higher and better world."

" *Onondaga*, *June* 26.—Arrived at Dr. B——'s and devoted Saturday to retirement preparatory to the Sabbath. In the evening the Rev. Mr. Badger arrived, and gave many interesting accounts of the progress of the the gospel among the Indians.

"True piety may be defined, *knowledge of God* with *approbation* of his *character;* knowledge of his *supremacy* as exalted above all; of his justice as noticing the most secret departure from his law with an inflexible determination to punish the incorrigible rebel; of his mercy in providing a Saviour and presenting pardon to the vilest offender that is penitent; and taking him from defilement and degradation to a throne on high. All this the devoted Christian sees in his God, and with rapture ascribes to him dominion and glory. Fixing his eye upon this source of all perfection, his soul pants after higher attainments in knowledge; after greater re-

semblance to the *object* of his supreme affection; after more fortitude and perseverance in the promotion of his kingdom. Every revolting emotion in his heart occasions a sigh; every instance of reproach or disrespect, perceived among the ungodly, produces a holy indignation, mingled with the tenderest compassion. Acquiescence in the character of the adorable Jehovah supports the zeal of the devoted missionary, elevates the soul of the expiring martyr, and conducts the departing spirit of the believer to the abode of safety and happiness.

"Formed a female foreign mission Society with promise of good."

"*July* 1.—Dined with Col. Linklain, and passed an hour or two very profitably in this family distinguished for piety and benevolence."

"*July* 2, *at Sherburne.*—Received $ 50 in addition to the liberal donations before presented."

"*Cooperstown*, *July* 4.—Found this morning the life of Brainerd, and read portions of it with the highest interest. Shame and sorrow have taken hold of me; mourning becomes me all my days. This devoted saint gained possession of the promised land even while tabernacling in the flesh. Can I not be as holy, devoted and useful?—*Evening.* Performed the duties of this day with but little interest to myself or of pleasure to others. Most just is this affliction, and I will be dumb. My soul crieth after God, my exceeding joy. When shall I see him as he is?"

"*Cooperstown*, *July* 7.—The village is delightful, situated at the south side of Otsego lake, contains two houses of worship, and a court-house; is surrounded by mountains and adorned with a most perfect scenery."

"On Monday morning last attended the monthly con-

cert for prayer in Hardwick, and very unexpectedly to me, found many of the saints waiting for the salvation of Israel. The season was refreshing, and will be memorable in Zion."

"*Cherry Valley, July* 10.—One more Sabbath and my mission as an agent is sealed up unto the day of decision. In a few instances the cause of Christ has been essentially promoted; in many, my unfaithfulness occasions deep regret. This day devoted to prayer may direct my attention to the following subjects, *personal growth in grace*, *duty to families*, opposers and indifferent professors; supplications for my colleague, for the missionaries to Ceylon, Owyhee and Bombay, for the western Indians and the children of Israel.

"My soul followeth hard after God. I cannot plead his cause without his spirit; I cannot comfort the saints without consolation from heaven. Will the Lord pass me by? Do not be angry with me, but pardon my iniquities, for they are great.

"Preached two sermons in the Presbyterian church, and collected upwards of $40. A few expressed the deepest interest in the Judea mission; others were perfectly indifferent."

Extracts from a letter to the Rev. Elisha Yale, of Johnstown, N. Y.

"ALBANY, July 14, 1819.

"My Dear Brother,—At Buffalo, I received your expected and truly refreshing letter. Thank you for the great and precious promises to which you direct my attention, and for all your prayers for our usefulness and prosperity. They are all my consolation and all my desire. Did our Saviour say, "I will never leave thee?" Then will we bid a last adieu to the land which gave us birth; to dear and much respected parents; to kindred and friends, to encounter the perils of sea and land; to wander as pilgrims and *foreigners*, till we are invited home to our Father's house which is

eternal in the heavens. With such a guide, and with such a refuge we need not fear to erect the standard of the cross within the walls of that once consecrated and beloved city, Jerusalem.

"I have now closed my mission in America, and expect to be in Boston as soon as possible. Truly the good hand of our God has been upon me—every day divine goodness has encircled my path—and led me in the way of peace and holiness. Six thousand dollars have been presented as an offering for the salvation of the heathen.

"Two months past my health has been languishing, yet without fear of permanent disease. After a short season of relaxation I may resume with renewed vigor the duties of my mission to the heathen. May I cherish the hope of a blessing upon Jerusalem; the thought is transporting! the permission to *anticipate* the spiritual welfare of Zion is an unspeakable privilege. My solicitude increases as the day approaches; but I can say it, my mind is tranquil; my resolution unshaken. Pray for me, my brother, that my faith fail not."

"*Saratoga Springs, July* 16.—For the recovery of my health have concluded to spend a few days in this place.

"I wish to inquire, can a plan be devised which will call into action the entire energies of the churches? What plan will succeed? I dare not speak with much confidence, but permit me to propose the following method. *Let every Christian, male and female, bind himself, or herself, to pay a certain stated proportion of the annual income.* Let the calculations be made at the commencement of the year, and strictly regarded in every article which a bountiful providence bestows. If a *tenth* be too much, say *less*, but let not the resolution, in any instance, be disregarded. Let every destitute church do the same. Let there not be one looker-on. Would not the wilderness soon rejoice with the songs of salvation? Something must be done to discipline, marshal, and call into action our scattered troops; or our exertions will be attended with loss and disgrace.—Who would recall our brethren, dearly beloved, from the instruction of heathen children? Who would dishearten those valiant soldiers who are fighting *our* battles, and extending *our* dominions? O my brother, let us persevere, for the *kingdom* is certainly ours."

"*Saratoga Springs, July* 16.—Arrived here last evening, and with great satisfaction was introduced to the

following brethren in the ministry, Messrs. Nettleton, M'Gee, Nye, Powell, Hawes, Palmer and Axtel. The season has been refreshing. Preached last evening with considerable impression.

"*Pittsfield*, *Thursday*, *July* 22.—Arrived at my father's house at eleven o'clock this morning, after an absence of seven months. Peculiar and instructive have been the dealings of providence in relation to this mission, preparatory to my final departure. With gratitude I would recollect the incessant care of my heavenly Father, and with deep repentance entreat forgiveness for every departure from the strictest rules of piety and rectitude."

With the hope of encouraging some in the sacred work of christian charity, it was my intention to have added a list of the monies collected and subscribed in every place where Mr. Parsons labored as an agent, but upon farther reflection, it was deemed inexpedient. The monies collected and subscribed have long since been received and publicly acknowledged by the treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M. It may be sufficient to observe that the sums in different places varied, from the $ 500 contributed in Cambridge, down to the small but truly liberal collection of the Stockbridge Indians. The whole sum collected and subscribed was $ 6000. Several circumstances contributed to the success of this mission. Mr. Parsons' patience and perseverance, the loveliness of his disposition, the pleasantness of his manners, the attractions of his public address; the fact also that he was destined as a messenger of mercy to the most interesting spot on earth, that he expected soon to walk on the mountains of Zion, Calvary and Olivet, and the gratification of curiosity in seeing him, all conspired to make a favorable impression and ren-

der his agency prosperous. But notwithstanding these favorable circumstances, he was in some of his applications entirely unsuccessful. The success of this mission, therefore, should be ascribed to the special favor of God, in answer to fervent prayer.

The usefulness of the agency, which we have been contemplating, aside from the pecuniary aid afforded to the cause of missions, was doubtless considerable; but the extent of it cannot at present be accurately known. A respectable clergyman from the western section of New York, informed the writer, that Mr. Parsons was instrumental of giving a new impulse to the churches in that region, and that his ministrations were in a high degree interesting and salutary.

Immediately after his return he wrote to me the following letter.

"ANDOVER, August 1, 1819.

"Last Saturday I arrived at this beloved seminary, after an absence of eight months. Reviewing the events of the season past, I am constrained to sing of the goodness of our heavenly Father. Although I have been obliged to endure opposition the most violent, and to languish with decaying health, yet the mercies of the Lord have been perpetual. The hearts of thousands have been opened to aid the children of Israel on their way to Zion.

"In this rebellious province of our blessed Lord, it is not strange that many refuse to pay tribute, and to acknowledge any connexion with the kingdom of grace. Opposition must exist till this province is subdued; and I wonder that we dwell here with so little abuse, while our entire employment is to take away their gods and spoil their pleasures. O my brother, we live in a *wicked, blessed* world. Our high station demands the surrender of every talent, the energy of every faculty, the employment of every moment. Think of it, so much to be done in so short a period! The eternal d stiny of millions of souls at stake, and yet death hastens on. Let us strive together for a larger share of the spirit of the prophets, apostles and martyrs, for more ardent attachment to the best interests of Zion.

"With regard to a mission to Judea I find various opinions prevailing. The larger proportion of christians cherish it with ardent prayer; others say 'the time is not come.' Shall we wait, till there be a unanimous vote in christendom to send the gospel to the Jews? Then it is a decided fact that they are lost. Never will any (great) good be accomplished without opposition. And the present comparative indifference of the christian community to the cause of missions abroad, is a most fatal obstacle to the progress of pure religion. My brother I bless the Lord for the prospect of departing to the heathen world; I long to preach Christ to those, who have not heard of him. As the time approaches my mind becomes more tranquil, my desire more ardent, my solicitude more intense. I beseech you by the love you bear to the blessed Redeemer, that you strive together with me in your prayers to God for me, that the service which I have for Jerusalem may be accepted of the saints.

"Adieu my brother and sister; I hope to see you before I go hence."

A letter to his parents.

ANDOVER, Aug. 5, 1819.

"My Dear Parents,—I am now very pleasantly situated in a little room in Dr. Porter's house, pursuing my preparatory studies in company with brother Fisk. My western mission, although long and laborious, has not essentially impaired my health. The continuance of my feeble health through so many trials and changes, demands peculiar acknowledgments to the divine goodness. May not the same protecting care conduct us in safety through all the dangers and sufferings of our important undertaking? With the presence of him, who has the hearts of all men in his hands, who can instruct, guide, protect and comfort us, we cannot be in danger though earth and hell combine to destroy us. I love to reflect upon the promises, 'lo, I am with you always—I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

"The time of our departure is uncertain; but we must sail before December. We take passage for London; thence to Malta, thence to Joppa. We may not see Jerusalem till spring. As the period approaches, my anxiety to depart increases. It is the work assigned us, and why can we wish to delay? We might tarry till spring, but the expectation of the public forbids. O how unprepared! Pray for me. I look forward with trembling, yet with

confidence in him who is able to give us wisdom. With Jonathan and his armor bearer, God overthrew the armies of the Philistines; with two feeble men God can build up the walls of Jerusalem. Why then hesitate? Nothing is too hard for the Almighty. The way in which the Lord leads us is the *right* way. He will not suffer our feet to slide; our tears are noticed; our trials will not be too *many*, nor too *few*. O let the Lord reign? Let us go forth in his strength, ever desiring to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. How short the passage *home!* Our work is closing, and a crown of glory will the Lord give to us, if faithful unto death. With much love to my dear parents."

An extract from a letter to his eldest brother of the same date.

"Home was never dearer than at present. Distance and cares cannot conquer the natural desire for the domestic fireside. I still contemplate the undertaking to which my life is devoted with the most perfect tranquility. The object of doing good to those who are perishing is sufficient to dry every tear and hush every sigh."

The following notices may serve as a specimen of the manner in which Mr. Parsons spent his Sabbaths in the interval between the close of his western mission and his departure for Asia.

"*August* 16.—At Andover preached for Mr. Edwards in the afternoon; brother Fisk in the morning. Enjoyed some freedom in prayer, some satisfaction in preaching; some good may result to the church.

"*August* 24.—At Wilmington preached two sermons for the Rev. Mr. Reynolds. The attention was very encouraging.

"*September* 3.—At Andover heard three sermons from the following brethren, Dennis, Birge and Dewey. The season was refreshing.

A letter to his mother.

"ANDOVER, August 25, 1819.

"My Dear Mother,—I have this moment read again your inter-

esting letter with emotions of gratitude and thanksgiving. It is inexpressibly comforting to me to know that *every* affliction has eventually procured the richest blessings from heaven. Even in the hour of the greatest darkness we may rest with the utmost serenity upon the promise, 'that all things will work together for good to those who love God.' For wise purposes, our path to heaven must be thorny and dangerous. The ocean, which wafts us home, must be very tempestuous and raging; yet the Saviour now and then bestows a gleam of hope, a sip of pleasure, rather to *animate* than to *reward* his children. And how wisely is this vast system arranged so as to bring into exercise, and cherish every holy affection; and to display, at the same time, to the best advantage, the *entire* character of him who is the light of heaven. How could we ever know the value of *patience*, unless by affliction? How could we ever know the pleasure of *gratitude*, unless by being saved by grace? In these respects, the saints in glory will hold a station above the angels. They will cherish many affections which cannot exist in the breast of the holiest angel. Without any doubt, the recollection of our trials and temptations while below, will increase our enjoyment in heaven, and cause us to raise still higher our anthems of redeeming love.

"All our *duties*, in this world, are designed for our discipline, and growth in grace. To *one* is assigned the charge of a *family*; to *another*, the charge of a *people*. To one is given *prosperity*; to another *adversity*. *One* must work in a *distant* part of the vineyard; *another* cultivate before his own *door*. Yet in all this vast variety of operations, there is one entire whole, one indissoluble chain; one system so regular and harmonious, as to include the motion of an atom, or the falling of a sparrow! Marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!

"Let us then, my mother, comfort one another with these things. God designed to comfort his children with these reflections. The cup which our heavenly Father gives us, though mingled with wormwood and gall, shall we not drink it? There is no such bitter waters in heaven. With our tabernacles of clay, we resign every vestige of sin and pollution, and put on every thing which God approves, which angels love.

"I never shall be able to compensate my parents for all their solicitude and prayers. How pleasant is the recollection of scenes of childhood, when with more than parental tenderness, they shielded me from the arrows of the destroyer—taught me the ut-

ter ruin of my nature, and led me to him who can save to the uttermost. Even when sin was my chief delight, and my progress to destruction was rapid and determined—they did not permit me to sleep securely. The subjects which they introduced were made, I humbly trust, effectual even to my eternal salvation. I now thank you for this faithfulness, and trust that God will reward you with the abundant smiles of his face. To this same Saviour whose blessings you have so frequently requested for me, I now would most cheerfully devote my future life. Though I wander upon distant shores, or suffer persecution for the name of Jesus, I may carry with me a "*testimony*," of which man cannot deprive me, I may cherish near to my heart every object which is dear to the saint. The darkness will soon be over, and the light of eternal day open upon our departing souls. With such a hope we may endure afflictions till our Lord permit us to rest with the blessed."

Extract from a letter to his sister and myself.

"ANDOVER, September 11, 1819.

"My Dear Brother and Sister,—My health is as good as usual; and we pursue our studies without interruption. I think often of my friends; the parting will be painful, yet the separation will be short. How desirable to keep our *home* in view! to seek a better and a heavenly country. I may sleep in Judea till the judgment, my friends sleep in America; but our *home* is the same, our Saviour and comforter are one. I wish to be crucified to every thing below, and determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. I can say I rejoice to go. Will not my friends rejoice with me?

"Within six weeks, twenty individuals, among whom are brothers Bingham and Thurston, members of this seminary, expect to sail for the isles of the sea."

Journal. "*Sept.* 11.—Was very much impressed with a passage in the 127th Psalm, 'It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep.' For some weeks past the studies preparatory to my mission have engaged my exclusive attention. Perhaps I have not regarded the

sentiment of the text, have not been sufficiently impressed with a view of my dependence; studied too *much* and prayed too *little*. Have I not neglected opportunities for social conversation, and given impressions unfavorable to the cause of Christ? This day I desire by fasting and prayer to examine my own heart; to confess my sins and to seek the favor of my heavenly Father.

"Question 1. Why am I no more disposed to devotional conversation?

"Many opportunities have been presented; I have visited families, walked with students, attended meetings, yet I do not recollect any instance in which I have refreshed the people of God, or affectionately warned the impenitent to fly to the Ark of safety. How many times might *one word* have been spoken; how many times I might have cast an arrow into the heart of some stupid sinner, and saved him from eternal burnings! But I say, *duty* requires to be silent and prepare for the mission assigned me. True, I must give all diligence to my work, yet must I neglect to watch over my own soul and the souls of those around me? Must I cease to pray and weep for those whom I shall see no more? Can I not pursue my studies one *part* of the day and lead souls to heaven the *other?* Shall I not regret this exclusive solitude when it is too late to make restitution? Besides, will not this incessant application to study occasion indifference to the great interests of the church? Shall I not be less fervent, and less affected in view of the love of Christ? This declension demands special attention; I will go to God with my load of guilt, implore forgiveness and the direction of his spirit.

"Let me begin to be faithful and holy. This day I

design to converse with two of my impenitent friends and pray with them; in the morning, walk with another friend, who is preparing for public life; in the evening, walk with a brother in the seminary. The Lord sanctify this resolution. On Wednesday, to be at the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. Let it be my prayer to day that I may honor the cause of missions, and gain the confidence of those, who seek the welfare of Zion; that I may be humble in my deportment, bold in every duty, and return with the approbation of the Head of the church.

"Question 2. Why do I preach with so little zeal for the honor of God?

"Often I leave the pulpit with great sorrow and mortification. I lead in prayer, but saints are not edified; I preach, but not as an ambassador of Jesus, not with the fervor and boldness of many of my brethren. "With respect to the usefulness of his public ministrations, a preacher is very liable to misjudge, especially while laboring under a deep sense of personal unworthiness. Some of Mr. Parsons' brethren might appear much more fervent and bold than he was. This might be owing to a superiority of religious feeling, and it might be owing to very different causes. Notwithstanding the opinion just expressed, it is highly probable that the saints were 'edified' by his prayers, and that he did, in some good degree, preach 'as an ambassador of Jesus.' Still there was room enough for humiliation. For the best of ministers fall far below that standard in preaching to which an attainable degree of piety would raise them. Still Mr. Parsons' sense of his deficiences had, doubtless on the whole, a salutary effect on his mind. He continues his observations. "If I speak of the love of Christ, my heart kindles not into a flame, my soul

melts not at the mention of his name. Why this lamentable stupidity? Is it not because I seek the *approbation* of man, and that I neglect suitable preparation in secret? Do I go with prayer raising my heart to heaven? Am I constant in communing with God? Does he not leave me as a judgment for my sins? In this thing I am guilty. I will fast and pray."

"Question 3. What are my particular requests to God this day?

"1. For a more perfect knowledge of his revealed will in regard to the Jews. I find many predictions, many precious promises; yet my mind remains in darkness. I desire to look to the Fountain of light and purity, to receive instruction from him who cannot err. Soon I expect to present this subject to my brethren in the seminary. O that my reflections might be such as shall please God, and advance the best interests of Zion."

There is undoubtedly in the foregoing paragraph a reference to his farewell sermon, which was soon after before the public.

"*Another request* is, that my last letters to my friends may be sanctified; that they may advance the cause of missions, and save souls from death."

"I have one more request, that I may possess more distinct views of the nature and design of the atonement. I would never mention the name of Jesus without weeping and without gratitude. I would dwell with him, converse with him, and sincerely obey his commands."

"*Sept.* 19.—It is the Lord's day, the appointed season for the administration of the Lord's Supper, the last communion which we shall enjoy together. Our next assembling will be beyond the grave. I go forward and backward seeking him whom my soul lo-

veth. I will be still, wait, hope, submit. This unsanctified heart is my continual sorrow. I pray to him who saved the dying thief, to him who can speak peace to the sinking soul.

"*Sept.* 20.—I am deficient as to the disinterested motives which the scriptures require; as to that *deep*, and *permanent humility* which is the ornament of the christian character; as to that *tender regard for sinners*, which is the surest pledge of success. This day I desire to sit at the feet of Jesus, to contemplate his fullness, glory and tender compassion. I would humbly request a more perfect knowledge of the way in which we are to walk; of the duties which we are to discharge; I would ask Jesus to arm me for the field, to shield me from the snares of the fowler, to enable me to 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.' My humble request shall be for the privilege of leading the children of Israel to the Saviour of the world. I will not forget to pray that the pride of my heart may be subdued; that the impurity of my affections may be washed away; and that my body and spirit may be a temple for the dwelling of the Holy Spirit."

"*Sept.* 21.—Attended the examination at this theological seminary. It was pleasant to see so many of the people of God assembled; and while I surveyed their heavenly countenances it was with prayer that in heaven we may meet with all the redeemed.

" *Sept.* 22.—Bade a final farewell to many of my brethren, after commending myself and them to the divine protection."

Extract from a letter to his parents.

"ANDOVER, September 23.

"This morning the prudential committee made known their arrangements with regard to our mission. They are these; that we

attend the sailing of the missionaries from Boston on the 15th of October; after this we visit our friends, get our outfits, and return to Boston soon. May our strength be the munition of rocks, our eye steadily fixed upon the consolation of Israel, our hope immoveable and full of glory."

Extract from a letter of the same date to his eldest brother.

"I must close, for every moment is invaluable. May our next meeting be profitable, our lives useful, our eternity blessed. I shall ever hope, my dear brother, that you will share a part in the great redemption purchased for our world, and that we may meet in the mansions of eternal day."

Journal. "*September* 25.—Why should we fast? Because sin reigns in our mortal bodies, because our faith is weak, our vision of heaven obscure, our love for souls languid; because our temptations are fiery, our work arduous and responsible, our enemies numerous and powerful."

"*October* 1.—Devoted this day with brother Fisk to fasting. The season has been profitable and refreshing."

"*Oetober* 7.—Was called to witness a most interesting event; to see a man in the agonies of death. In the morning in health, retired after breakfast to his parlor, was taken with a fit, and died at ten o'clock, at Mr. Locke's inn."

"*October* 14.—Left Andover for Boston to assist the missionaries destined to Owhyee. Heard of a vessel bound to Smyrna, and concluded to make preparation for our departure. Passed the evening at Mrs. Smith's with all the missionaries; a memorable evening."

On the 15th of October, Mr. Parsons attended at Boston the organization of the missionary church,

which was destined to carry the light of salvation to the Sandwich Isles. The next day he commenced his last journey to Pittsfield, Vt. and arrived there on the Tuesday evening following. The latter part of the week was employed in visiting his friends in Middlebury, Shoreham and places in the vicinity. On the Sabbath he preached in Hancock. Monday evening he preached a farewell sermon in Pittsfield. The same evening Mrs. M. and myself arrived, but not in season to hear the sermon. Tuesday evening a lecture was delivered to nearly the same audience that attended the preceding evening. Our Saviour's lamentation over Jerusalem was the theme. The speaker was not a little affected; but Mr. Parsons, who was a hearer, evinced in his countenance and whole demeanor a mind trusting in God, and a kind of sweet and sacred serenity, which may be easily conceived, but not easily described. Wednesday morning was the time of his final departure from the dearest spot on earth, his father's house. After reading the scriptures, we *attempted* to sing a hymn, called "the parting of christian friends."

"Blest be the tie that binds
"Our hearts in christian love." &c.

Three times was prayer offered, and the missionary commended to the Christian's God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The supplication which Mr. Parsons offered on this interesting occasion will not soon be forgotten. It was evidently the devout breathing of a humble, affectionate and submissive soul, *calmly* and cheerfully resigning itself and the dearest earthly objects into the hand of a loving and beloved Redeemer. The parting scene was mournfully delightful. The conflict of a mind made up in a great degree of tender-

ness and sensibility was doubtless great. And yet so far from swelling the tide of feeling on this occasion Mr. Parsons was probably more composed than any one of his friends. Knowing the constitution of his own mind, he had dreaded this scene. But he was divinely supported; his soul was stayed on God. Grace triumphed over the tender sensibilities of nature. But I may say too much. Mr. Parsons was opposed to making ado at the departure of a missionary. Omitting, therefore a number of incidents, which are remembered by his friends with melancholy pleasure, I would simply say, that throughout the whole of this interesting morning he appeared like a person going *home*. His eldest brother accompanied him to Windsor in Vermont. At two o'clock in the morning he took a seat in the stage and arrived in Boston the same evening.

While at Windsor he addressed the following note to his parents.

"My Dear Parents,—We arrived here in safety. Our conversation was pleasant. The Lord comforts me by the way. O may the divine Saviour keep you as the apple of his eye."

The students of Middlebury College presented to Mr. Parsons a handsome collection of books for the use of the mission library; and Professor F. Hall gave him a box of minerals, supposing that an examination of them might prove a useful entertainment in the hours of occasional tediousness and languor that are often experienced during a voyage at sea. In the following letter Mr. Parsons acknowledges these favors.

"PITTSFIELD, October 25, 1819.

"I thank you, Professor Hall, for the books which you were pleased to present to our library, for the box of minerals and the letter forwarded by my brother M. It will afford me much satis-

faction to examine the subject in the manner proposed, and to procure for your collection a variety of minerals from the Holy Land. It is the opinion of the Board of Foreign missions that a knowledge of natural history may subserve the best interests of our mission. A few specimens [of minerals] which I obtained in the western country, may not be of any consequence; but I will venture to send them. One of them I broke from a rock under the falls of Niagara.

"The assurance of your prayers for our success in Judea is peculiarly refreshing. May your expectations with regard to our efforts be realized."

In the foregoing letter was the following *card*, which was published in "The Christian Messenger."

"Mr. Parsons acknowledges the receipt of fifty five volumes of classical books, for the benefit of the proposed mission to Judea, from the members of Middlebury College, and returns his thanks for this valuable donation and for this expression of personal regard."

Extracts from a letter to his parents.

"Boston, Saturday, October 30, 1819.

"Dear Parents,—Thus far the Lord has been very merciful to us. On Thursday evening I arrived in Boston in very good health. In the morning, finding that the vessel was about to sail, I left Boston for Andover, and arrived there about four o'clock, P. M. A meeting was notified and I preached my farewell sermon. Before sunrise this morning I left Andover for this place, and have spent the day in preparing for sailing. Duty requires me to say, that our friends are doing much for us. A large trunk of flannel and linen shirts and vests was sent to me from Salem this day. We are furnished with large warm cloaks, and a suit of black clothes. Every thing is given which can be for our comfort. I will close this when we sail. Good night, my dear parents and brother; though absent, in heart we are one."

"*Sabbath evening, October* 31.—I preached this afternoon, and brother Fisk this evening. The Rev. Mr. Dwight says, 'there has not been so interesting a time in Boston for *fifty* years.' Bless the Lord. We are now to leave our native shores with the joyful ex-

pectation of saving some of the heathen. Rejoice, my parents, that I am counted worthy of this honor. In every thing the hand of God has been with us."

"*Tuesday morning.*—Early yesterday morning we were at the sea side, bade our friends *farewell*, and supposed that all was past. But the wind rose against us, and we yet linger upon our native shores. Dr. Worcester has been a *father* to us; the Lord reward him. I find no reluctance to our work, but a growing desire to depart hence to the gentiles. May I be very humble and very prudent. We have letters of protection from the Secretary of the United States, from the Governor of Massachusetts, from the British, French and Russian Consuls, who are now in Boston. We have also letters to many respectable merchants in Smyrna. I am affected in view of the peculiar kindness of our heavenly Father."

"I thank you, my dear parents, and beloved brother, for your deep concern for my best, my spiritual interests. In heaven may we meet to part no more."

Extract from a letter directed to me, dated,

"Boston, November 2, 1819.

"Our accommodations are the best. Have no anxiety respecting us, but commend us to the great head of the church. Our sermons are to be printed. The Lord bless your dear children, and in due time send them to Jerusalem. In heaven there is no *farewell*."

Although Mr. Parsons and his beloved colleague expected to sail on Monday morning, yet it was so ordered, that they were permitted to attend the monthly concert of prayer in Park-street church, and a conference in Old South church on Tuesday evening. These were precious seasons, and held in delightful remembrance.

Journal. "*November* 3.—At ten o'clock in the morning repaired to Central wharf, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Bingham, the Rev. Mr. Dwight and others. The time is now come—the long desired and prayed for day has come. We left our native shores to see them no more, perhaps, forever. My beloved country, the land of my birth, my education, my conversion to the truth, *Farewell.*"

From the manner in which Mr. Parsons here takes leave of his native land, it may be concluded that he had not wholly abandoned the idea of seeing it again. This was the fact. Though unreservedly devoted to his Redeemer as a foreign missionary for life, and though desirous, if it should be the will of God, of finding a sepulchre in the promised land; yet could a mission be established there and permit a temporary absence, it was his intention to visit this country, thinking that such a measure might in a high degree subserve the interests of that mission, and of the cause of missions generally. We are confident that the mission to western Asia cannot be safely left at present by any of the missionaries; but the period may arrive when a visit from one of them without any essential detriment to the cause there, might gratify a kind of religious curiosity, arouse in many bosoms the sleeping spirit of benevolence, and do incalculable good. Doubtless reflections of this kind ought to be very cautiously made. But on this we may rely, if the friends of missions at home and abroad humbly and perseveringly wait on God, that he will direct to the best measures, and abundantly prosper his own work.

MEMOIR.

PART III.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF MR. PARSONS' VOYAGE TO SMYRNA, OF HIS MISSIONARY LABORS IN ASIA MINOR AND JUDEA, AND OF HIS LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH.

On the day of his departure Mr. Parsons sent back the following note to his eldest brother.

"*November* 3, 1819.—*At Sea.*—Sailed this morning; health good; weather favorable. I remember you, my dear brother, with great affection. May we be *one* in Christ. Let me tell you that I go with joy, without a moment's grief. It is the Lord, (who comforts me,) and I rejoice. Farewell, my ever dear brother, farewell.

"Give my tender regards to brother L———, and give him the enclosed profile in remembrance of his beloved brother.

"In heaven there is no *farewell*."

The following letter will show how Mr. Parsons and his beloved colleague spent their time, especially on the Sabbath, during their voyage to Malta.

"At Sea, November 7, 1819.

"Much respected Parents,—This is my first Sabbath on the Atlantic, and my first attempt at writing since our embarkation. About this hour our dear friends in America are assembling for religious worship; and it is probable that my dear parents are in the house of God, and will remember their absent son, tossed upon the billows of the mighty deep, excluded from the delightful service of the sanctuary in a christian land. It was our intention to

assemble at the same hour, but we have not yet recovered from sea-sickness. Still two of us can have a little sanctuary, and obtain a blessing from the great Head of the church. How precious is the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always.' Christ is with us to instruct, guide, and comfort by his special presence. With this assurance, we have nothing to fear. I know not why this honor should be conferred upon me, to be counted worthy to depart far hence to the gentiles, having the everlasting gospel to preach to those who sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death. If I had a thousand lives they should all be devoted to this blessed employment. This morning I opened to the 129th hymn, 2d book, 'Saints, at your heavenly Father's word,' &c. How comforting this must be to my parents. The wind is wafting me very rapidly towards the land of my destination.

"*Nov.* 17.—Another Sabbath—a delightful day;—commenced public worship between 11 and 12 o'clock; preached from 1 Tim. i. 15. 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.' The attention was very flattering. At 3 o'clock this afternoon, went into the sailors' department, conversed and prayed with them. We have an important field for usefulness. Brother Fisk is still lingering with sea-sickness, but there are no apprehensions of danger. Our voyage, thus far, has been pleasant.

"*Nov.* 21.—Our third Sabbath. The week past has been favorable as to our studies, but our progress has been slow. As brother Fisk remains feeble, I preached again to the sailors. They give good attention; but like the impenitent in America, they will forget all these impressions, unless the Lord manifest his power and grace. I think much of my parents, and rejoice that their consolation is from above. The presence of the divine Saviour is preferable to the society of earthly friends. The sum of all my desires is, to do the will of him who died for me, and through whose blood I hope for eternal life. I ask not for wealth nor for honor, but for the spirit of a martyr. I know that I am sent out as a lamb among wolves. I shall live in the midst of death yet the Saviour will lead me in the right way to Canaan, even if I wander forty years in the wilderness.

"*Sabbath evening, November* 28.—Brother Fisk was able to preach to-day, although his health is feeble. With the exception of a very slight pain in my eyes, I never enjoyed my health better. We employ ourselves, every day, in reading, writing, and con-

versation. Sometimes I rise in the morning, and look towards America, not with a wish to return, but with a tender solicitude for my dearest earthly friends, with whom I have taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God. How many follow us with their prayers, and weep when they remember Jerusalem.

"*Sabbath evening, December* 5.—For two days past the winds have been violent and the sea raging. The incessent rocking of the vessel occasioned a return of sea-sickness, as is common. Brother Fisk was unable to preach. We assembled at half past eleven, and I remarked upon 2 Corinthians v. 20. The season has been very refreshing, and we hope it will be long remembered. In the morning we expect to see the continent of Africa. I think often of my dear parents, and commend them to all the consolations of the spirit of God.

"*Monday, December* 13.—We are now sailing on the Mediterranean sea, with a distinct view of the shores of Africa on one side, and of the shores of Europe on the other. Yesterday was our sixth Sabbath. Brother Fisk preached from 1 Timothy iv. 8, with very good attention among the sailors. We hope that our labours will not be in vain. A christian can be useful in any situation and how blessed is it to follow the steps of him 'who went about doing good.'

"*Dec.* 20.—Our progress is very rapid. Malta is near to us. Yesterday, brother Fisk preached on deck; it was our seventh Sabbath. We have very precious seasons with the sailors. We hope that God is with us of a truth. Are my parents still in health? The Lord grant to them many days, and many blessings.

"*Dec.* 26, *Malta Harbor.*—I preached to day near the place where it is said St. Paul came to land after the shipwreck. O how his heart bled for sinners! On these shores he prayed for a guilty world. Eighteen centuries afterwards, missionaries with the same message endeavor to proclaim the Saviour who came into the world to save sinners. But O my leanness. The progress which I make towards heaven is very slow, and imperceptible. How great my work! how weak my faith!"

Extracts from a letter to his eldest brother.

"*Nov*, 17.—We have now on board a flying fish. In one of his tours he *landed* himself on deck, and remained helpless. He has wings like a bat. We sail some days two hundred and ten miles; other days not more than fifty.

"*December* 7.—Three thousand miles from Pittsfield. The long desired morning has come. At an early hour we were called on deck to see the shores of Europe. The view of cape St. Vincents, of the ruins of an abbey, of the adjoining plains and mountains, was very distinct and delightful. The houses were not numerous, but shone like white marble. A few minutes since a whale passed us, but I did not see him distinctly. I often say, how my brother would enjoy this scenery.

"*December* 12.—Passed the straits of Gibraltar yesterday. The situation of Gibraltar is remarkable. It is one entire rock, projecting into the sea. The east side of it is one thousand four hundred and thirty nine feet above the level of the sea, and on the top is the tower, which resembles a large *stump*. On the west side is the village. Near this village have been fought many bloody battles, and thousands have closed their mortal existence.

"*December* 20.—We are now in full view of the shores of Sardinia, an island, which you will recollect is about as large as Vermont, and contains five hundred thousand inhabitants. The weather is much like April and May in America. My health continues excellent. How numerous are my mercies.

"*December* 30.—The weather is very warm. We sail soon for Smyrna. I know not the day of my death. Let me ever live with my final departure in view. The year is now closing, and I most cordially wish you a happy *new*-year; a year which you can review with pleasure; a year devoted to God. I pray for you every morning in particular. I love to cherish the hope of your eternal salvation. How precious are your privileges; thousands and millions around us are without the Bible, without the Sabbath, without teachers. How great the condemnation of gospel sinners. Now, my brother farewell. I love you, I pray for you, I hope to meet you in heaven.

A letter to myself and his sister.

"November 17, 1819.

"My Brother and my Sister,—My last visit to your house has left a very favorable impression on my mind; we took sweet counsel together in anticipation of an eternal union beyond the grave. I have every reason for gratitude that the separation was conducted upon christian principles; we shall review the past with secret satisfaction. I have been *two weeks* at sea, and find as yet nothing very undesirable in a passage across the Atlantic. *Sleep* is quiet,

even when the sea is raging; appetite much as usual. Have some hopes that my health will be confirmed, and a *long life* be devoted to the church. In view of my work, I find myself much disposed to desire *many* days, that I may witness the triumphs of the Redeemer. Although I am now fifteen hundred miles from Shoreham, I seem to be near you. The wind is wafting us away from America, but not from our *Bible* our *Saviour* our *heaven*. Sometimes our cabin resembles a paradise. I know not a *desire* to change my prospects.

"*November* 30.—As we approach the field of our mission, my solicitude increases. Satan's kingdom is very firmly established, and he will not be indifferent to our motions; yet he is in chains. Hitherto he may come, and no further. We must live in the midst of *death*, and shall need the remembrance of our christian friends.

"*December* 12.—Yesterday we passed the straits of Gibraltar, and are now sailing on the Mediterranean sea. We had a good view of the African shores saw many villages, and towers; discovered a very high mountain, which we called *Atlas*. The top was white with snow. This is the land which once nourished the church of God; and it has been blessed with the prayers and tears of many distinguished servants of Jesus. But how is the gold become dim and the most fine gold changed! Here Satan rules over millions of miserable captives, and spreads far and wide his sceptre of cruelty, and death. His reign is *short*. Some future missionaries who succeed us, will listen to the sound of the consecrated bell; and mingle their praises with the multitude, who go up to the house of God to worship."

"*December* 22.—At four o'clock this afternoon, we were refreshed by the appearing of Malta. A very kind providence has accompanied us; and we desire to give thanks for these distinguished favors. The town of Valetta, (*December* 23, *nine o'clock in the morning*,) just opened to our view. Here, we hope for many precious seasons of prayer, and conversation with our fellow laborers, (if we may claim the honor of classing ourselves with those whose piety and zeal are so conspicuous,) and we may rationally expect much advice and consolation. How important that our conversation and deportment should be such as becometh the gospel. At present, adieu."

"*December* 23.—Twelve o'clock. We are now passing in view of that harbor, where it is said St. Paul landed, after the shipwreck. Probably the place where the ship ran aground, is very near

us. O that the spirit of St. Paul might rest upon his unworthy successors!

"*December* 24.—Now in Malta harbor; fifty days from Boston. We were awakened this morning, by the ringing of church bells and the hallooing of boys; we went on deck early. What a world is this! Large marble fortifications rise in almost every direction. The captain has just returned from shore, and brought with him apples, oranges, raisins, pomegranates, water melons, wine, cider, chestnuts, &c.

"*December* 25.—This morning we saw the catholics assemble to say mass. The priest stood in a kind of porch, upon an eminence; the people in boats near the shore; some of the assembly were on the opposite side of the harbor, half a mile off. The priest wore a large red robe, under which were white garments; before him a cross, and two lamps burning. He turned, he knelt and crossed himself; the people uncovered their heads, and knelt. What devotion this! Christianity weeps over such superstition.

"We have seen the Rev. Mr. Jowett, a most distinguished missionary. We were not permitted to join hands, (on account of the *health* regulations,) yet it was refreshing to see him and converse at a distance."

"An American brig arrived, last evening, from Boston, and I shall send this letter. I am in fine health. The Lord our God bless you in your domestic and sacred duties.

"Farewell, my brother and my sister farewell."

Some extracts from his journal will close the history of Mr. Parsons' voyage to Smyrna.

"*November* 16.—Read a few pages in Buchanan's memoirs, with great satisfaction. For maturity of judgment and meekness of spirit, he was worthy of the highest commendation. He gloried in nothing save in the cross of Christ. He could disarm the assassin, win to his favor the most bigotted pagan, and leave every where an impression favorable to christianity. He could be familiar with a Brahmin, and still hold in utter abhorrence his detestable superstition. So far as he followed Christ, let his example be imitated, and may my sun, like his, set cloudless and serene.

"*November* 18.—Order of studies. Devotional exercises from seven to eight in the morning; then breakfast, writing, chapter in Greek, and Latin till noon. Afternoon, history and mineralogy. Evening, history and devotional reading." (It may be proper here to add that the missionaries devoted considerable time during the voyage, to the study of the French and Italian languages.) "Learning may give us *influence;* but piety *success.* The cultivation of personal piety claims the first attention of the missionary. Without it he may have the applause of men, but never the approbation of his Lord.

"*December* 19.—Brother Fisk preached on deck from Isaiah xiv. 18. The day was delightful, and the attention much as usual. At four o'clock I read to the sailors, and questioned each of them with regard to his hope of eternal life. No uneasiness or dissatisfaction was observed. Found much advantage in perusing 'Baxter's Saint's Rest.' Distinct views of heaven diffuse vigor and fortitude into every employment, and conduct of the soul in the path of safety and happiness.

"*December* 22.—Morning delightful; the shores of Sicily in view. A little past 12 o'clock we discovered Mount Etna at the distance of 100 miles north of us. It appeared perfectly white. It is eleven thousand feet high; seventy miles in circumference; and on the sides of it are 77 villages and one hundred thousand inhabitants. At 4 o'clock P. M. we beheld the island of Malta, seven weeks and six hours after our departure from Boston.

"Saw a number of goats and antelopes feeding near the lazaretto. Last week Thomas read a few hymns in English, and interpreted them in Italian to our pilot.

He was exceedingly interested in this exercise. It is now ascertained that our quarantine must be fifteen days. The captain has determined not to delay, but to proceed immediatly for Smyrna. This determination will deprive us of the advantage which we expected to derive from our missionary brethren. The will of God be done. We directed a letter to the Rev. Mr. Jowett, and hope to see him to morrow.

"*January* 1, 1820.—A new year. The past we would review with gratitude and with humiliation. The future is all unknown. How suitable to submit all questions respecting it to our heavenly Father. He directs, we follow. As we know not the day of our death, the injunction is never to be forgotten, '*watch* and *pray*.' If we are selected as the trophies of the king of terrors this year, may we die in the Lord, and may our works follow us."

While the vessel lay in the harbor of Malta, Messrs. Parsons and Fisk had several very pleasant interviews with Rev. Mr. Jowett, Rev. Mr. Wilson, and Dr. Naudi. By these gentlemen our missionaries were treated with respect and true christian kindness; and received much instruction. Besides several valuable books presented to them, through the agency of the above named gentlemen, the bible society at Malta furnished our missionaries with a liberal supply of Greek and Italian Testaments. In addition to all the other expressions of friendship and fraternal love, Messrs. Parsons and Fisk were urgently invited to spend some months at Malta. In his journal of the same date with the last quotation, Mr. Parsons says, "The question of remaining a few months at Malta is now resumed by Mr. Jowett. In favor of it are the following considerations.

"Better facilities for learning Italian and Arabic; the

experience of our missionary friends, and a little knowledge of medicine and natural history.

"Against it.—Our instructions from the committee; the impressions of the American churches; an increase of $80 expense for passage; the prospect of remaining at much less expense at Smyrna than at this place. 'Lord, teach us the way in which we should walk, for we lift up our souls unto thee.' After serious consideration it was thought best, unless other motives present themselves, to proceed directly to Smyrna. The Lord our God go with us, and make our way pleasant and profitable."

It is well known to the friends of missions in this country, that Malta is now head-quarters for American missionaries destined to Western Asia.

"*January* 3.—This day we have witnessed a most affecting and mournful event. One of our little flock is silent in death. At seven this evening we saw him close his mortal existence. At five o'clock, John Davis was on the main top; a rope broke, and he fell forty or fifty feet, and his head struck upon a stone, which was lying on the deck. I was absent when the accident occurred. When I first saw him, he was lying near the companion way, his eyes were rolled back and motionless, blood ran from his mouth and ears, and he breathed with great difficulty. He was taken into the forecastle; the captain bled him, and dressed his wound. A few moments afterwards his pulse suddenly stopped, his breath departed and his spirit fled to the invisible world. The whole crew assembled in the forecastle, and brother Fisk led in prayer; the season was affecting and instructive. May it be remembered and sanctified for our eternal peace.

"*January* 4.—This morning the corpse was convey-

ed from the ship to the lazaretto for interment. How frail is human existence! This body of mine will soon decay. Those who come after me will tell the tale to surviving friends, and then submit to their final destiny."

"*January* 6.—At the time appointed we found Mr. and Mrs. Jowett in the lazaretto, and passed a short time most pleasantly. Mr. Jowett procured for us some medicine, and Mrs. J. presented us with a basket of oranges, and the life of the Rev. Henry Martyn. We call this our last visit; how pleasant the recollection!

"This evening was introduced to the American consul, who has resided seven years at Tripoli in the Barbary States. He gave it as his decided opinion that the Turkish empire is rapidly decaying, and must fall. Christians enjoy perfect freedom at Tripoli. The American character is held in high veneration; and any American with official credentials would find perfect security."

"*January* 8.—Prepared a sermon on the death of John Davis.

"*January* 14.—Early this morning discovered the island of Scio. The mountains are barren; saw people ploughing; certain spots highly cultivated; trees more frequent than upon any other Grecian island, which we have passed; a number of villages of small white houses. Afternoon, cast my eyes upon Asia, the land of our future exertions; mountains of whitish rock; houses numerous. Employed the day in the study of Italian.

"*January* 15.—In sight of the castle eight miles from Smyrna; saw a large flock of camels; piles of salt; a number of fine villages; beautiful plains; mountains robed with clouds; cypress trees; windmills with-

out number. Cast my eyes upon Smyrna at twelve o'clock; a few gentlemen came to see us; ships numerous in the harbor; three American flags flying. Here ends our voyage. Praise and thanksgiving to the Lord our Saviour. May we testify our gratitude by supreme devotedness to his service.

"*January* 16.—Our 11th Sabbath. I preached from Matthew xxiv. 44; particularly upon the death of John Davis, one of the sailors. A most perfect silence among the hearers. The Lord enabled me to speak with unusual feeling. I endeavored to be faithful. Now I commend the ship's company to God."

The discourse here referred to is in my possession; and seldom if ever have I read a sermon more serious, or more calculated to make a deep and salutary impression.

A letter to his parents.

"Asia, Smyrna, January 15, 1820.

"My dear, and much beloved parents,—This afternoon we beheld with our own eyes the city of Smyrna, our desired haven of rest. Thanks to our heavenly Father for his tender care of us while crossing the mighty deep to this far distant part of our world. Our health is continued to us amid all the changes and dangers of our pilgrimage. Since the last Sabbath we have sailed one thousand miles; have passed the place where St. Paul was driven about in a tremendous storm, being many days without sun or stars, still unmoved, and strong in faith. We saw Crete, (Acts xxvii. 21,) where Titus was Bishop. (See Titus i. 5. We passed near to Athens, although not in sight of it, where Paul on Mars-hill was wounded in his spirit, when he saw the whole city given to idolatry. We had a very distinct view of Chios, (see Acts xx. 15,) and Mitylene, (see Acts xx. 14,) and of many other places very interesting to the Christian and to the scholar.

"After I was safely stationed in Smyrna harbor, I made haste for the letter which my mother gave me, and broke the seal with an aching heart. I read and wept. It was a long time before I

could recover myself so as to proceed. O how grateful I must be for this cheerful surrender of a beloved son to the work of the Lord in a foreign land! Had my parents been unwilling, my affliction must have been vastly increased. I know not how I sustained the trial of separation. The whole is like a dream. As my day was, so was my strength. I hope that my parents will dismiss every anxiety with respect to me, and rather rejoice that I may convey to the heathen the word of eternal life. The struggles which I have with my own heart are often very severe. But our Saviour resisted even unto blood. I find the need of more exalted views of the atonement, more tender solicitude for the heathen, more unshaken confidence in the "great and precious promises." My soul sometimes followeth hard after God. My prayer often is, "Lord show me thy glory"—make all thy goodness to pass before me. He is the best missionary who knows most of God; who communes most frequently with his high Captain and Redeemer. When you commend your absent son to God, will it not be your earnest request that he may be dead to the world, that Christ may be to him all and in all. I love to follow my parents in all their various duties; going to the house of God, visiting the sick and afflicted, publishing the great truths of salvation to sinners, and comforting the people of God. May your lives be spared for a long time yet to come, and many souls yet be converted through your prayers, and faithfulness. As I shall write again within a month, I close, commending my dear parents to all the consolations of the spirit of God."

"P. S. *Sabbath evening.*—I preached to day in full view of the church, which is said to have been occupied by the Christians to whom St. John wrote, Revelation ii. 8, 9, 10, 11.

"*January* 20.—Have visited Smyrna frequently, and found many friends. With regard to protection, I believe we shall be as safe as in America. This is a great favor. The British consul assured us of his assistance; and if we visit Jerusalem, he will give us letters to many respectable men. Notwithstanding all this, I wish to view death near; for we know not at what hour the Son of Man cometh."

A letter to a female friend in Wilmington, Mass.

"Asia, Smyrna, January 19, 1820.

"My Dear Sister,—Is it true that I am in Smyrna, or is it a

dream? Am I separated from my beloved friends by a distance of more than five thousand miles; in a land of Mahomedans and of strangers; writing on the spot where stood a christian church in the days of the apostles; where have been revivals, sermons, conferences and prayer meetings; where have been disciplined for heaven many of the saints who now surround the throne of God? Yes it is true; through the kind preservation of our heavenly Father, we have crossed the mighty deep, and are residing in safety in this interesting, yet dreary part of the world. Our voyage is checkered with a variety of circumstances, yet we have much occasion for gratitude and rejoicing. For four weeks after we embarked, the winds were much of the time unfavorable, and the weather unpleasant, but from Gibraltar to this place, every thing around us assumed the beauty and vigor of spring. Surely such a change was doubly welcome after a long imprisonment. At Malta, tarried two weeks in the harbor, and were refreshed with frequent interviews with our fellow laborers in the gospel. We could not enter the city in consequence of health regulations, which require American vessels to pass under an examination of fifteen days. Captain Edes could not wait. The missionaries visited us about every day. They are exceedingly interesting men, and supremely devoted to the cause of missions. The Rev. Mr. Jowett said, (and I regard his opinion very highly,) you have nothing to fear in regard to your mission in Judea. If you keep *yourselves*, you will not, I think, receive injury. The morning or two before we left Malta, Mr. Jowett waited upon his wife to the shore to visit us. Mrs. Jowett has been on missionary ground four years, and has now the charge of about thirty girls, instructing them in the different branches of a christian education. She conversed with the zeal of a true missionary; she said to us, "I am glad that two of you go out together." Mr. Jowett, turning to her with a smile, said, "that is well, but to go another way is better."

"Brother Fisk preached while in the harbor at Malta, from Acts xxviii. 1. He described the intention and dangers of St. Paul's voyage. The next day, one of our little flock was removed by an awful providence to the invisible world. He fell from the main top, and survived the fall only two hours. What a motive to fidelity! for we know not what a day will bring forth. Our work with him is done; the day of judgment will make known the effect of our ministry.

"On our passage to Smyrna, what an interesting portion of the world opened to our admiring curiosity! These seas have been honored with the presence of Xerxes, Alexander, Demosthenes, Socrates, and what is more, St. Paul on his heavenly mission of subduing the world to the Prince of peace. As we passed we could point to the west, and say, "there the great apostle of the gentiles, on Mars-hill, declared to the pagan Athenians the God whom they ignorantly worshipped;" to the *east*, "there the beloved disciple John was in the isle of Patmos for the testimony of Jesus;" to the north, "there St. Paul and Silas sang praises to God in the prison of Phillippi;" to the north-east, "St. Paul kneeled down, and prayed with them all, and they all wept sore." But I need not enlarge; may the Lord, our Saviour, return to bless and consecrate this degenerate section of our world. Here may the Son of David reign, and the holy angels unite again in the heavenly anthem, 'glory to God in the highest.'

"Your solicitude for us has been that of an affectionate sister. We can never speak of your favors but with gratitude and esteem. The things which you provided for us were very acceptable. Usually at nine o'clock in the evening we brought forward the cakes and preserves which our good friends furnished for our voyage, and then dismissed for a while all the gloom of our solitary imprisonment. Sometimes in spite of every effort to the contrary, vivacity and resolution were at a low ebb. At no time, however, has the mission lost its interest and importance. The work before us is great, arduous and difficult. Yet he is with us, we trust, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. To him I would most cheerfully commend the future, knowing that he can keep us from falling. I have two requests; that you would give my very particular respects to your parents; thank them for their attention and prayers. I did desire much to see them again, but duty did not permit; also my best respects to the Rev. Mr. R. and family.

"Now, my sister, the Lord our God lift upon you the light of his countenance, and give you peace."

A letter to the Rev. Rufus Cushman and Mrs. C. of Fairhaven Vt.

"Smyrna, January 22, 1820.

"My Dear Cousins,—I did not think when I parted with you that it was the last visit. It gave me pain to leave beloved America

without the opportunity of a formal parting with my friends. But Providence opened the way for the commencement of our mission, and it was our duty to leave all, and go far hence to the gentiles. Will you accept this as an apology for not complying with my engagement. I think much of your dear children, and it is my ardent prayer that A. may be counted worthy to preach Christ and him crucified to those who are perishing in sin. Since I left Boston, my health has been preserved, and I am not without hope that it will be confirmed. I often say, how merciful is our heavenly Father in permitting me to devote my life to his cause. O how deficient in the most important qualifications for the work. Forget not, my dear cousins, to pray for me in your family, and in your closet. And if we are not to meet below, may we sit together, through boundless grace in the Redeemer, in heavenly places.

"I have just returned from a visit to the spring, where it is said Homer wrote his poems. On the way I passed a large Turkish burying ground, which embraced, I should say, ten acres of land. The cypress trees were very numerous, and by their dark shade almost entirely concealed the light from the grave. The tomb stones and common grave stones, (of slabs of marble,) occupied almost every foot of land. The solemnity of the place produced impressions upon my mind which I can never forget. I said, "O what a congregation of the dead! Not a Christian in this vast multitude, not a servant of Jesus! All were deluded! When, at the sound of the trumpet, the dead shall rise, how awful will be this place! Not a soul welcoming the coming of Christ; not one joining the anthems of the redeemed; but all is confusion, and despair! It is not Mahomet, but Jesus our Lord who cometh in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

"O when will Jesus take the kingdom, and reign from shore to shore! When will this great city, which contains two hundred thousand precious souls, be under the dominion of the Prince of peace! Christians are praying and *acting* for the advancement of piety in the world. That long desired day, is beginning to dawn. The Lord hasten it in his time.

"I desire much to hear from you. Will you write? It will be a great favor."

A letter to the Rev. Dan Kent, of Benson, Vermont.

"Smyrna, Asia, January 24, 1820.

"My Dear Brother,—As I send a parcel of letters to my friends in Vermont, I am unwilling to deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for the great interest you have taken in the mission to which I am devoted. I regret that I could not see you and your dear family once more, and unite again in the blessed employment of prayer and praise. I shall never forget that interesting season when your whole family arose and sung the doxology, and then bowed before the throne of grace. How highly favored you are, my brother, (for by this name you will permit me to address you,) to witness so many revivals of religion, and to see the work of the Lord prospering under your ministry? Such seasons are deserving of more notice than the revolution of kingdoms; they are more noticed in heaven. When will this great city, containing nearly two hundred thousand souls, be blessed with a season of refreshing from on high? At present, darkness, thick darkness rests upon it. The light which once shone so clearly is almost extinguished. But little is known of the spirit of St. John, the beloved disciple who watched over the church of Smyrna with a parental solicitude. How is the glory departed! Let the saints cry, "O Lord, how long, when will thine anger cease, and thy children shout aloud for joy."

"Will you remember this portion of our world in your family, and in your secret prayers? The members of your church will not forget Jerusalem, once the city of the great King. It is our design to remain in this vicinity for a year, and then, if the Lord will, turn our attention to the holy land. We are now acquiring the oriental languages, without which we can do nothing in the vineyard of Christ.

"Will you write me? Direct to this place; give me account of revivals, ordinations, charitable societies, &c."

"Smyrna, January 29, 1820.

"My Dear Mother,—I fear that your anxiety for me has been great, and that my absence has occasioned many hours of pain and sorrow. Perhaps some morning, looking towards the rising sun, my mother has said, O where is Levi! Perhaps he is tossed by the violence of the waves, or wanders an outcast upon some unfriendly shore; it may be he sleeps in death, to be seen no more until the sea give up her dead. No, my mother, dry your tears, Levi yet lives. It is he who now addresses you from the

heathen world. Through the goodness of our blessed Redeemer, all is well; all is prosperity. We must be humble, for great are the tender mercies of the Lord for us.

"This is Saturday evening. In our retired little room we have had a precious season; we sang the 51st Psalm; prayed; confessed our faults one to another; renewed our covenant to be devoted to our work, and then bowed the knee in prayer again. O how unprepared for this important station! O how much I need clearer views of the Saviour, more unshaken faith in the great and precious promises! It gives me great consolation to remember that my mother prays for me every day. You know not how much our mission may be advanced by interceding with him who hears prayer. I need many things, but especially humility. This is the brightest ornament of a missionary. Dr. Porter, with whom we resided while at Andover, said in a letter to us, "Your usefulness, safety and happiness depend absolutely upon living near to God." How valuable this instruction! I would place it upon the first page of every book which I read, repeat it the last thing at night and the first in the morning.

"*Sabbath evening, January* 30.—This is our first Sabbath in Asia; it has been a good day; went to the house of God. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of God." The Rev. Mr. Williamson preached from Psalms xxvii. 8. He said the way to seek God was by devout secret prayer, by reading the scriptures seriously and constantly, and by holy practice. It is good to hear of God, and to be exhorted to seek him. I desire, I mourn, and yet I find not him whom my soul loveth. Pray for me, my mother, that I may war a good warfare, and keep the faith.

"Perhaps it may be interesting to you to know of our daily employments. The sun rises six hours and forty minutes sooner at Smyrna than it does at Pittsfield. So that when you first see the sun in the morning, recollect that with us in Smyrna the sun is six hours and forty minutes high. Suppose that the sun rises at six o'clock in Pittsfield; it rises here twenty minutes past eleven at night, by our clock in Pittsfield. We rise before sun rise; have our morning devotions; then walk in the gardens; then study the Italian language; in the evening read history, and close the day with reading the scriptures, singing and prayer.

"I will mention a few verses which I often repeat.

"In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer."

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?"

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

"When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all the armies shine,
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The *glory* shall be thine."

"I often read your letters; may I hope to read others? Write faithfully, admonish me, and advise me. May the Lord our God continue to comfort and bless my dear mother, and make her last days the most useful and happy.

"O may we meet beyond the skies to part no more!

"Farewell, my beloved mother."

"Smyrna, February 1, 1820.

"My Dear Father,—If our lives should be spared, and our health continued, we may hope soon to engage in the active duties of the ministry. Even *now* we have opportunities to do good. A young man calls upon us frequently, who is a catholic, and we read the Bible to him, and explain the necessity of regeneration. Last Sabbath we read to him the ten commandments. It is an affecting truth, that the catholics keep the Bible from all within their reach. And the creed which they circulate omits *entirely* the second commandment; and to make up the ten, they divide the tenth commandment into two. I have the creed in my room, and have read it in the *Italian* language. Perhaps we may do this young man good. We have given a few tracts to the family in which we live. The tracts were in the *French* language. One of the tracts was on the great question "What shall we do to be sa-

ved." Who can tell but that the Holy Spirit may be sent into their hearts?

"We may be useful to the few families that speak English. Perhaps in Smyrna a few souls may be given us as a seal of our ministry. I find a great desire in my breast to see this mission established; and to see a system in operation which, with the divine blessing, shall completely demolish this mighty empire of sin. I fear that I have too much anxiety. Pray for me, my father, that I may grow every day in the knowledge of God.

"By observing the country, and the customs of the people, I have seen exemplified a number of passages of scripture; see Jeremiah xiii. &c. The grave yards in this country are of a dark green. In the clearest day there is darkness in the grave yard. On the mountain a little distance from the city, I passed by one of these large groves, and could not help exclaiming, "this is the dark mountain; this is the shadow of death." See Gen. xxiv. 11, and on; "by a well of water." While we were travelling in the fields we came near to a well with a curb of white marble. The well was deep and there was nothing to draw water with. Around the well were several troughs of marble for camels to drink out of. We sat down on the well, and spake of our Saviour's journey to Samaria. Also see Ezekiel ix. 2, "ink-horn by his side." It is the custom of a certain class of men to carry an ink-horn, (or an ink-stand,) in a case about half a foot in length, and to place the case in their belt by their side. I have seen a number of men walking the streets with an ink-horn by their sides.

"I think we may reside here with safety, and we may do a little towards reviving the work of the Lord in this city. So long as I can see the *Morning Star*, all is safe and pleasant. But much of the time I sit in darkness.

"I want to write to a number of our friends in Pittsfield, but every moment of time is occupied. How sweet were those seasons when we worshipped together! They will not forget to pray for me. If I cannot preach to them I can remember them with affection. May the Lord our Saviour bless his church in Pittsfield, and add to it daily of such as shall be saved.

"I have many things to say, but must now defer them. The Lord be with you, my dear father, to comfort, support, and bless you. In heaven is no farewell."

"*February* 10.—Capt. Edes expects to sail soon. I close this letter in good health, and with the prospect of enjoying myself

well. I have rode once a few miles for exercise, and expect to ride again to-day. Mr. Vanlennep, one of our friends, has two fine horses, and has given us the privilege of using them when we please. There are but *two* wheel-carriages in this great city. A few days since four or five of the Turkish divines passed by our door. I call them *divines*, for they are held in high veneration, as the magicians were in Egypt. They were bound together by a chain much larger than our log chains, with a hat in the shape of a cheese hoop, and with swords. A multitude followed them, wondering and astonished. Is this *spiritual* worship? O when will many run to and fro, and knowledge be increased!"

A few notices from his journal, of earlier dates than some of the preceding letters, will be introduced here.

"*January* 22, 1820.—Our voyage to a heathen land is now closed, and our work has commenced upon missionary ground. We have now the prospect of a retired and pleasant habitation. May it be in an eminent degree the habitation of holiness, the dwelling place of the Most High. But how soon are we reminded of the uncertainty of life! The plague, that dreadful scourge, which sends vast multitudes into eternity, is beginning to rage in this city. Perhaps our heavenly Father has directed us here to die in a heathen land, and perhaps thousands may fall at our side, and no evil come near us. As duty evidently requires us to stay, it is pleasant to be here. I rejoice, yea, and I will rejoice that God hath put it into my heart to regard the miserable heathen. O may I labor with diligence until my change come.

"*January* 25.—I have been reflecting upon the necessity of improving every moment to the best advantage. Let me keep in remembrance this fact, that a lost hour may indirectly ruin a soul, check the growth of piety and incur the displeasure of God. The work of converting the world is a *great* work; there are but

few labourers, and whole nations are going down to perdition. Jesus went about doing good; so must all his followers. If every Christian would improve his talents to the best purpose, how much might be done for the salvation of sinners! 'Lead me not into temptation.' I have thought much of this request in prayer. The most holy of the saints fall, the most watchful are ensnared, the most beloved sometimes occasion the deepest sorrow and shame. But God is a sure refuge, an almighty keeper. He knows our danger and remembers that we are dust. Those who seek him find him, those who trust in him he will keep. Can I have such a friend, such a protector while wandering as a lamb among wolves!

"*January* 27.—At one o'clock went in company with the Rev. Mr. Williamson to the castle, an old christian church. We passed through the city; the bazar (or market) was entirely concealed from the light of the sun, as the roofs of the opposite houses meet at the top. Passed the caravansary, a large open space, with a fountain in the middle; and soon after the Jewish grave yard. There were no slabs of marble upright, as in the Turkish burying ground, but horizontal marbles, like those on tombs, with inscriptions in Hebrew characters. The date of one of these is 5574. Next we visited the ruins of an amphitheatre, in which it is said Polycarp was beheaded. There is a large valley in the middle surrounded with walls, in which were a few arches quite entire. Near to this is the ancient christian church, occupied, say the catholics, by those Christians to whom St. John wrote, while at Patmos. Three apartments are quite entire, which are used for sheep stables. The middle was evidently the place of worship. There is a niche in the wall, where the

speaker addressed the assembly. The other apartments are dark, and arched over with stone. The walls are very thick, and the building about as large as a common church in New England. A little farther saw the tomb of Polycarp; it is eighteen feet in length, with two large granite pillars at each end, and a pile of small stones in the middle over the grave. Saw some shepherds tending their flocks in truly ancient simplicity. On the highest point of the hill a beautiful scenery opened to our view; the villages of Sedequa and Bujah, and extended and neatly cultivated plains, flocks here and there, fruit trees in abundance, together with a few small houses. After this we visited the castle, an ancient and exceedingly large fortification. Ascended the wall, which is in some places fifty feet high, in others a hundred or more. Within the enclosure are large apartments below the surface of the ground, used doubtless as magazines. Leaving the castle we saw two Turks coming towards us; one of them was armed with a number of pistols. Towards the bottom of the hill is a fine aqueduct of water which supplies the city.

"After we entered the city, met Joan, a young catholic, and gave him a collection of sermons in French. He says that the priests here have not much morality; that he has read the scriptures but little; that he once had an Italian Testament, but a priest took it from him, saying, it was improper for young men to read. From him I learned that there are two catholic churches, each furnished with ten or twelve priests, and in the same connexion two schools."

A letter to Professor Hall, in Middlebury, Vermont.

"Smyrna, Feb. 1, 1820.

"Very Dear Sir,—After a voyage of fifty six days, not including

our delay at Malta, we arrived in safety at Smyrna. From Gibraltar the winds were favorable, and the weather extremely pleasant. We left Malta on the 9th of January, and arrived at Smyrna, a distance of one thousand miles, in six days. I regret that it was not in my power to spend more time in your study, especially as this country abounds with minerals of the most valuable kind. I procured at Boston, agreeably to your suggestion, Cleaveland's treatise on mineralogy and geology, and by the assistance of two gentlemen, fellow passengers, who have very considerable knowledge of this science, I examined the specimens which you forwarded to me by my brother Morton. Dr. Chase, one of these gentlemen, who belongs to the American squadron in the Mediterranean sea, proposes to leave a box of minerals at Armstrong's book store for your collection. Probably he will not return until next winter, a year from this time. Last week, I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Williamson to the ruins of an ancient christian church, *supposed* to be the one occupied by the Christians to whom St. John wrote while in banishment at Patmos.

Referring to a list of minerals forwarded to his correspondent, he says,—

"At some future time, I hope to forward a better collection. At Scio college, where we expect to pass the summer in the study of modern Greek, I may find specimens more valuable. If I can in any way increase the value of your collection of minerals, it will give me much pleasure. No. 2., was given me by one of the passengers who but a few days before visited the cave, and a catholic urged him to take this mineral with him as a security from shipwreck. It is true we had a rapid voyage, no thanks however to the qualities of the mineral.

"As we have just entered upon the duties of our mission, nothing peculiarly interesting can be communicated. Christian missionaries can reside here with safety, and do much good by the distribution of the Holy Bible, and religious tracts. For a considerable time we must live in retirement, preparing for a mission to the Holy Land. We hope for the prayers of Christians for us, that we may endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

"Brother Fisk joins with me in the request that you and Mrs. Hall would accept the assurance of our gratitude and respect."

P. S.—Smyrna, February 10, 1820.

"I accompanied the Rev. Mr. Williamson this day, to Bournabat, a village nine miles north-east of Smyrna. While we were viewing the village, we passed a mosque, a large stone building. The door stood open, and we drew near to it with the hope of admittance. A Turk within made signs to us to take off our boots, but Mr. W. gave him to understand that our boots were long, and could not be taken off with ease. At this, he appeared satisfied. We entered, and walked around the apartment with much apparent security. A large carpet was upon the floor; a place elevated on the south side for the speaker, something in the form of our pulpits. We observed a few paintings, and a few Arabic inscriptions near to the place of the speaker; in other respects every thing was plain, without ornament or proportion. Near to the centre of the mosque are several large granite pillars, some of them of the Ionic and others of the Corinthian order. They were taken I was informed from the ruins of an ancient temple. As the windows are small, and near to the roof of the mosque, it had more the appearance of a prison, than of a place of worship. It was impossible to forget that this people have power to make war with the saints, and to overcome them. It will be the prayer of every Christian that Jesus, our Lord, would arise in the greatness of his strength and take to himself the crown of *all* the world."

Journal. "*February* 6.—Reminded of the request of American friends to pray for them, this holy morning. At the throne of grace we are near; our desires, our sorrows and our joys are one. Have been sensible of the value of contrition. This is a refuge from temptation; the source of all true comfort; the pledge of usefulness. This week I may die. Am I waiting for my Lord? Devotion, diligence in business and watchfulness for the souls of men are the only good evidences of preparation. After spending an hour in prayer for the Andover theological seminary, and American colleges and academies, went to the English chapel; the sermon good, the season interesting; the Lord be

praised. From two o'clock to three devoted our time to thanksgiving for the repeated kindness of God to us during our whole lives. In our first prayer gave thanks for christian parents, a christian education, a christian hope; for success in the ministry in America, for the blessings of our voyage and for friends in Smyrna. In the second, for so numerous a circle of Christian friends in America, for the benevolence of Christians, for the number of missionaries, for conversions among the heathen."

In the foregoing paragraph Mr. Parsons expressed his gratitude for friends in Smyrna. It was certainly a signal smile of providence that our missionaries were so cordially received in a land of strangers; and that those who proffered their friendly assistance, never once withheld it. Among the number of their friends were the Rev. Mr. Williamson, the English chaplain, who received them as brethren in Christ; Mr. Lee, who offered them the use of his valuable library; Mr. Werry, British consul, Mr. Vanlennep, and several others whose friendship it was important and honorable to enjoy.

Journal. "*February* 7.—Concert day; set it apart for humiliation, fasting and prayer. The forenoon, devoted to private examination, was profitable. Three petitions were much on my mind. 1. For a broken heart. God dwells with the contrite spirit. Satan seeks in vain for admittance to so holy a place. Trials are improved, crosses taken up with cheerfulness by him who loathes himself and repents in dust and ashes. 2. For clearer views of the divine glory. A missionary should be enabled to say from his own experience, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' O that my soul might go out after God, and cry mightily for the manifestation

of his presence! O that in this place I might every day receive encouragement and consolation. 3. For an affecting sense of the danger of souls among the heathen. In his great city we may do good by prayer. God knows how to subdue this people to himself. Would not St. Paul, were he here, find his spirit stirred within him? And would not the Saviour weep as he did over Jerusalem? Ardent piety raises the soul to heaven in supplication."

Copy of a letter to two ladies in Boston.

"SMYRNA, February 9, 1820.

"My Dear Sisters,—At length I am in Smyrna; in a little retired room, pursuing studies preparatory to a mission to the Holy Land. After many years of anxious inquiry with regard to duty, the desire of my heart has been bestowed. I am on missionary ground among the heathen. Although the future is concealed in thick darkness, yet I cannot but rejoice that the *foundation* may be laid for the salvation of sinners in this far distant section of our world. The foundation is *all* which *we* may accomplish, but the work will not cease until the building is complete, and the top-stone laid, with shoutings of grace, grace unto it. A Christian who possesses the smallest share of the spirit of primitive saints, must weep when he beholds this great city given to idolatry and to the power of a false prophet. The inhabitants have been computed at one hundred and fifty thousand souls; most of these are dreaming of the sensual paradise of Mahomet! How *fatal* the dream! How certain their destruction! If Christians were as faithful, as holy, as zealous as they have engaged to be, would this great kingdom remain undisturbed? Would St. Paul, were he to revisit his own missionary ground, say, nothing can be done—it is dangerous to oppose the progress of infidelity and of wickedness? O that the people highly favored of God would not dispute upon the duty of sending the word of life to the heathen, until generation after generation pass to the grave, and with the rich man lift up their eyes being in torment!

"On our passage we were often reminded of your kind attention, by your valuable presents. The benevolence of our friends

is a high inducement to fidelity and perseverance in our work. We would not be insensible of the many sacred vows which are upon us to be faithful unto death. Neither would we forget that the eyes of the great Head of the church and the eyes of the christian world are upon us. Our friends know our danger and our weakness, and will strive together with us in their prayers to God for us. When we turned our backs upon our native land, many invaluable privileges were relinquished, perhaps forever. We cannot now preach the gospel to thousands of inquiring souls, and visit from house to house, exhorting all to be steadfast in the faith once delivered to the saints. There is at our table a very interesting young man who needs instruction, but we cannot converse with him. We sit and see souls hastening to ruin, but cannot warn them to flee from the wrath to come."

Extracts from a letter to his sister and myself.

"SMYRNA, February 10, 1820.

"My Dear Brother and Sister,—Through the divine goodness we are still sojourners, still protected, prospered and comforted. Time passes pleasantly and not unprofitably. Our situation is retired, and our studies uninterrupted. Till 12, we study Italian; afternoon recite, read history, write, &c. Mr. Jowett says, 'study Italian three months, modern Greek nine months, Arabic three years.' Here is our work. Now for our plan. Stay in Smyrna two or three months, then reside at Scio until autumn, then visit the seven churches; lay the foundation if possible, for a permanent mission in this city, visit Palestine, study Arabic, and establish a printing press, if circumstances permit. But I dare not say more. Man appoints, God disappoints. Francis Zavier desired to preach the gospel in China, but was not permitted. Buchanan desired to spy out the land of Canaan, but his work closed. We may desire to see this empire in ruins, and Zion triumphant, but our heavenly Father may appoint for us a very different portion. I would not forget that I am frail, trembling over the tomb; that death is at the door. Will you pray for me, that I may think of my last change?

"In our room we may not be useless. No man can be useless when his own heart is guarded, and his affections placed on heavenly things.

"I cannot describe Smyrna. It would take a volume. Thus

much I can say; the streets are narrow, badly paved; houses two or three stories high, many made of unburnt brick, exceedingly mean and dirty. The better sort are of hewn stone. This illustrates a passage of scripture, Isaiah ix. 10. 'The bricks are fallen down, but we will build of hewn stones.' The people are of all ranks and complexions. The dress is certainly the greatest curiosity in Smyrna. What would you think of a man approaching you, of gigantic stature, long beard, fierce eyes, a turban on his head, which if stretched out would make a blanket, long flowing robes, a large belt, in which were four or five pistols and a sword?

"Tell me, my brother and sister, does the candle of the Lord shine round about your dwelling? The God of Abraham bless you, and establish his covenant with your children."

Extracts from a letter to Dr. William G. Hooker, of Middlebury, Vermont.

"Smyrna is a great city; the inhabitants are computed at one hundred and fifty thousand. There are a few nominal Christians, but from the information which we have received, we may safely say the fear of God is not in this place. The Sabbath is a day of dissipation even among those who call themselves Christians. This is a serious difficulty in the way of the conversion of the heathen. If the spirit of the ancient Christians of Smyrna still prevailed, how soon would the wilderness rejoice! But with God all things are possible. The promise is sure. The kingdom of Christ is destined to be the empire of the world.

"I have this moment read a letter from the Rev. Mr. Connor, a missionary from the church missionary society, dated 'Rhodes, December 31, 1819.' The information he communicates is encouraging beyond our highest expectations. A desire for the holy scriptures is becoming general. Bless the Lord.

"We could not have expected to reside here with so much security. Before another year we hope to find a permanent mission established in this city, through the benevolence of the American churches. Christians are *able*, and I would hope *willing* to supply the perishing millions of the heathen with the bread of life. We cannot be weary in well doing, with such encouragement to go forward in the work of the Lord."

Journal. "*February* 14.—The Lord has been merciful, and restored me to health after a week of pain. Last night sleep was very refreshing; O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness! I was much interested in this passage of scripture, 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' Let this be my motto for this week. Then it will be a happy, useful week; even should it be my last, I could depart in peace."

In one of his short tours into the country, Mr. Parsons visited a Greek church. He gives the following description of it. "The building is of stone, enclosed by a high wall at a distance from the church. Every thing within the enclosure was arranged in the neatest order. There were several small houses for the priests on the left as we entered, and a large reservoir of water with fish in it. Five priests accompanied us into the church, and with a smile bade us welcome. Lamps were burning in every quarter. The room for divine service is not large, without seats or pews. The pulpit is in the shape of a barrel, quite elevated and very small. The altar is concealed from the view of the assembly by a veil. We entered the holy of holies, where the sacrament is administered. Upon the table lay a Bible covered with a white cloth; there were pictures on every side. In front of the altar were two candles about four inches in diameter." Having given the priests some tracts in modern Greek, and examined a few manuscripts, our missionaries departed. Perhaps the house just described was a tolerable specimen of the Greek houses of worship.

The following notice in Mr. Parsons' journal, one day later than the preceding, will show how the Sabbath is observed, or rather profaned by professing

Christians. "To-day the streets have been crowded with people under mask; some with the skull of an ox, others half naked. How our Saviour is insulted! This evening there is to be a grand exhibition of masquerade. The plan is aided by those, who profess to love our Lord in sincerity." What must be the moral and spiritual condition of a church where such things are tolerated and encouraged on the day of sacred rest!

Journal. "*February* 17.—Passed an hour or two in the family of Mr. I———. Found that he has a book designed to promote infidelity. He expressed dissatisfaction with the works of Wilberforce; said they gave him the horrors. Poor man! He considers not that 'God will rain upon the wicked—an horrible tempest.'

"*February* 18.—Of late God has been very gracious to me. Seasons for reading the Bible and for prayer have been unusually refreshing. It is good to be here for the purpose of praying for this great city and for this great empire. Within half an hour's walk are nearly two hundred thousand souls. While reading the Bible this morning, this passage arrested my attention. 'His commandments are not grievous.' The missionary under the severest affliction, the martyr at the stake, can say, 'His commandments are not grievous."

"*February* 19.—Devoted this day to prayer for the sailors in the ship Sally-Ann, who to-morrow morning depart for America; for a blessing upon our letters to the prudential committee, and to our friends and for direction in our future plans of benevolence. I read the seven first chapters in St. John's gospel with more advantage than ever before.

"*February* 20.—A pleasant morning. Rose early for prayer, but found my mind wandering, my affections

languid. The way to the throne of grace is dark and difficult. But after reading a few chapters in the Bible, and a few pages in the memoirs of David Brainerd, I found a little relief. As a motto for this week I select the following passage of scripture, 'draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." James iv. 8.

"*February* 22.—Mr. Wiliamson called upon us, and introduced us to the Russian consul. As he could not speak English, Mr. W. was our interpreter. The consul politely offered us assistance by influence and by letters. He inquired respecting Bible societies and colleges in America, and whether there were not a colony of Greeks recently established there. Mr. Williamson returned to our room, and we assisted him in preparing a constitution for the Smyrna Bible society.

"*February* 23.—Last evening I read a sermon upon the extent and influence of the religion of Mahomet. How many souls are shut out from the light and blessings of the gospel! After much despondency, I found sweet composure in reflecting upon these words. 'God is his own interpreter, and he can make it plain.'

"*Friday, February* 25.—Set apart this day for humiliation, fasting and prayer. The following subjects are much on my mind. The revealed will of God with respect to the continuance and influence of false religion and infidelity. The best method of ascertaining the increase or decay of piety in my own heart. The views of inspired men respecting days of fasting.

"Upon the first particular I have recently read with much interest Dr. Scott's observations. The time of slaying the witnesses is not yet arrived, the servants of God still prophecy in sackcloth, the days of their mourning are continued. Admit this opinion and what occasion to rejoice with trembling! The contest may be

sharp and overwhelming, but the result will be comforting to the saints and fatal to the cause of infidelity and paganism. The present benevolent efforts will greatly increase, revivals will be powerful and multiplied, and the holy scriptures will be extensively diffused, infidelity and error, perceiving the extremity of their cause, may arise with the rage of despair, lay waste the church of God and triumph in the glory of their success. The time will be short, the witnesses will rise, and the whole world yield to the dominion of Jesus. With God there is light, and in him is no darkness at all. O that I might sit at his feet and behold him as the God of *providence*, carrying into execution his unchangeable purpose, visiting a wicked world with fearful judgment and yet keeping his children as in the hollow of his hand.

" Holy men of old fasted. David after his fall *fasted* and went and lay all night on the ground. Jehosaphat when a great army came against the nation, proclaimed a *fast* throughout all Judah and all Judah stood still and saw the salvation of God. 2 Chronicles xx. 3. Ezra *fasted* at the river Ahava when on his way from Babylon to Jerusalem, and the Lord was entreated of him. Ezra viii. Esther appointed a *fast* when she sought the salvation of her nation. Esther iv. Nehemiah *fasted* when he designed to build the walls of Jerusalem. Nehemiah i. 4. Daniel was mourning and fasting three full weeks, when he sought to understand the vision. Daniel x. 3. Cornelius was fasting when the angel assured him that his prayers and alms were had in remembrance before God. Ordinations were performed with fastings. Acts xiv. 23. St. Paul says of himself, 'in fastings often.' Fasting is a divine institution. If Daniel, Ezra and Nehemiah prayed and fasted for the prosperity of Jerusalem, ought not we who are much more

feeble and much more ignorant? O may the spirit of Daniel rest upon, and make this day profitable to our souls!

"*Third.* Declension or progress in grace may be ascertained, perhaps, by an examination of the following questions.

1. Do you love to read the scriptures because they are *pure*, because they speak of God?

2. Do you feel uneasiness and guilt when secret prayer is *formal*?

3. Are you as much afraid of *secret* as of public offences?

4. Can you receive a reproof with patience, and love the reprover for his faithfulness?

5. With regard to the continuance of life, and with regard to the attainment of any earthly blessing, can you say, 'Father, thy will be done?"

"Read our Saviour's address to the twelve apostles, and implored a blessing upon the design of visiting Jerusalem.

"*February* 27.—The Lord's Day. I have been contemplating upon the blessedness of heaven. There will be no anxiety, no darkness, no temptation, no conflicts, no pride, no negligence, no weeping, to interrupt the joys of the heavenly world. The mind will be ever serene, active, humble, and fervent. There will be an existence without a blemish, a sea without a wave. Light without darkness, or a burning sun. Activity without ambition. Honour without pride. Devotion without weariness. Discoveries of Christ without a veil. A throne without a rival. A crown of glory which fadeth not away. A sceptre of righteousness; garments of salvation; the society of prophets, apostles and martyrs. Anthems of unceasing praise, saying; 'worthy is

the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and glory and blessing.' O is it not better to depart and be with Christ; to rest from all toil and suffering, than to remain a weary pilgrim in this dark and wicked world! For the ensuing week the following passage of scripture is selected, 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'"

Through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Williamson and Messrs. Parsons and Fisk, a Bible society was formed in Smyrna on the second of March 1820. "This small beginning," says Mr. Parsons, "demands gratitude and thanksgiving." I know little of the history of the Institution. It has doubtless done some good already; and should Smyrna escape the ravages of war, and should divine providence smile upon this, as upon many kindred associations, it will, located in one of the most interesting places in all western Asia, be "as life from the dead" to many who are sitting in darkness.

"*March* 4.—Rose early, and was refreshed by the morning devotions. My desires to God for our mission are, that we might look steadily to the throne of grace, and feel our weakness and our strength. These seasons of retirement are precious. My soul doth magnify the Lord. In our united prayers we pleaded for a spiritual mind and for the prevalence of a spiritual religion. May we have the witness in ourselves that we please God.

"*March* 5.—For some time the prophecies of scripture have been examined with much solicitude. I desire to know, if it be revealed, the divine purpose in regard to this great empire of sin. How long will it remain? By what means will it be subdued? What encouragement to missionary exertions? Often I am checked with the suggestion that the future remains in impenetrable obscurity. But if the will of God is made

known, it is duty to understand it. With deep humility I desire to look to God and seek the illumination of the Holy Spirit. The following appears to be the explanation of some part of the Revelation of St. John.

Seal I. Describes the progress of christianity after the ascension.
Seal II. Describes the progress of opposers, A. D. 100 to 138.
Seal III. Alludes to famines and pestilences in the Roman empire, 138 to 193.
Seal IV. The dreadful commotions in the Roman empire for fifteen years.
Seal V. Persecution under Dioclesian, 270 to 300.
Seal VI. Total subversion of the *pagan* Roman empire.
Seal VII. Includes the seven trumpets.

Trumpet I. The Vandals making inroads upon the Roman empire, 338 to 412.
Trumpet II. The Huns do. 412 to 450.
Trumpet III. Genserick's victories, 450 to 456.
Trumpet IV. Subversion of Rome, 566, when it became a dukedom.
Trumpet V. The rise and progress of Mahometanism.
Trumpet VI. The victories of the four Sultanies over the Christians, between 1281 and 1672.

The little book mentioned in the tenth chapter gives a description of the western church during the progress of Mahometanism under the fifth and sixth trumpets. The two witnesses, that is, true Christians, protest in sackcloth against the abominations of Popery. The slaying of the witnesses still future. The beast and false prophet will rise against them and almost extinguish the name of true piety. But in a short time the witnesses will rise.

Trumpet VII. The triumph of the church.

The twelfth chapter returns to primitive times. The woman is the church; the man-child, Constantine; the dragon, pagan Rome. Satan is cast out; the ascension of Constantine [to imperial authority, succeeded by christian emperors]—the flood, the inundation of the northern barbarians. The thirteenth chapter—Papal Rome; the second beast in the form of a lamb, the Roman hierarchy. Chapter fourteenth—The true church in the wilderness during the hierarchy. The three angels, the heralds of the reformation.

I. *Vial*———According to Faber—The atheistical spirit.
II. *Vial*———The late wars.
III. *Vial*———France under its late emperor.
IV. *Vial*———More recent events.
V. *Vial*———Not poured out, predicting the calamities of Rome.
VI. *Vial*———The battle of the great day.
VII. *Vial*———Millenium.

The seventeenth and eighteenth chapters illustrate more fully the ruin of Rome. The nineteenth to the twenty-second, the millenium [and heavenly state.]"

Should the critical student of the prophecies be disposed to object to some things in the preceding schedule, he will, notwithstanding, consider that Mr. Parsons penned it merely for his own private use, and that he studied the prophecies as a missionary, for the specific purpose of ascertaining whether we have encouragement to hope for the speedy overthrow of heathenism and false religion.

Extracts from a letter to the Rev. Ethan Smith, Poultney, Vermont.

"Smyrna, March 6, 1820.

"Reverend and Dear Sir,—After looking at this great empire of sin, and contemplating its strength and glory, I have been led to examine the predictions of scripture in respect to it. The inquiry has been attended with not a little anxiety. At times, I have been on the point of relinquishing the research, by the impression that *future* things are hid in darkness; and then again have been encouraged to proceed, as "things which are *revealed*, belong to men."

"Several years since, I read, with much pleasure, your dissertation on the prophecies, together with Faber and Newton. But I am sorry to say, neither of these dissertations are in my library; and I have now nothing in particular to guide my inquiries. If you will be kind enough to give me a little direction in your letter with regard to a few difficulties, which I will mention, you will confer a peculiar favour.

"All writers, if I mistake not, are agreed in the exposition of the

seven seals, and the first four trumpets, and apply them to *pagan* Rome, and to the inundations by the northern barbarians after Constantine; the fifth and sixth trumpets, without doubt, allude to *Mahometanism.* And the little book (chapter x. to chapter xi.) some have supposed is designed to represent the corrupted state of the *western* church, during the reign of the false prophet in the east. The two witnesses are interpreted, I believe, to mean the opposers of the corruptions of Rome. But do the witnesses still prophecy in sackcloth? I am unable to fix upon any past event which corresponds with the description given of the slaying of the witnesses. And besides, the slaying of the witnesses is intimately connected with the entire overthrow of the beast, and of the false prophet. Let this point be settled; and how solemn and awful are the events yet to be witnessed! After reading the revelation, and comparing it with Daniel and Ezekiel, I know not how to avoid the conclusion, that distresses far more aggravating than have yet been known, are in reserve for Zion. Yet in this awful conflict with pagans, catholics, Jews, and infidels, she will at length be victorious, and take the undisturbed possession of the world. But in the mean time, may not benevolent operations greatly increase, multitudes be converted, missionaries be sent forth, and *heathen* join themselves unto the Lord. And is it not probable that the success of these christian operations will excite the rage of the enemy, and induce the beast, the false prophet, unconverted Jews, and hardened infidels, to make one fatal struggle for the extermination of true religion? And may not the light of the gospel be almost extinguished, so as to give the enemy time for his last triumph; and then may we not suppose, that it will break forth in the bright and eternal day—the *Millennium?* Who can read of these tremendous judgments, without replying with the psalmist, "Let all things keep silence before him?" In this apparently confused system, we see a perfect plan, and rely, with confidence, on him who will not suffer a sparrow to fall to the ground without his watchful care. Since I left America, this subject has been very precious. When disposed to inquire "O Lord, how long?" I can look to the word of God for a safe and satisfactory reply.

"I ask much, when I propose these questions; but will you excuse the liberty I have taken; and, if convenient, write a few reflections for my assistance and encouragement,"

Journal. "*Sabbath morning, March* 5.—Still sur-

rounded with the divine goodness, and a partaker of the richest spiritual blessings. My tabernacle is in the flesh, my life a pilgrimage, my support *faith*, which is 'the evidence of things not seen.' So special and peculiar are the mercies of the Lord to me, I will speak of them in my conversation, in my letters, in my journal and in my prayers. This day let me seek the spirit of heaven. *Evening.*—The services of public worship were interesting. It is a joyful sound to hear of Jesus. For this week I select as a subject of meditation the dying prayer of our Saviour. 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' When contemplating the blindness and guilt of the Jews, I would plead, 'Father, forgive them.'

"*March* 6.—Concert day. Set it apart for fasting and prayer; and it has been a memorable day. After reading a chapter in Baxter, was much distressed in view of my unfaithfulness to my own dear brothers, and my numerous friends. God enabled me to plead for forgiveness with unusual fervency. I believe that the Holy Spirit made intercession for me. I was enabled likewise to pray for Zion, for ministers, churches, colleges, benevolent societies, and for missionaries, with unusual importunity.

"One thing is *peculiar;* as my spiritual enjoyment increases, my desire to live, and to save sinners increases. I love to lay plans for usefulness for years to come. I find great delight in the prospect of usefulness in Judea and at Scio, and in the hope of laying the foundation for the salvation of sinners when we are dead. If it be the will of God, I desire to visit America after the object of our tour shall in some measure be accomplished; not so much to see my friends as to promote revivals of religion and to extend the kingdom of Christ. If this

be not the will of God, I often enquire, why these earnest desires? But this is not an infallible proof. God's ways are in the great deep."

Extract from a letter to his eldest brother, dated,

"SMYRNA, March 10, 1820.

"I have just visited the ruins of an amphitheatre in which Polycarp, the first bishop of Smyrna, suffered martyrdom. He was burned at the stake with seven other Christians. When he was bound to the fatal tree, he prayed for his murderers, and gave thanks to God for the privilege of suffering in his cause. Then the pile was lighted, and his spirit fled to a better world. Is not this the power of religion? It produced peculiar solemnity to stand on the spot where so good a man closed his mortal existence. What is an earthly crown to the good man's hope, when eternity dawned upon his soul? I visited also a Jewish burying ground, where lay sleeping in the earth a vast multitude of the seed of Abraham, destined to arise when Jesus, whom their fathers crucified shall appear to judge the quick and dead."

Journal. "*March* 12.—What direction must be given to a stupid Christian? Must he be directed to read the Bible? It is to him without interest, without meaning. Must he enter his closet? The closet is dark, he cannot pray, his heart is hard, his affections languid, his desires sensual. What then can be done? Let him stand like the blind man begging. Let him cry day and night, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.' Is his stupidity great? His danger is great and his need of immediate assistance great. A stupid Christian is the last person to be unalarmed. 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.'"

A letter to myself.

"SMYRNA, March 13, 1820.

"My Dear Brother,—Again I may address you from the heathen world. Since the date of my last letter, I have enjoyed unin-

terrupted health, and have been much favored in the prosecution of plans connected with the prosperity of Zion in Turkey. We remain still in our little room, engaged in the study of the Italian language, and in the study of history, relative to the Holy Land. We rise sometime before sunrise, and close our studies at ten in the evening. Occasionally some of our friends call upon us, and spend an hour or two in interesting conversation, but most of the time we are completely retired. We walk in the morning with an Italian gentleman, and stammer in an unknown tongue. O my brother, you will probably never experience the trial of beginning anew to converse in a foreign language. To be able to *read* different languages is a trifle, but to have the verbs, and nouns, and adverbs so familiar as to be able to converse in a polite assembly without embarrassment, is a task of some consequence. Three languages are before us, to be acquired thoroughly for the purpose of prosecuting our plans. Do not forget me in this respect, that amid the solicitude of study I may keep a steady eye to the cross of Christ, and glory in nothing else. Our private and *united* seasons for devotion are more and more refreshing. I thank God for the least token of his favour. Notwithstanding I am separated from the dearest earthly friends, engaged in a very arduous and difficult work, surrounded by the most inveterate enemies of the cross of Christ; yet God keeps me from the least desire to change my employment. I often think of America, and lament that I have done so little for the cause of truth; still it is not my wish to return until the great object of my mission is accomplished. It is good to be here, and labour and wait for a blessing. The thick darkness which once enveloped our understanding is beginning to disperse. Every day our hopes are strengthened, and our prospects brightened. This morning the American agent, or pro-consul, received us with much attention, approbated our design, and offered to furnish us with letters to respectable gentlemen in Syria. Is not the hand of God in this thing, and will you not give thanks for the prosperity of Zion? Perhaps we may be counted worthy to labour for a season in the Holy Land of prophets, apostles and martyrs. If not others will enter in with rejoicing, for the land is thine, O Immanuel!

"Last week, I attended the meeting of the Smyrna Bible Society. A number were present, and officers appointed. The beginning, though small, may result in an extensive system of benevolence. On our tour to Scio, we shall be furnished with Greek Bi-

bles for gratuitous distribution. In this way, we may preach the gospel to some poor soul who is sinking to hell, and direct him to the Lamb of God. Does the Lord bless you, my brother, in your family, in your own mind, in your sacred duties? I can never cease to pray for you, that your usefulness may increase for a long time to come.

"We visited an American ship, now in this harbor, last Sabbath, and delivered two short discourses and read in the Bible to them. How refreshing the season! Perhaps we may do some good in this way while on missionory ground."

Journal. "*March* 21.—The fields assume the verdure and beauty of spring. Trees are in blossom and gardens covered with flowers.

"*March* 22.—Accompanied Joan to the Greek church. Prayers had commenced. A few individuals were reading prayers aloud; the assembly crossing themselves and bowing and kneeling without cessation. The archbishop and bishop stood near to the readers, dressed in black crape, with long and venerable beards, crossing themselves with the assembly. There were frequent instances of prostration. Several individuals, after crossing themselves, bowed the knee and then the head quite to the floor. This ceremony was performed eight or ten times in succession. About the middle of the service a priest with a small vend of incense went into every part of the house, and filled the place with perfume. After about one hour several priests entered chanting, and then the assembly was dismissed. The children flocked around the archbishop, and performed the religious ceremony of kissing his hand. After the priests had retired, part of the assembly remained, bowing, kissing the pictures, and performing other unmeaning ceremonies. There were many pictures in the house, but no images. The building is of stone, not large, with a gallery opposite the pulpit for the use of the women.

"*March* 25—An aged Jew came near to our room for the purpose of conducting us to the synagogue. Service had commenced. A young Jew, Abraham, conducted us into the place of worship. The chief priest was standing upon a platform raised about six feet above the floor, surrounded by ten or fifteen of the principal Jews, and engaged in an energetic discourse. When Abraham introduced us, the chief rabbi enquired who we were? Abraham replied, two American priests, who were introduced to the house of Mr. Vanlennep. The rabbi then bade us welcome, and proceeded in his discourse. He is a large man, of dark complexion, with a long venerable beard. He continued his discourse about half an hour after we entered. The people frequently assented with an audible voice to the sentiments of the speaker; and during the discourse there was a fixed attention. The assembly consisted of about 500 men; no women present. After the rabbi had concluded his speech, the assembly one by one ascended the platform and kissed his hand; and then preparation was made for prayers. Each individual was furnished with a large camel's hair shawl, for the purpose of covering the head. They began their supplication by chanting and by introducing the holy commandments, which were read with a loud voice, the people responding at regular intervals. At the close there was perfect silence, and the people stood and bowed again and again, acknowledging their reverence for the faith which they had heard. There were a number of beautiful children present, who might be taught the way of holiness. After service, shook hands with the rabbi, and departed. O how much to be pitied are this unhappy people! The veil is yet upon their heart. But in the fulness of time they will be grafted into their own olive."

"*March* 31.—At 3 o'clock attended service in the imperial church. It is *holy Friday*. Soon after I entered, the priests and children around the altar began to chant prayers in the Latin language, and continued without cessation an hour and a half. The paintings on the sides of the church were covered with black crape; and twenty or thirty tapers were burning at the altar, which were extinguished one by one at different periods of the service. At the close of the prayers a company of boys, with little machines prepared for the purpose, raised a furious buzzing. At the same time others were striking upon the seats with canes. In a few moments a priest sprung forward, and with a large cane aimed a blow at the boys, and drove them from the house. As the boys left the church, they raised again a loud buzzing, by whirling a little wheel in the machine against a snapper. Then the priest who was to be the preacher, dressed with a large homely great coat, and girded with a cord, ascended the pulpit. His sermon was delivered in the Italian language. About five minutes after the discourse commenced, a large black cross was brought into the church and placed by the altar. After a few minutes the cross was taken from the church. The discourse was respecting Judas and the crucifixion. The preacher spake in a mourning, weeping tone, often exclaiming, 'O Juda, O Juda, ungrateful wretch! O perfidious Jews! Not Christ but Barrabbas; now Barrabbas was a robber and an assassin. They cried, crucify him, crucify him!' Toward the close of the sermon an image of the Saviour on the cross, about one foot in length, with the appearance of blood running from his hands and side, was brought into the church and carried to the pulpit. The priest held it up to the view of the assembly, made bitter

mournings before it, and after kissing its feet, it was taken away and the sermon closed. After this, the service was very extraordinary. A multitude of candles were lighted in different parts of the house. The bishop, priests and children, who attended at the altar, retired. Soon a grand procession consisting of about two hundred people entered, bearing lanterns, paintings and images. The first painting carried by a man whose face and head were covered, represented the Saviour bearing his cross. The second carried by a man with his head and face concealed, represented the Saviour on the cross. The third represented the Saviour taken down and prepared for interment. The fourth was a canopy of red silk extended by four pillars, supported by four individuals, under which walked the bishop, having a vessel, designed probably to keep the sacramental bread. As the paintings passed, the people appeared enthusiastic, and crowded forward either to kiss or touch the sacred representations; and many bowed and kissed the *sacred* garment of the bishop. After this we retired, satiated with such unmeaning ceremonies."

When the spirit of piety is departed from a people, the beautiful simplicity of christian worship is lost; and the lamentable deficiency is often supplied by childish ornaments and useless ceremonies. Who can read the foregoing notices of the manner in which publick worship is conducted by catholics, Greeks and Jews, without weeping over their blindness and degradation? Surely the veil is upon the heart of Christians as well as Jews. But the Greeks, however degraded, are willing to receive the scriptures. Who then in this favored land, where the Sun of righteousness shines with unclouded splendor, will refuse his charities or his

prayers for the inhabitants of those countries from which originally we received the gospel?

"*April* 3, 1820.—Concert day, set apart for fasting and prayer. Read the 102d Psalm, and supplicated the divine favor upon the beloved theological seminary. After reflecting upon the present state of the church, I cast my eyes upon these words. 'Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.' I know not when an uninspired sentence produced a deeper impression. The church is in the wilderness beset by a thousand inveterate enemies; abandoned by many of her professed friends, and still she is safe. Jehovah says, 'the ark is mine.' The heathen rage in vain, the designs of the wicked shall not prosper; storms and tempests shall not prevail. And why? 'The ark is mine.' Although much of the time I walk in darkness, yet I cannot despair. God will avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him. But should this darkness be continued to the day of my death, I cannot doubt but that light and comfort are with God.

"*Saturday*, *April* 8.—Translated Emerson's Histoaical Catechism into Italian. The streets of the city are crowded with lambs, to be sacrificed at the Passover.

"*Sabbath*, 9.

> 'The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
> 'Flies from the realms of noise and strife.'

"Such is the tumult of the minds of many Christians, that the Holy Spirit cannot abide with them. They seek and struggle without once suspecting the cause of their spiritual barrenness. The room for the Holy Spirit is not prepared and purified; there is no expanding of the soul to receive his sacred breathings. Usu-

ally there is much preparation in the mind before a special refreshing from on high. As it was with the apostles, so it is with Christians, when the Spirit moves upon the waters. All dissension, jealousy and ambition are subdued. Every mind is tuned to the same string; every voice joins harmoniously in the same song of praise; the same desires and hopes are lighted up in the soul. All wait, hope, pray, rejoice, confess as by the same divine impression. Then enters the heavenly Comforter, takes up his abode in the soul, and cherishes every languid grace."

Mr. Parsons was probably led to these reflections by the events which he witnessed. It was indeed the Sabbath; but so far from being a season of sacred rest; it was a time of confusion and tumult. The morning was called by the Greeks and Armenians, "the resurrection morning." Hence, in addition to ceremonies during all the preceding night, their joy was testified in the morning by a heavy roaring of cannon, which continued most of the day. The description however, applies too well to many professing Christians in more enlighted countries.

On Tuesday of this week our missionaries in company with the Rev. Mr. Williamson had an agreeable interview with the Greek bishop of Smyrna. Mr. Parsons records the following circumstance. "As we left the room, a servant priest came to each of us with incense, and then from a small vial threw water into our faces. This ceremony is said to be a token of respect."

In his journal of the same date are the following devotional reflections. "Have been reflecting upon the difficulties attending benevolent operations in Turkey. The enemy is strong and well fortified. Power is given to the false prophet to make war with the

saints. Christianity has degenerated into forms and ceremonies. The Holy Spirit has departed from these once sacred abodes of undefiled religion. What are *we* in such an empire? What is our strength before leviathan? But in view of all these difficulties God has enabled me to say with some confidence '*conquest or death.*' I have enlisted into dangerous service of of my own accord, in preference to many interesting solicitations. Wo is me if I ever leave this sacred calling; if I do not consecrate every faculty to my high profession. Ever may it be the language of my heart, '*conquest or death.*'

"*April* 15.—In the evening Signor Beuf, expecting to depart on the morrow for Constantinople, made a farewell visit. He is a sprightly interesting young man, with whom we have read many chapters in the Italian Testament. After some conversation we presented him with an Italian Testament, for which he gave us many thanks. May the Lord our God bless him with life everlasting." On this day Mr. Parsons says in his journal, "I longed to see the glory of God; and had some desire to depart from this sinful world and be with Christ."

"*April* 25.—The gardens are in full bloom. Plum and orange trees diffuse a refreshing fragance. Began yesterday the study of modern Greek.

"*April* 28.—In the ninth chapter of Joshua two facts excited my attention. One is, Joshua made peace with the Gibeonites without asking counsel of the Lord. For this reason he was ensnared and overcome. Let me receive the instruction which it inculcates, and never lay any plan nor engage in any enterprize without previous prayer and humiliation before God. The *other* is, the sacred nature of a covenant. Israel would

not destroy the Gibeonites, for they feared the Lord, and said, 'lest wrath come upon us.' This fear should exist in every breast. I will not do this or that, for I fear the Lord. I will not go with this company, I will not follow such a custom, for it will displease the Lord. I would esteem it the highest attainment, to be able *always* to please the Lord.

"*April* 30.—Have read this morning the history of Gideon, recorded in Judges, with unusual interest. At first he was an obscure man. The Lord called him to be a guide to his people. His faith was strong; his zeal ardent; his success remarkable. But he did not finish his work with all this glory; he is tempted and yields to the temptation. Israel is seduced; God is dishonored; Zion is laid waste, and Gideon descends to the grave with sorrow. We may learn from this, that good men are not safe unless upheld by an Almighty arm.

"*May* 8.—This afternoon received information that Messrs. Rodoconnachi will sail for Scio to morrow evening or Wednesday morning; we engaged to be ready to accompany them." At this time the missionaries engaged a Greek, named Martino, as a servant interpreter. This afternoon the missionaries had an interesting conversation with a learned Jew, the substance of which is recorded in page 187 of the Missionary Herald for the year 1821. This Israelite was able to converse in fourteen different languages, had travelled considerably, and was then about sixty years old; but like his brethren, was laboring under the darkness of inveterate unbelief. He possessed a "mind of uncommon penetration," and consequently could feel the force of decisive arguments. After endeavoring in vain to vindicate the sentiments of the Jews, he frankly con-

fessed himself an infidel in the full sense of the term. He said: "I don't believe in a Saviour that has come, or ever will come." This is probably the genuine creed of many of that people.

On the 10th of May, Messrs. Parsons and Fisk, in company with several Greek gentlemen, sailed for Scio, and arrived there on the 12th at evening. During their abode in Smyrna, notwithstanding they were surrounded with the darkness of false religion and superstition, their religious privileges were great. They attended with pleasure and advantage on the ministry of the British chaplain; and once or twice commemorated the Saviour's death at the sacramental table. They had pleasant interviews with their friends; and were treated with much respect and kindness. In addition to the friends already named, they were favored with the friendship and patronage of the American, Russian, Austrian, French, and Italian consuls. Although their specific object was to prepare for future service in the cause of Christ; yet they were not inattentive to present opportunities of usefulness. They had serious conversation with individuals of different nations, distributed some Testaments and tracts, improved opportunities of preaching in American vessels, of conversing with the sailors, and of distributing among them religious tracts. Their agency in relation to the Smyrna Bible Society, has been already mentioned. It is not unreasonable to hope that the future world will disclose some precious fruits resulting from these labors of love.

Journal. *May* 12, *Scio.*—The Greek gentlemen, our companions in the boat, called upon the bishop, and kissed his hand. He was sitting on a sofa in his customary sacred dress. In his room were two large

maps in the English language, and two globes. In the room adjoining was a library, and a painting of our Saviour on the cross. Soon we set out on foot for the country, and in an hour came to the house of Mr. R. exceedingly fatigued. We were conducted to a large upper room, and were received by the family with much hospitality. After supper, were furnished with separate rooms, and provided with warm water for washing the feet. How grateful is rest after the fatigue and confusion of a journey.

"*May* 13.—In the morning, R. invited us into his garden, and entertained us with a view of the fruit trees of this island. I counted nine different kinds; fig, orange, peach, cherry, pomegranate, almond, quince, plum, and pear.

"*May* 14.—This is the first day of May with the Greeks, (old style,) and a priest called for the purpose of blessing the house. With a bowl of holy water he sprinkled the different rooms, put a sponge of water to the lady's forehead, performed many ceremonies over the child, then crossed himself many times, and said in Greek, 'God be merciful, God be merciful.' During the voyage, and since our arrival, I have found but few opportunities for retirement. This is a great affliction, as there is danger of losing more in *one week* than can be gained in a *month*. There is much implied in our Saviour's injunction, 'what I say unto you, I say unto all, *watch*.'

"*May* 15.—At an early hour was introduced to professor Bambas. The first room which we entered seemed to be a chapel. On the right was a clock, and a picture representing the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Father holding a globe in his hand, the Son a Bible, the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove.

After this we were introduced to the room appropriated to chemical lectures. The professor delivered a lecture upon *atmosphere* with great energy. The students gave most profound attention.

"At 3 o'clock called upon professor Bambas, in his study, and explained by an interpreter the design of our visit to Scio. He expressed much pleasure, and generously offered to devote his own time to our instruction. For a beginning he furnished us with a grammar, which he is now publishing. We receive this proposal of the professor to devote his own time to our instruction as highly auspicious to our mission. The Lord be praised.

"*May* 16.—Went to a hill some distance from Mr. R.'s house, called, 'the hill of St. Constantine.' The view was enchanting; the sun was just setting, and the neighboring islands were distinctly in view. On the hill is a stone church built the last year, and a house for the priest. Every Sabbath religious service is performed in that place; but why a hill is selected far distant from any dwelling, I am unable to determine.

"*May* 18.—We witnessed this afternoon a most affecting spectacle; a man, by the name of Thomas Pewett, recently a sailor in the British service, now by profession a Mahometan. About three weeks since, he left the vessel to which he belonged, and offered himself to the government of Smyrna to be made a Turk. The circumstances he related to us with much solicitude and deep regret. He said, 'I had no thought of becoming a Turk till that day. I had been drinking, and two of us agreed to leave the British service and change our religion. We went to the Turkish officers, and just as we were upon the point of taking the vow, my companion left me; but I was determined not to

yield. I declared my intention. A few sentences were then read to me in the Turkish language, to which I assented. My dress was changed, and I was pronounced a Turk. After this I saw my error and endeavored to escape; but my plan was discovered, and I was thrown into prison. From thence I was sent to this island. I am now destitute, have no friends and no home.' Have you a wife? 'Yes, and one child and a mother; and I fear my conduct will occasion their death.' Do you believe in Mahomet? No, I do not; I believe that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world.' But you have denied him. 'Yes, in words, but not in my mind.' You must recollect those who deny him before men will be denied by him in the day of judgment. He seemed anxious to know what to do. We told him that his situation was awful. We feel for you, but we cannot help you. Your sin is great; your danger is great. You must fly to the Saviour of sinners; you must repent of this your wickedness. Possibly the thoughts of your heart may be forgiven. To be despised of men is comparatively a small thing, but to be rejected in the great day will be an awful event. After considerable serious conversation he left us. The season was solemn. We beheld a man educated in the christian religion, but one who had publicly denied the Lord that bought him; a man despised by Chaistians and infidels, wretched in his life, with the fearful prospect of eternal perdition. We cry unto God for him. The mercy of God is everlasting.

"*May* 29.—In our morning walks we pass a fountain of running water, around which there are usually a nnmber of women with their large pitchers, which they fill and carry on their backs to their respective dwellings. This exemplifies a passage of scripture, Exodus

ii. 16. The seven daughters of the priest of Midian came and drew water. The women here are generally dressed in white. Their countenances bear strong marks of health and degradation.

"*June* 1.—At eleven o'clock attended service at the catholic church. The communion was celebrated. The priest drank the wine, the people took the bread. The ceremonies were numerous. Can any benevolent mind view all this without turning aside to weep, for the glory of Zion is departed.

"*June* 14.—While with professor Bambas, a woman and her son entered the chamber. The woman bowed her face to the floor, then rose and kissed the professor's hand. The son performed the same ceremony. This reminded me of many passages of scripture which make mention of individuals bowing with their faces to the ground.

"*Thursday*, 15.—Professor B. expressed a desire to learn the English language. This is a remarkable providence. By this means, missionaries who come after us may derive valuable instruction; and also religious books may be put into the hand of professor B. which may kindle a fire in his breast which cannot easily be extinguished." Unfortunately these fond hopes respecting the benefit which succeeding missionaries might derive fsom a residence in Scio, and an intercourse with professor B. will not soon be realized.

It had occurred to the missionaries, that while engaged in the acquisition of modern Greek, they might render essential service to the kingdom of Christ by printing and circulating religious tracts in that language. Accordingly they obtained permission to print at the college press. This service appeared so important, and the divine approbation so necessary, that the missiona-

ries made their incipient efforts a subject of special prayer. In his journal for June 17, Mr. Parsons says, "We set apart the day for the cultivation of our own hearts; especially to implore a blessing upon the religious tract, which we have now in the press. By the smiles of providence we may do some good to Zion, while preparing for more extensive usefulness."

"*June* 24.—Devoted this day to private fasting and prayer in view of our numerous plans of doing good. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it.' Have been reflecting with unusual interest on the subject of redemption. How much it implies! In the first place all the interesting and astonishing events relating to the coming of the Lord Jesus into the world; his humility, compassion, sufferings, crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, intercession, second coming and eternal glory. In consequence of the work of redemption man is spared, justice suspended, the Holy Spirit descends, the heart is renewed, the soul is purified, heaven begins below, death is spoiled of his sting, beggars are raised to a throne, and a multitude are redeemed, which no man can number. How many sinners have been sanctified and saved since Enoch walked with God! What a multitude now surround the throne! Not one profane person, not one infidel, not one unbeliever, in that blessed society! May I be found with Christ, when he cometh with ten thousand of his saints."

On the 26th of this month the missionaries removed from the city into the country a short distance, hoping to enjoy a cooler and purer atmosphere; but principally for the sake of enjoying the instructions of professor B. who had gone to his summer residence.

"*Sabbath*, *July* 2.—Two gentlemen called upon us,

one from Cephalonia, the other from Thessalonica.—We rejoiced to see them, but it gave us pain to be able to say so little to them on the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. In the afternoon we observed a number of young people sitting in the street engaged in card-playing. O how is the holy Sabbath profaned, and how are the souls of men hastening to the world of despair!

"*July* 6.—This day is a festival with the Greeks, called St. John's day. A church about two miles distant is called St. John's church, to which all the people are required to repair to-day. The people were returning when we commenced our walk. For two miles the road was crowded; some walking, others running, some riding upon horses with great speed, others upon mules,—a singular procession. We arrived soon at the church; but instead of religious worship, there was music and dancing, and jumping and frolicing, and this too at the church door. I saw one young girl, after dancing at least twenty minutes without cessation, pass directly to the church, cross herself thrice, and then retire home. All the people as they were about to return, went to the church for the purpose of crossing themselves and kissing the pictures. Seldom have I been more affected in view of the ignorance and danger of souls. Does the spirit of prophets and apostles lead to such acts of devotion?"

On the next day as the missionaries were leaving a monastery, the bell rang as a token of respect.

"*Sabbath, July* 9.—At an early hour went to the Greek church to witness the ceremonies of morning prayers. Nearly an hundred people were present. Two persons were reading or singing the service. The assembly crossed themselves, and often said, 'God be merciful.'

Soon the priest made his appearance, dressed in white, with bushy locks and long beard. He read a little from the 'Collect,' then filled the house with incense; then brought forward two folio volumes, and placed one in the men's, the other in the women's department, that the people one by one might come forward and kiss the books. After this the communion was celebrated. But a few families came to the communion, as those only can come, who have fasted two weeks and made confession to the priests. The elements were brought forward in a small silver cup covered with richly ornamented cloth. Each communicant came forward, bowed himself to the floor, and kissed the priest's hand. After this, putting a cloth which was connected with the cup under his chin, to prevent any of the sacred wine from falling to the floor, he received the sacrament from a spoon held by the priest. Parents brought their little children and obliged them to receive the sacrament."

"A *pious* man is a *useful* man. A spirit of prayer has power with God; it may dispense blessings over the whole habitable world, and bring to repentance a multitude, which no man can number. Suppose then that an infirm retired christian possesses faith in prayer, and spends most of his time in intercession at the throne of grace. He prays for individuals, for families, for schools, for nations, for the world. The Lord hears, individuals are converted, families become pious, churches are enlarged, nations are blessed with the light of divine truth. It is better to be *pious* than to be *great;* better to *pray* in *faith*, than to have the gift of tongues, or the understanding of an angel. Prayer is a mighty weapon. It must be more in use before the nations submit to Jesus. The Lord grant that the weapons of our warfare may be spiritual." On the twelfth, the mis-

sionaries visited a monastery, in which they were very kindly entertained. "As we left," says Mr. Parsons, "the principal of the monastery put into our hands two loaves of wheat bread, as a token of respect. How much like the simplicity of ancient times."

"*Sabbath*, *July* 16.—After breakfast accompanied Mr. P. to a wedding in the church. After many ceremonies the bridegroom and bride took their stand near the bishop, each holding a large candle. A priest took a ring, crossed the bridegroom and the bride, and then put it on her finger. With another ring he performed the same ceremonies, and put it on his finger. Then the bishop gave to them the sacrament. The priests were dressed in the richest apparel, and the church adorned with a thousand useless ornaments.

"*July* 18.—My birth day." Referring to his mission, he says, "most cheerfully do I embark my all in this warfare. This morning I have been enabled to say in view of all future events, 'Father, as thou wilt.' My soul sickens at the mention of earthly joys. I do not long so much to depart from the world, as to live profitably in it; not so much to see the Saviour in heaven, as to see him on earth. I would see a society on earth resembling the society of heaven. I would witness nations laying their glory at thy feet, O Immanuel!"

Journal. "*July* 25.—There are two facts which illustrate passages of scripture; one is, in this country the roofs of houses are flat, and enclosed by a firm wall of considerable height. Peter went to the house-top to pray. The other is, there are stairs on the out side of houses, so that a person may ascend and descend without going into the house. The command of Christ was,

'let him which is on the house-top not come down to take any thing out of his house.'"

The missionaries had published a tract consisting of extracts from Chrysostom, on the duty and importance of searching the scriptures. On the 4th of August, they had the happiness to distribute, in a school under the superintendance of professor Bambas, two hundred copies to as many scholars, whose brightened eyes and joyful countenances expressed their gratitude.

Journal. "*August* 17.—In the evening went to a Greek church, and witnesed an endless variety of ceremonies. Thirteen priests were dressed in their holy robes, and five loaves of bread were presented and set apart in remembrance of our Saviour's miracle of feeding the five thousand. During the whole service boys were laughing and scuffling.

"*August* 19.—Toward evening a student from Thessalonica, who is now a member of the college, came to our room, and engaged to send a quantity of tracts to his parents to be distributed. We rejoice in this opportunity of sending divine truth to that once sacred city.

"*August* 22.—We requested professor Bambas to inform us, with respect to our expenses for instruction; to which he replied,—'Such a thing as a reward never entered my heart.' If such efforts for our usefulness are gratuitous, how great our obligation to the divine Giver of our blessing! Surely no instructor has ever been more patient and persevering than professor B. May the Lord our God give him that which is better than silver or gold."

After having distributed in the college at Scio, three hundred tracts, and given three hundred more to be sent abroad for distribution, Mr. Parsons says in his

journal, "*August* 25.—I returned a little past noon reflecting with much pleasure upon the scenes, which I had witnessed. Surely the hand of God is in this thing. From this small beginning may proceed the richest and most invaluable blessings. Let every thing which hath breath praise the Lord. While walking the street we observed a grand procession of Turks approaching. Martino said, we must retire, for we are Christians. We walked back a few rods and stepped into a house. The procession passed us, consisting of the pacha of Candia and a considerable number of Turkish grandees and servants. The Turks who preceded the pacha were on foot, richly dressed, each carrying a gilded dirk in his bosom. After these came the pacha upon a large elegant horse richly caparisoned, attended by a servant on the right and another on the left. The pacha was a large man, with a bold countenance, arrayed in royal apparel. 'We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.'

"*September* 7.—At four o'clock we perceived an eclipse of the sun. About three fourths of the disk was concealed. The eclipse first appeared on the north side, and passed off on the south. Mr. P. was very solicitous to know whether it was a sign of sickness or of rain. When we assured him it was no sign, he appeared relieved."

A letter to his parents.

"Scio, September 11, 1820.

"Very Dear Parents,—Last Monday nine letters arrived from America, and greatly refreshed our hearts. A box of books and letters for us has arrived at Smyrna, and I am waiting with great desire to hear from my beloved parents. As yet not a word has been received. For four months we have resided upon this island without hearing a sermon or a prayer in any language which we

could understand. We do not despond. The hope of leading this people to the truth gives us continual encouragement and strength. Some opportunities have been afforded to diffuse the precious truths of the gospel. A Greek priest has just left our room with a Testament which he purchased. When he took it into his hands, he said, "O this is excellent." He turned from place to place, and with a smile again exclaimed, "*O this is excellent.*" When he left the room, he expressed the joy of those who obtain great riches. Is it possible that Christians can withhold the blessed gospel from those who so earnestly desire it! How comforting to the dear people of God in Pittsfield, will it be to know that there is a cry for the holy scriptures at a distance of more than 5000 miles.

"There are four children who come to our room almost every Sabbath day, and often during the week, for the purpose of reading the holy scriptures in the Greek language. We hear them read a few verses, and then ask them many questions respecting it. In this way we have read the five first chapters of St. Matthew, and the ten first chapters of St. John. After reading in the bible, we usualy ask them such questions as these, and they answer them just as I shall write them. Who made the sun, and moon and all things? "God." Where is God? "In heaven." When does God see you? "Always." Can he see your heart? "Certainly." Do wicked men go to heaven? "O no." Where do they go? "Below." Do all men love God? "No, wicked men do not love God." Who died on the cross? "Jesus Christ." Why did he die? "For sinners." Where is he now? "In heaven." Will he come again? "Yes, he will come again." What will he say to sinners? "Depart."*

"The children take great pleasure in answering such questions. They behave with great propriety, and when they leave the room they take us by the hand and say, "*many years to you;*" the common phrase for *farewell.* I love these dear youth, and I hope that our labors will not be in vain in the Lord.

"Every morning, during the past week, I have visited a school in the vicinity, and spent two hours at each time, listening to the recitations of the scholars. This I do in order to accustom my ear to the sounds. There are usually about sixty young men in

* This may serve as a specimen of often repeated conversation with children.

the room. They sit upon low benches, or upon the floor, and write upon the knee. All have their hats or caps on. This is the custom of the country.

"I must now close, wishing you, my ever dear parents, that peace which passeth all understanding.

A letter to myself.

"Scio, (Archipelago,) Sept. 29, 1820.

"My Dear Brother,—Your letter of March 24, more richly laden than was ever a ship from the Indies, came safe to hand last evening, just eleven months and eight days after I bade a long farewell to my father's house. This was the first information received from any of my relations, and I cannot tell you the pleasure it gave me. I was preparing my mind for affliction and sorrow, but every word of your letter was a message of glad tidings of great joy. Your little family, my dear parents, my brother L. and my numerous friends were all in health; great success attended your visit to the church;* the hearts of thousands were open to aid the kingdom of grace; precious tokens of good to the souls of men have been witnessed among your people; among the flock committed to the care of our father in Stockbridge; among the members of different colleges, and among Christians in every direction. I rejoice with you, my dear brother, and with you magnify the Lord. Does the Lord Jesus sometimes "carry you in his arms?" You have then a richer portion than perishable gold, or the applauses of a world. O I could linger and famish in a dungeon for such blissful moments as I trust you have enjoyed. But in the bestowment of spiritual favors God is a sovereign. I have been reflecting upon the 9th chapter of Romans, with enlarged conceptions of the justice and mercy of our heavenly Father. We have an awful monument of the divine justice always before our eyes. Generation after generation pass to the world of the damned. Parents and their children are given over to a strong delusion. No message of salvation sounds in their ears; no friendly hand guides them to the Saviour of sinners. What can we do, what can we say to relieve an aching heart; "*Even so, Father.*" Here is *rest*—every where else, *despondency.*

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*Mr. Parsons here refers to a short agency in which the compiler was engaged for the North-Western Branch of the A. E. S.

"I cannot refresh your heart with a list of converts, with an account of the extension of the kingdom of grace. Sometimes I bid a *long farewell* to such seasons as I enjoyed in Lewis, and in Troy, and endeavor to prepare my mind for solitude and silence. But still hope lurks around the heart, and the precious promises are an unfailing prop. It is one thing, my brother, to look at missions to the heathen from a christian society, but it is quite another to submit to the hardships, and to bear the burdens of such a work. Of all persons he is the most miserable who learns too late that he is not a missionary at *heart*. In America there is a *charm* connected with the cause of missions; but among the heathen this charm is gone, and the soul seeks some other support in the hour of despondency. A firm and unshaken conviction in this truth, that the kingdom under the *whole* heaven is to be given to Christ, and that no difficulties of any kind can for a moment retard the work of infinite grace, is the only rest for one who is banished from his country and friends. I say not this as a discouragement. *Far* from it. I trust that it will ever be a source of unfailing satisfaction that I entered into this field, so important to the souls of men.

We have had some precious opportunities to do good. We have sold and given away about thirty bibles and testaments. We have distributed more than two thousand religious tracts. We have visited ten schools, and supplied at least eight hundred youths with religious tracts. We have sent one hundred tracts to Smyrna; two hundred to Crete, where Titus was bishop, (see Titus i. 5.;) one hundred to Thessalonica, where was the church to which St. Paul wrote two epistles; and one hundred to Corfu. One day we were *crowded* with children who applied for tracts. It is our practice to make every child read some before the tract is given. Companies of boys, from five to twenty in number, came to our door and requested little books. We found it an interesting day, and the children will not soon forget us. Besides this, five or six boys have come to our room pretty constantly on Saturday and the Sabbath, to read the testament in Greek. In this manner we read five chapters in St. Matthew, and the whole of the gospel of St. John. The boys were about twelve years of age, well built, some of them handsome, all sprightly, and obedient. When we read with them for the last time we gave them serious advice with regard to the soul. They listened, and appeared serious when we spoke of death and of the judgment day. I loved these

little boys as my own soul. Perhaps our labor will not be in vain."

Extracts from a letter to Professor Hall, of Middlebury College.

"Scio, (Grecian Archipelago,) October 12, 1820.

"Very Dear Sir,—For a long time, there has been a public school in this city; but five years since, it assumed a new form and government under the care of Mr. Bambas, the principal professor. The progress has been rapid, and it now claims a rank among the first literary institutions of Turkey. Professor Bambas, previous to his acceptance of the charge of the seminary, spent seven years in Paris qualifying himself for the duties of this station, and he is now held in high estimation both as a scholar and as an instructor. Young gentlemen from Constantinople, Smyrna, Thessalonica, Athens, and indeed from every direction are sent here to receive an education, and remain from one year to five years, according to the studies pursued. The number of students is about seven hundred; all of whom receive their instruction gratuitously. It is necessary to observe, however, that a considerable proportion of the students are very young, and are instructed in the first principles of grammar. In the different departments of college are fourteen instructors, who may be arranged in the following order.

"The scholars in grammar are divided into four classes, according to their improvement, and are required to be in their respective recitation rooms two hours and a half in the morning, and one hour and a half in the evening of each day. The method of teaching is quite peculiar. The instructor first reads the lesson from some ancient Greek author; compares each sentence with the modern Greek, and gives a paraphrase of the whole in the common dialect. After this, three students (selected by lot) are required to give in rotation a public exposition of the lesson, submitting to the corrections made by the professor. In this manner every member of the class must be in preparation, or be in danger of public admonition.

"The lessons of the *second* class are in ethics and history, selected from the works of Chrysostom, Isocrates, Plutarch, Dionysius and Lucian. The *third* class, in distinction from the first and second, are instructed in *poetry*—lessons taken from the Illiad—

also in the different dialects and measures. The *fourth* class study Demosthenes, Plato, Herodotus, Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and Pindar, and are required to translate frequently from the ancient Greek.

"The *examinations* are frequent and critical. Every Saturday the principal professor visits each class, examines the students in the lessons of the past week, and makes inquiry with respect to their moral deportment. At the close of each month, the students are required to present to the officers of the college a fair copy of each lesson during the past month, and to submit to a public examination. On the seventh of January in each year commences an *annual examination*, which continues twenty days, in the presence of the bishop, corporation, faculty of college, and respectable gentlemen from the city.

"How much time is devoted to *religious services*, I am unable to say. Every Friday afternoon the first class are instructed in the "holy catechism." The second class twice a week, receive lessons from the Acts of the Apostles, and from the practical parts of ethics. The *library* is yet small, consisting of only three thousand volumes, among which are excellent editions of the works of Homer, Herodotus, Plutarch, Xenophon, Virgil, and the holy fathers. The number of buildings occupied by the college is nine; a chapel, laboratory, library hall, and lecture rooms. The first of September, professor B. delivered a public address to the college, before a large and respectable assembly. The address is published, and I forward a copy with this letter."

Extracts from a letter to the Rev. Elisha Yale, of Johnstown, New York.

"Scio, (Archipelago,) September 30, 1820.

"Dear Brother,—Is it not a fact that blessings have been multiplied at home, in some measure as Christians have labored to send them abroad? For years past, *slothfulness* had been the prevailing fault in the American churches, and in consequence of this infidelity had assumed an alarming aspect. But since Christians are extending their charity, and their prayers to a *world* which lieth in wickedness, TRUTH has advanced with a rapid and irresistible progress. What reason for gratitude that so large a proportion of the professed people of God have taken the alarm, and are aiding forward, by every laudable exertion, the work of evangelizing the world!

"We have visited six monasteries in different parts of the island, in all of which are about seven hundred souls devoted to a monastic life. In each monastery we have left two copies of the New Testament in the common dialect, and a considerable quantity of religious tracts. This day we visited a monastery, about six miles distant, and left one hundred and twelve tracts, and two Testaments. The president of the monastery informed us that there were three hundred and eighty monks, including forty priests, now residing there, but only one hundred were able to read their own language. We did hope to find much more information prevailing among that class of people which retire from the world to enjoy their religion.

"The principal professor of the college in this city has greatly assisted us in our designs of benevolence. When we distributed tracts among five hundred or six hundred youth, he gave a serious exhortation to each class, and urged the importance of an attentive perusal. "This little book," said he, "relates to the blessed gospel, and is worthy of most serious attention. You must read it frequently, and understand as you read." At the close, after all the scholars had received a tract, the professor exclaimed with much animation, "*Glory to Christ*." What, my brother, is the meaning of this?

"Several priests have been to our room, and purchased of us Greek testaments. The joy which they expressed on the reception of this treasure was truly encouraging. This inquiry for the holy scriptures may lead to the commencement of a glorious revival of pure religion.

"Another circumstance is still more encouraging. A few weeks since we gave to the principal professor of the college, an English book, (he can read English,) entitled, *Young Minister's Companion*. It is a very devotional and highly useful publication, as you know. This book the professor interprets to a large class in the college, and requires them to write every word as he speaks it. One day we saw forty young men, collected from different parts of the empire, and some of them, without doubt, from distinguished families, engaged in this delightful employment. We could hardly believe what we actually saw, the favor seemed so great. In this way portions of one of the most valuable and most pious books in the English language will be read very extensively, and we hope with great advantage to the souls of men. This is the Lord's do-

ing; it is marvellous in our eyes! May God our heavenly Father bless you evermore."

Journal. "*Oct.* 14.—This has been a joyful day. We have distributed three hundred copies of a religious tract called "*The end of Time.*" It was translated from an English tract which has been very extensively circulated in America. We brought with us from Smyrna a few copies in Greek, and thought it duty to publish a second edition. We have now five thousand copies of this solemn exhortation to prepare to meet our God. These tracts given to five thousand souls may raise a multitude to the heavenly world. We shall not know, in this life, what good is accomplished; but when God makes up his last account, when the great system of means is unfolded to the view of an assembled universe, then it may appear that this *tract* was a preacher of righteousness, and mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan's kingdom. It is a *blessed promise*, that the word of God shall not return void. While we weep over the ruins which surround us, we may rejoice that soon the wilderness will blossom, and the barren places become a fruitful field. My soul doth magnify the Lord."

After taking an affectionate leave of the bishop, professor Bambas, and the Russian consul, the missionaries sailed for Smyrna October twenty-third, and arrived there the next day at evening.

The usefulness of the missionaries on the island of Scio had been very considerable; they had circulated more than three thousand religious tracts; but they were disappointed in relation to two favourite objects. One was the publication of the tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter." This they had translated into modern Greek, hoping that it would be extensively useful.

Considering the approbation of the Greek bishop of Sico almost indispensable to the success of their undertaking, they had it seems obtained his permission to print the tracts, which they had previously circulated. But in relation to the tract just named, excellent and beautiful as it is, they were disappointed. In his journal for October twenty-second, Mr. Parsons says, "last evening we visited the Greek bishop, but received no encouragement with regard to the publication of the third tract. His objection was, that the people would be afraid of protestant influence; and also that the author of the tract states that Elizabeth is gone to heaven. By this it may be understood that he believes that there is no salvation out of the Greek church. He made many inquiries respecting the American churches, of this nature. How do the priests dress? What is the method of distributing the sacrament? Do the deacons preach? Are the churches ornamented? Do Christians believe in the virgin Mary?—He said that Jesus Christ is not now mediator, but judge. Saints are mediators, therefore we pray to them. To the honour of professor Bambas, it ought to be mentioned that he was desirous that "Tne Dairyman's Daughter" might be published, and wept while reading it."

The other enterprize of benevolence in which they failed of success was the formation of a bible society. Respecting this Mr. Parsons says, "Presented to the Greek bishop the subject of establishing a bible society in Scio. After reading our communication, which we prepared in Greek, he replied, "this is very good;" and then remarked upon the utility of bible societies in different parts of the world. But, said he, the present translation of the new testament into modern Greek is not good; it is necessary to have a better one. After

considerable conversation he concluded by saying, "I will converse with professor Bambas, and then inform you." Some time after this the missionaries conversed with professor Bambas on the same subject. "He," says Mr. Parsons, "presented the difficulties and seemed to discourage the design. The bishop had not conversed with him, and perhaps will not. Thus God moves in a mysterious way. We did desire to build the Lord's house here, and it was well that it was in our hearts." Again Mr. Parsons remarks on the same subject. "It seems that no further measures will be taken with respect to the formation of a bible society. May this disappointment teach us to wait with patience till success is granted by our divine Lord."

Admitting that the present translation of the new Testament into modern Greek is not elegant nor remarkably accurate, still had the Greek bishop been sufficiently interested in the circulation of the holy scriptures, he would doubtless have considered this translation better than none, and the circulation of it unspeakably preferable to that famine of the word of the Lord, which prevails in almost all the Greek churches. It is possible, however, that the bishop was friendly to a bible association, but saw difficulties in the way of which we have no knowledge.

As we view our missionaries leaving Scio, where they had found a quiet and useful retreat for almost half a year, we cannot forget the calamities which have since befallen that delightful island. We would not affirm that the Sciotes were wise in rearing the standard of independence at so early a period of the Grecian struggle. If unwise, they certainly paid dearly for their folly. But whatever reflections any may indulge on this subject, it is plain that the barbarities of the

Turks and the miseries of the Greeks were almost unparalleled in the history of guilt and wo. The Turks landed in Scio in April, 1822. Before them it was the garden of Eden, behind them a desolate wilderness. The city of Scio was burnt and destroyed. The flourishing college there, the hope and ornament of modern Greece, was demolished; its library and philosophical apparatus given to the flames, and the professors and students slaughtered or driven into exile. Of the inhabitants, more than twenty-five thousand were put to the sword, burned and drowned, or perished by fatigue or by disease caught from the infection of the mangled carcasses that lay in the streets. More than forty-one thousand were sold for slaves. Many of these were ladies of distinction, who were dragged with ropes around their necks over the ashes and ruins of their own dwellings, and over the bodies of their slaughtered relatives, into transport-ships, to be carried to Smyrna and elsewhere, and sold into hopeless bondage. Upwards of forty villages and eighty-six churches were consumed by the flames. A number of suffering, starving wretches fled to the mountains, and fifteen or twenty thousand escaped to some of the neighbouring islands. The design and limits of this work will only permit us to take a glance at these miseries. We have no evidence that the Sciotes were greater sinners than other Greeks; but the query naturally arises, whether, if all the pious designs of our missionaries had been suitably encouraged, especially if there had been a cordial co-operation in the formation and support of a bible society among the Greeks in Scio, it might have proved the lengthening out of their prosperity? Doubtless reflections of this nature should be cautiously made; for the sword of war does sometimes destroy the most be-

nevolent and useful institutions. It is hoped however that the warning of providence in the destruction of Scio will not soon be lost; and that those communities, where nothing but the carcass of christianity remains, will eventually have their eyes open to see the necessity of a reformation.

It will be recollected that our missionaries had long contemplated a tour for the purpose of visiting the seven churches of Asia. After tarrying about a week in Smyrna, they commenced their journey on the first of November. The following extracts from letters written by Mr. Parsons to his parents and brothers immediately after his return to Smyrna, will give a pretty correct history of this mission. For more particular information I would refer the reader to the Missionary Herald for July 1821, pages 202—207.

"We set out from Smyrna Wednesday morning, November first, with a guide and baggage horse. The second day about nine o'clock it began to rain, and at two in the afternoon the rain was violent. No tavern near us, no shelter except our umbrellas from the storm. We rode till six o'clock in the evening, and then came to an old caravansary, where we expected a refreshing night. But far from this. After much waiting and pleading, an old dirty room which had been used for a horse stable, without floor, chairs, table or windows, was offered as the only shelter from the rain. A little fire was made, a mat spread upon the ground; our trunk served both for chairs and table; and an old pail turned bottom side up for a candle stand. We ate a little fish which we had brought with us, warmed our feet, and lay down upon our damp mattrass, and endeavoured to rest after the excessive fatigues of the journey.

"The next day a little after noon the rain again be-

came powerful like a shower in summer. We rode about fifteen miles in the rain, and the last two or three miles it was dark as midnight. We arrived at Haivali weary, wet and sick. But in the midst of our joy we were told that no room could be provided for us. We pleaded our cause, but in vain; till at last a small apartment in a warehouse was opened for us. Every article with us was wet; only a little fire in a basin to warm our feet; no chairs nor beds. We lay down unable to help ourselves, and endeavoured to wait with patience for the light of the morning. When we awoke we found the rain still violent, and beating into our room. We both took cold, and were unable to do much the next day. The Russian consul, to whom we had a letter of recommendation, invited us to his house, and provided every thing for our comfort. From Haivali to Pergamos the road and weather were good.

"*Pergamos, November* 8.—I have this moment returned from the place which is called the grave of "Antipas the faithful martyr." The spot is now occupied by the Turks for burying the dead. A number of Turkish grave stones are standing over the place where it is said are deposited the remains of one who was faithful unto death. Admit it as a fact that Antipas was deposited there, and that the Turks afterwards took possession of the place to inter their own dead, and how can we cease to think of the morning of the resurrection? How dreadfully solemn the sight. As I stood reflecting upon this scene, the day of judgment seemed to be approaching.

"While on our way from Pergamos to Thyatira we experienced another trial. Our guide began to fear to travel, as the evening approached; but it seemed to be duty to go on. We were told that a number of men

had been murdered on that road. But we hoped to arrive before dark. When the sun set, the sky became cloudy and the darkness was dreadful. In this situation our guide lost his way, and what think you were our feelings! Soon however we were set right, and at seven o'clock entered the city of Thyatira. Went this morning, November tenth, to view the only Greek church in this city. There is a form of godliness in Thyatira. On the Sabbath a few assemble in the name of Christ. It is cheering to call to mind the years which are past, when he who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire addressed the saints of this city, and said, "I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works, and the last to be more than the first." The dust of those who were so highly commended, slumbers here—angels watch it—soon it will rise immortal, vigorous. Here Zion will be glorious. Some other missionaries will enter into the courts of God, and hold sweet counsel with those who love the Lord Jesus, and wait for his appearing.

"At Sardis our situation was somewhat peculiar. We arrived at half past six in the evening to a house where we supposed a Christian lived, but we found no being except a solitary Turk. An attempt was made to get a room in a mill near by. Our guide knocked and called aloud at the door, till at last some one hallooed in a very unfriendly tone. By this time we flung ourselves upon some hemp under a hovel, and determined to spend the night as well as we could. Then the Turk opened the door and invited us in by a few coals of fire. We entered, and sat upon a mat spread upon the ground. After tea, we lay down, but we were attacked on a new quarter. In the morning my arms were as completely marked as ever was a man's face with

ent that he should commence a voyage to that consecrated place. The following extracts from a letter to his parents will show the state of his mind on the eve of his departure.

"SMYRNA, December 2, 1820.

"Next Tuesday, I expect to leave Smyrna for Jerusalem. My passage is engaged. I go in a Greek vessel with pilgrims; am to land at Joppa; from thence go with the pilgrims to Jerusalem. The opportunity is considered to be a good one; the path of duty seems to be plain. Perhaps I may do some good to the pilgrims who accompany me to the Holy Land.

"There has an important change taken place in our plans since I last wrote. The *distribution* of *bibles* and *tracts* is the grand method of doing good in Turkey. By no other method can we so extensively prepare the way for building the walls of Zion. Precious opportunities have been given us to instruct a multitude of souls in this way. We feel unwilling that the work should stop. But if both of us go to Jerusalem *now*, our usefulness, it seems to us, must be greatly diminished. Some man must be *here* in order to superintend the publication of religious tracts, and to supply agents with bibles. We endeavored to ask wisdom of God. And while we were deliberating, our friends in Smyrna offered us a room, and board free from expense; and also opened the chapel for us to preach on the Sabbath. Under these circumstances we thought it to be duty for brother Fisk to remain in Smyrna this winter, and for me to go directly to Jerusalem.

"At first the thought of a separation from my only christian brother gave me pain, like that which I felt the morning when I gave my parents the parting hand. But now all is tranquil. Every fear is gone; I look forward with the greatest composure. I feel satisfied that it is my duty to engage in this work. I am weak, and the work is arduous; but he is with me, I humbly hope, who is stronger than the strongest. The sea may be boisterous, and the storms be violent; but not a wave can move without permission, not a storm can beset us when Jesus says, '*peace, be still.*' O my dear parents, there is something *substantial* in religion. God will not leave his children when they put their trust in him. He will be with them when far from friends, wandering in a strange land, and among a barbarous people."

"SMYRNA, Tuesday, December 5.

"My books and clothes are now on board the ship. I leave Smyrna in a few hours; the wind is favorable, and my health good; praise the Lord! I have with me bibles in *nine* different languages, and tracts four thousand or five thousand copies. These I hope to distribute to the pilgrims at Jerusalem. God hath raised up many friends for me in Smyrna. We are bound to give thanks for it.

"At eight o'clock in the evening, on board the vessel. I have left Smyrna. I hope for a good voyage; but God will direct, and to the care of the divine Saviour I desire to commend both soul and body.

"*Farewell.* The Lord bless you my dear parents."

Mr. Parsons left Smyrna with flattering prospects, considering the nature of his undertaking. Through the agency of the British ambassador at Constantinople he was furnished with a travelling firman from the grand seignior; also with a letter of introduction from the Rev. Mr. Connor to the president of the Greek convent in Jerusalem; letters from the English and Russian consuls in Smyrna to their vice consuls in Jaffa and other places; and a letter of recommendation from an Armenian merchant to an Armenian in Jaffa, and another in Jerusalem. Mr. Vanlennep, who had been invariably a cordial and valuable friend to our missionaries, obtained the letter last mentioned. When the Armenian brought the letter, he gave Mr. Parsons two boxes of honey, requesting that he would pray for him at Jerusalem, supposing that prayers offered at Jerusalem were more acceptable and efficacious than those offered elsewhere. He was furnished with a faithful servant, who was also his interpreter. Mr. Parsons sailed Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. The following extracts from letters to Mr. Fisk will furnish some account of a part of the voyage.

the small pox. This succession of evils affected my health, and I was seized with a severe illness, which lasted eight or ten days.

"*Nov.* 12.—The ruins of Sardis are on every side of us. There are a few names even in Sardis; but the things which remain are ready to die. While contemplating the desolations around us, we sung the following lines of Watts in the 74th Psalm.

"Where once thy churches prayed and sung,
"Thy foes profanely roar;
"Over thy gates their ensigns hung
"Sad tokens of their power.
"How are the seats of worship broke;
"They tear thy buildings down;
"And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
"Procures the chief renown."

"*Philadelphia, Nov.* 16.—We are now residing in a room which is connected with the only school of importance in this city. We have given to the students religious tracts, which they were exhorted to read attentively. A little boy came to our room and read in the bible. We read to him a part of the 25th chapter of Matthew, and told him that good men would in the day there mentioned be happy, but wicked men would be sent to everlasting punishment. He appeared attentive, and will not soon forget what we said to him. Thus in every place we may sow a little precious seed, remembering that it is God who giveth the increase.

"We distributed twenty bibles and testaments, and thirteen hundred religious tracts. All these were eagerly received, and with a prospect of usefulness. Is not this my brother, glad tidings? Pray for a blessing on these our feeble exertions. Rev. Mr. Williamson, the British chaplain at Smyrna, set out a little before us

on a short excursion, and with the same object in view. But he has not returned; his eyes are closed in death; his work is finished. At Samos, an island near Ephesus, he was taken ill, lingered a short time, and yielded up his soul into the hands of his Maker. Some of his friends from Smyrna arrived just in season to close his eyes. But, though our health suffered much, we have returned in safety. God must have all the glory. His care of us is wonderful; we are constrained to wonder and rejoice. There have been many manifestations of God's direction with respect to us, which seem little else than a visible hand of the Almighty."

Respecting domestic animals, the customs and face of the country, Mr. Parsons has the following short remarks. "Saw many large flocks of sheep with bells and marks; in one flock five hundred. Saw ten men with ten yoke of oxen and ten ploughs, engaged in ploughing a small piece of ground. Carts and grist-mills as in America; fences generally of mud. Saw people throwing grain from the hand according to our custom. We rode nearly one hundred and fifty miles through an extensive and rich plain, like the meadows of Northampton, (Mass.) many poplar trees; a few pine groves; some excellent gardens."

It was the intention of the missionaries to have visited Laodicea and Ephesus; but the indisposition of Mr. Parsons rendered it necessary to return to Smyrna.

For a long time Mr. Parsons had ardently desired to see that sacred territory where our Saviour was born, and crucified; where he arose and whence he ascended into glory. For a considerable period before he left this country, he used in almost every prayer fervently to mention "the land where our Lord was crucified." The time had now arrived when it was deemed expedi-

"Scio, December 11.

"Met professor Bambas with open arms. He hung on my neck not much less than half an hour. He told George that he must reverence me as his father, for I was going a great way off. The superior of the school came in and fell on my neck with the affection of a father. In one respect I like this. It looks favorable to the cause of bibles and tracts. Professor B. absolutely forbade my return to the ship, as I had determined, and said, 'here read or write as you please,' at any rate stay with me. I had an excellent visit with him; and when I told him of the revival in Stockbridge, Vt. he wept, and said 'the Spirit of God makes men good.' I also told him respecting the revival on board the missionary ship.

"Expect to sail at twelve o'clock to day. Farewell.

"Castello Rosso, January 13.

"I write a line to set your mind at rest with regard to my situation. We have had rain and south winds almost every day since we left Smyrna. We are yet far from Jerusalem, although this is the fortieth day of our passage. We have *some* afflictions, but *many* mercies. It will be seen that this wilderness is the right way to Canaan."

A letter to his parents.

"Patara, (Asia Minor,) January 1, 1821.

"It is the morning of a new year. I unite with the other members of the family in the wish that my dear parents may enjoy a *happy new year.* Most gladly would I enter that happy dwelling where I have passed the most profitable moments of my life, and comfort my parents by relating to them all the merciful dealings of our heavenly Father. In the midst of danger, temptations, and sickness, the Lord has been my refuge and protector. Underneath me have been arms of everlasting love. I would tell them how God hath prospered us in our mission, by permitting us to diffuse among the destitute the blessed truths of his holy word. But although I cannot return to your fire side, yet when you receive this letter your souls will magnify the Lord for his great goodness.

"I have small apartments in the vessel where, with my interpreter, I enjoy much tranquility and retirement. I read to him in Greek every day, and he sometimes asks me interesting questions. He inquired if all the people who were alive when Christ ascended

to judgment, would *die.* For an answer, I read to him, 1 Thes. iv. 17. He then inquired if the world would be entirely burnt up. I replied in scripture language, "the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store reserved unto *fire against* the day of judgment."

"If you will open the Testament and read from Acts xx. 14, to Acts xxi. 3, you will trace out almost precisely the course which we have pursued. We sailed near to "*Mytilene*," and sailed thence and came the next day to "*Chios*"—from thence we came near to "*Samos*," and to "*Trogyllium*," where St. Paul tarried a while. The next day we passed at a little distance from the shores of "*Miletus*" where Paul kneeled down and prayed with the elders of the church at Ephesus; towards evening of the same day we passed by the isle of "*Patmos*," where St. John the beloved disciple, was in banishment for the testimony of Jesus. From thence we came near to "*Coos*," and the day following we came to "*Rhodes*." At Rhodes we tarried six days, as the south wind rose against us. On Thursday last, we set sail early in the morning from Rhodes, and the next day came to a harbor near to "*Patara*," where we were detained several days, as sailing was dangerous. But, my dear parents, a visit to these places, interesting indeed to every Christian, may excite momentary joy without producing *devotion* in the heart. I have seen pilgrims so frequently mistake mere *animal* sensation for true piety, though I am almost disposed to discourage entirely this curiosity among Christians. What if a man at the sight of Smyrna or Patmos, is overcome with weeping; is he on this account more acceptable to God?

"No place on earth is so interesting to angels and glorified spirits as the *closet* where is offered, morning and evening, the sacrifice of a broken heart and contrite spirit. To be a devotional spectator of one *revival* of religion will impart infinitely more enjoyment to the mind than to see all the places where lived and died prophets, apostles, and martyrs.

"That this year may be a year of great comfort to my parents, will ever be the prayer of their absent son."

"P. S. *January* 25, 1821. At harbor near to PAPHOS, (Cyprus.)

"In the morning I expect to commence a tour through the island to distribute tracts and bibles. I leave this letter in the vessel, to be forwarded to Smyrna.

"I mention one instance of exposure to the small pox. While

at Castello Rosso, a little boy came to me for a tract; I took him in my arms and requested him to read. Then I discoversd that he had the small pox! Little did my father think when he innoculated me twenty five years ago, it was the design of providence thus to secure me from this fatal disease five thousand miles from home."

The voyage was long and dreary. Frequently they were driven backward by head winds and tempestuous weather, and compelled to stop unexpectedly long at the islands which they passed. Mr. Parsons' grand object was, usefulness in the Holy Land; but he was not inactive during the passage. While sailing, he considered himself a missionary to the pilgrims; and on the land, he felt that he ought to be, and he truly was, a messenger of mercy to those who were sitting in darkness. While passing the ancient Miletus he read to the pilgrims the twentieth chapter of Acts, which contains the affecting account of Paul's farewell interview with the Ephesian elders; and while passing Patmos, our Saviour's addresses to the seven churches of Asia. The pilgrims having never before read nor heard these epistles in their own language, listened with fixed attention. At Rhodes they tarried several days. Here Mr. Parsons became acquainted with the English consul, the bishop and some other Greek clergymen of distinction. To the bishop he gave a number of tracts, and sent one hundred and fifty more for the priests and schools. The bishop very definitely expressed his approbation of the tracts, and his gratitude for the favor. Mr. Parsons visited a synagogue, a Jewish school, and a monastery, where tracts were received for distribution with ardent expressions of gratitude.

In the harbour and in the village of Castello Rosso he distributed about two hundred tracts, and sold ten

new testaments in modern Greek. One morning as he passed through the village, a multitude thronged the streets, crying aloud, "Sir, will you give me a tract?" "In no place," he remarks "have I seen a greater desire to read the word of God."

A letter to a Relative.

CYPRUS, Feb. 5, 1821.

Dear Mrs.C.,—My Parents informed me in a letter recently received, that God is still afflicting you by withholding from you the light of his countenance. As I know something of the *bitterness* of such afflictions, your situation has made a peculiar impression upon my mind. No sorrow I am sure, is to be compared with that which proceeds from the hidings of the divine presence. It strikes at the foundation of *every* comfort, and leaves the soul wretched without any support on earth, or in *heaven*. In temporal affliction we lose, perhaps, *one* of our numerous friends, but in afflictions of the mind we lose the Friend of Friends, our Father, our Saviour, our all. In one case, we lose a little perishable dust; in the other a treasure in the heavens, riches which endure to eternal life. A Christian, walking in darkness, usually *sees* the great and precious promises but has not strength to *rest* upon them —he has no doubt with regard to the *rectitude* of the divine government, but yet this reflection gives him no joy—he knows that the fountain open for sinners, is full, and overflowing, yet he cannot wash, and be clean. He goes to the place where once he enjoyed the divine presence, but *God* is not there. He sits in the sanctuary, but it is not the gate of heaven. All is darkness, and gloom. No person has higher claims upon the prayers, the *fervent* prayers of God's children than that one who goeth backward, and forward, and findeth not him whom his soul loveth.

I can say little my dear Cousin, to relieve the sorrows of your mind. In this state, in a very *special* manner, the great Physician is *God*. He giveth, and taketh away, woundeth, and healeth, but tells us not the reason why. The whole system of divine providence is a *mystery*—darkness, and clouds are around about him—If I were to suggest any thing as calculated to afford relief it would be, *keep your mind fixed upon the goodness of God*. "From my heavenly Father I receive my daily food, habitation, family;

christian Friends, the holy Bible, the blessed Sabbath; the news of salvation. Why was not I left destitute to beg from house to house, deprived of every earthly comfort ? Why was I not destined to worship the Gods of the pagans, to wear out my life in cruel torturings? How few of the many millions of beings now on the earth are so highly favored as I am! They have souls as well as I! They need a Saviour as well as others! It is goodness, it is *all* goodness, unmerited, free, rich, sovereign, goodness! Reflections of this kind if they do not afford *comfort*, may keep you from the snares of Satan. It is true that Satan worries those he can't devour. He would persuade them that God is *partial.* " he hears the prayers of others, but casts theirs behind his back, or that he is *indifferent* to their sighing." Such feelings often lurk secretly in the mind and grieve the holy spirit.

As another method, I would, say, *wait on the Lord.* He may be dealing with you with the affection of a Father; leading you through a wilderness, to make Canaan more delightful; hiding his face to make you pray, and weep, and wrestle. Wait to the end; for then it will be manifest to you, and to the universe, that as a Father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them who fear him. It will then appear that

> " 'In all thy distresses, thy *Lord* feels the pain ;
> Yet all are most needful, not *one* is in vain.
> Then trust him, and fear not, thy life is secure,
> His wisdom is perfect, supreme is his power.
> In *love* he corrects thee, thy soul to refine,
> To make thee at length, in his likeness to shine.' "

The following extracts from a letter to the corresponding secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. dated Cyprus Feb. 7, 1821, contain an account of his missionary labors on that island, and mention several interesting facts respecting that once fovored and delightful place. " At the habor of Baffa (anciently Paphos) I left the vessel and proceeded by land forty miles to Limesol, for the purpose of distributing Testaments and tracts. The first place which I visited was Paphos. The priests immediately conducted me to the church, where *they say* St. Paul preached the gospel; from

thence to the hall, where he was condemned; and to the pillar, where he was bound and received "forty stripes save one." It was truly affecting to see so many churches destroyed; some used for stables, others for baths, others completely in ruins. Of three hundred and sixty-five churches, once the glory of Paphos, only four or five now remain. Twenty-five or thirty miserable huts are all that remain of the once most distinguished city of Cyprus.

"From this place I went to the house of a Greek bishop in a village two or three miles from the shore. There I was received with the utmost cordiality; and all his proceedings were marked with great seriousness and dignity. He highly approved of the tracts which I brought with me, and engaged to distribute them among his people. Under his government are two hundred churches, but only fifty are now open for religious services. On the way to Limesol, spent one night in a village called Pissouri. The priest of the village purchased a Testament, and received tracts" for distribution. "I sent to the bishop of Larnica two hundred tracts; one hundred for his own use, and one hundred for the archbishop of Nicosia. The next day the bishop in company with the principal men of the village came to the house of the consul to express their approbation of the truths contained in the tracts, and their gratitude. It was my intention to go by land from Limesol to Nicosia, but the rain prevented. The tracts which I send to that city will be distributed, as in other places, among the priests and schools." Mr. Parsons sent two Greek Testaments to two poor churches, and fifty tracts to the monastery of "the holy cross." The English consuls at Limesol and at Larnica entertained him with great kindness.

Several pilgrims took passage from Cyprus, so that the whole number on board was seventy-five. It was with emotions not easily described that Mr. Parsons beheld the shores of Palestine, particularly the lofty summits of mount Lebanon. As they arrived at Jaffa (Joppa) the English consul having knowledge of their arrival, sent his son and dragoman to take Mr. Parsons and his baggage to his house. The president of the Greek monastery at Jaffa gratefully received tracts for the use of the pilgrims. Of this place Mr. Parsons says in a letter to the corresponding secretary; "as it respects the distribution of tracts and bibles, Jaffa is a station of high importance. Almost all the pilgrims from Russia and Natolia land at this port, and frequently remain here many days. Bibles and tracts can be landed here without taxes at the custom house, and can be distributed without the danger of suspicion attending a portage to Jerusalem. Should a mission be established at Jarusalem, Jaffa can also be under the charge of the missionaries, with the prospect of great usefulness to the souls of men."

Extract from a letter of Mr. Parsons to Mr. Fisk.

"JAFFA, February 10, 1821.

"Dear Brother Fisk,—I have just returned from a short excursion in the vicinity of Jaffa, with the Russian consul. The appearance of the city and of the surrounding country far exceeds my expectations. The market seems to be overflowing with fruits of various kinds, and the people passing and repassing as in Smyrna. The house of the Russian consul commands a delightful prospect of the sea, and the sea breezes are very invigorating. He gives me every token of friendship, and promises to accompany me to mount Lebanon after the Passover. He talks Greek with great fluency, and wishes me to remain many days in his house.

"This morning I became acquainted with two English travellers

both from Jerusalem. They gave a most dismal picture of Jerusalem. A new governor had just arrived, and the country was growing into a state of rebellion. They assured me that there was the greatest danger on the way, and that the number of pilgrims would afford no security. I felt my heart palpitate while they related these horrid facts. But without doubt it is duty to proceed. And while on the way, Christians will be wrestling in prayer to God for me. "Environed with Omnipotence, what foe can e'er prevail?" O my Brother, I desire greatly to see you, and to have the assistance of your counsels and of your prayers. I know you pray much for me. How can I stand before this great multitude? But the battle is the Lord's. On Monday I hope to set forward for Jerusalem, and if prospered shall be in the holy city Tuesday evening."

"The field is large, and ready for laborers. Jesus Christ holds an undisputed title to this land consecrated with his blood. When he bids his servants go forward and take it, earth and hell unite their forces in vain."

Journal. "*Monday, February* 12.—A violent storm commenced, which detained me at Jaffa till the Friday following. During this time I had an opportunity to distribute books in the Greek monastery, and to dispose of several Greek Testaments. The language here spoken by the inhabitants is Arabic; but in the churches the scriptures are read in Greek, Turkish, and Arabic, for the benefit of pilgrims. This fact is auspicious, and it is worthy of special notice, as the Greeks in many places strenuously oppose the introduction of other languages in their church service.

"Friday afternoon, left Jaffa, having the interpreter of the Russian consul for a guide. The road, notwithstanding the great rain, was perfectly dry,—winding through extensive fields of wheat and barley. There were numerous herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats, feeding in every direction, under the superintendence of herdsmen and shepherds.

"Arrived at Rama, a little before sunset, and was invited to pass the night at the Greek monastery. The president, a man of more than common intelligence, has spent many years at Jerusalem, and is now stationed here to provide for pilgrims; all of whom pass a night or two at the monastery of Rama, on their way to the holy city. The village of Rama is in the centre of an extended beautiful plain, containing three monasteries, one Greek church and several mosques. At a little distance, on the north, is the village of Lydda, where Peter by a miracle restored to health 'a certain man named Eneas, who had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of a palsy.' At the west are the ruins of a Greek monastery called "*Forty Martyrs*." There are several large churches completely under ground; and a steeple still remains, to the summit of which we ascended by one hundred and ten stone steps.

"In the evening several friends of the president came to see him, and conversation was directed to subjects of the first importance. We conversed in Greek;—but the president interpreted sentence after sentance to his friends, who understood Arabic only. As I was the first man they had seen from the new world, they were anxious to hear some new thing. The inquiries and answers were much in the following order:

"What are the sentiments of the Christians in America?" They believe that the Old and New Testaments are from heaven;—that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world;—that good men are happy after death, and wicked men miserable; that there will be a resurrection from the dead, and a day of judgment. "Very well; but who are good men?" Those who love God with all their heart, and do his will. "Where is heaven?" Where the throne of God is. "But God is a

spirit,—how can he have a throne?" His throne is spiritual, like himself. Stephen, the first christian martyr, saw Jusus standing at the right hand of God. Where Jesus was, there is heaven. "Where is hell?" Hell is the place which God prepared for the devil and his angels. "When did the angels sin?" Before the world was created. "How do you know that?" When Adam was placed in the garden, Satan came to deceive and destroy him. "Will sinners suffer forever in hell?" Certainly: for, saith our Saviour, *they shall go away into everlasting punishment.* "What will be done with this world?" It will be burnt up, as the scriptures testify.

"Considerable time passed in this manner. There was perfect silence, except now and then they responded; "Ti-eep," *It is well.*

"The English consul at Jaffa had the goodness to procure for me a letter to the governor of Rama, soliciting a guard to accompany me to Jerusalem. But the president presented the letter to the governor, and made an apology for not accepting a guard, as I was already provided with an interpreter.

"Saturday morning at six o'clock, left Rama, rode three hours and a half through a beautiful plain, and from thence began to ascend the mountains of Judea. The road became stony, narrow, and winding among high and barren mountains. Every few miles we were called upon for taxes; but in consequence of a letter from the Russian consul, we passed without any expense. At twelve o'clock came to the village of Aboo Gosh, who is noted for his oppression of the pilgrims. Aboo Gosh stood at the place of demanding customs, and said; "You have nothing to pay; you may pass when you please." He requested me to take some re-

freshment; but as there was a prospect of rain, I could not accept of his offer. Two hours from this, we came near to the place, where, it is said, David slew Goliah. We were shown also the house in which, tradition says, John the baptist was born. The monastery near the spot belongs to the catholics. From this we began to ascend a high mountain; and at twenty-five minutes past four o'clock my guide exclaimed, *To oros tōn elaiōn*, (the mount of Olives,) and in just half an hour we entered, by Jaffa gate, the holy city.

"Soon after passing the gate, we turned to the north, and in a few minutes arrived at the house of Procopius, to whom I had letters of introduction. The servant at the door informed us, that he was in the church for evening prayers. Without a moment's delay I hastened thither, to unite with the professed followers of Christ upon Mount Calvary, and to render thanks to God for the happy termination of my voyage to the holy city. The church is but a few steps from the place, where, it is supposed, stood the cross. On entering, I was not a little surprised to find it so richly and neatly furnished. It is called the church of St. Constantine, and is the place to which all the bishops, (five in number,) with their numerous attendants, resort for morning and evening service. Every thing was conducted with a pleasing stillness and regularity, becoming so holy a place.

"After service of thirty minutes, I returned, and presented my letters to Procopius. Conversation was directed to the exertions which the protestants are making to promote the diffusion of the holy scriptures. They replied; "We believe the protestants to be our friends." In a few moments, I was conducted to the room, which had been put in readiness for me, by the request of the Russian consul. It is near to the holy

sepulchre, and contains many convenient apartments. My trunks had arrived in safety. In the evening, we read from the Greek Testament the account of our Saviour's sufferings and death, and endeavored to consecrate our rooms to him, who here gave his life for the world.

"*February* 18.—At an early hour, I was reminded, by the crowing of a cock, of Peter, who denied his Lord and Master. In view of so affecting a subject, I could only say; "Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift my soul to thee."

"After breakfast, Procopius called upon me, repeated his willingness to aid me to the extent of his power, and bade me welcome to all the privileges of the monastery. The day passed with great tranquility. At three o'clock, went to the Greek church, and heard selections read from the Psalms of David. In this city, the pious Psalmist breathed out his soul to *his* God, and to *our* God. Here he wept for sinners. "Rivers of water run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law." His prayers are registered in heaven, and will be had in everlasting remembrance.

"*February* 20.—An Armenian from Smyrna invited me to visit the principal Armenian church. It is situated near to Jaffa gate; is large, and elegantly furnished. We were conducted to the spot where, *they say*, was interred the head of John the baptist.* My Armenian attendant, after making the cross, bowed and kissed the stone, which concealed, *as he believed*, the sacred deposit. From the church, was conducted to the apartment of the patriarch. He was sitting in the corner of a large hall, with a writing table before him. He bade me take a seat. After coffee and sweetmeats, as

*Others say, of St. James the Great.

is the fashion here, I presented to him a quarto edition of the Old Testament in the Armenian language; with the request, that he would inform me if the edition be correct. He replied, "I have examined it, and approve of it, as an edition without errors." I then mentioned that I had a few copies, which I would offer, with his permission, to the pilgrims at a cheap rate. He gave his assent; and a pilgrim present engaged to make inquiries, and to give me information.

"I presented to Procopius an excellent copy of the Persian Testament, translated by the much lamented Henry Martyn. He read portions of it with fluency, and thanked me for the donation. Also gave a French bible to the clerk of the monastery, who reads and understands the French language.

"*February* 21.—Went to the church of the holy sepulchre. The gate fronts the south; and is strictly guarded by Turks without and Greeks within. No pilgrim, a subject of the grand seignior, can enter without paying a *para*, a trifle to be sure; but when multiplied by the hundreds of times, at which each pilgrim enters, in the course of three months, the amount becomes a large sum. To prevent confusion, it is necessary to observe the difference between the *church* of the holy sepulchre, and the holy sepulchre *itself*;—the one embracing all the apartments belonging to the different denominations of Christians;—the other being only a monument erected over the tomb of our Saviour, and held in equal reverence by the various denominations of Christians who frequent it. The *tomb* may be called the centre of the church of the holy sepulchre, near to which may be heard the prayers of Christians in ancient Greek, in Latin, Armenian, Arabic, and Syriac.

"Entered the gate of the church of the holy sepulchre amid a crowd of pilgrims. The first object which attracted my attention, was the *stone of unction*, venerated as the spot where the body of our Lord was anointed for burial. The stone is thirty one feet directly in front of the gate; is eight feet in length, and two feet two inches in breadth. Several large candles are kept standing at each end; and over it are suspended several silver lamps. The pilgrims all bow, and, after making the sign of the cross, kiss the sacred stone.

"Leaving the stone of unction, we were conducted to the holy sepulchre. It is distant from the stone of unction sixty three feet, under the centre of a large dome. The monument erected over the tomb contains two spartments. In the first is the stone where, *it is said*, the angel made his appearance to Mary; in the other, is the holy tomb. The outside of the monument is twenty nine feet in length, eighteen and a half feet in breadth. I waited some time for the pilgrims to withdraw. While standing there, a pilgrim entered, and at the sight of the tomb wept and sobbed as over the grave of a parent.

"Seventy-three feet from the holy sepulchre we came to the chapel of apparition, in which a few catholics were engaged in evening service. The music, for softness and solemnity, exceeded any thing I have heard in Asia. From the chapel we returned to the holy sepulchre, and passing through the Greek church, ascended Mount Calvary. It is sixteen feet above the level of the tomb. I stooped down to look into the hole in which, *it is supposed*, stood the cross; below which is a fissure in the rock, made, it is believed, when Christ our Lord bowed his head and gave up the Ghost.

"*February 22.*—In the afternoon the interpreter of the Russian consul accompanied me to Mount Olivet. Left the city by Damascus gate, and turning eastward we passed near to the cave in which, tradition says, Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations. "All ye that pass by, behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow." The cave is large, and is held in high veneration. Passing the north east corner of the city, we descended to the brook Kedron. The bed of the stream was perfectly dry, notwithstanding the great rains. On our left, saw the church erected over the grave of the virgin Mary;—on our right the garden of Gethsemane.

"In fifteen or twenty minutes reached the summit of the Mount of Olives. Here we had a delightful view of the city, and also of the Dead Sea. Perhaps no place in the world commands a finer prospect, or is associated with events more sacred and sublime. "David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot." On the east side of it, our blessed Saviour raised Lazarus from the grave; and, on the west, he endured the agony of Gethsemane. Here he beheld the city, and wept over it. From this mount he was at one time conducted to Jerusalem with shoutings of "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and, at another, with the cry of "Crucify him, crucify him." From this spot he gave his last commission; "*Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel;*" and then ascended, and "sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

"Descending the Mount of Olives, we passed into the valley of Jehoshaphat, to the pool of Siloam. Here the blind man, at the command of Jesus, washed and returned seeing. The pool is at the foot of Mount

Moriah, on the south side. We descended a handsome flight of stepts to the water. It is visited every day by pilgrims of every denomination. I perceived nothing unusual in the taste of the water.

"From Siloam, directing our course southward, we came to the tree where, *it is said*, Isaiah was sawn asunder for his faithful exhortations and reproofs. The tree is securely guarded by a high wall, to prevent the injuries it would receive from pilgrims.

"From this we began to ascend Mount Zion. We passed through fields of grain, which reminded us, at every step, of the awful prediction; "Mount Zion shall be ploughed like a field." On the summit is a mosque, erected over the tombs of David and of the kings of Israel; and an Armenian church, *said to be* the ruins of the house of Caiaphas, the high priest.

"Mount Zion, on three sides, is strongly fortified by nature. This agrees precisely with the description given of it in the scripture. "Nevertheless, David took the *strong hold* of Zion, the same is the city of David." At the foot of it, on the west, are the ruins of the pool of Beersheba,—on the south, the valley of the son of Hinnom, called also Tophet, and the valley of slaughter. (Jer. xix. 6.) Here the children of Israel caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire to Moloch, 2 Kings xxiii. 10; and in this place Jeremiah denounced the dreadful curse; "Behold, I will bring evil upon this place, the which, whosoever heareth, his ears shall tingle."

"On the south side of Mount Zion are the ruins of the old wall, supposed to be the one repaired by Nehemiah. Here may be seen to the best advantage the site of Solomon's temple, the mount of Olives, and the plains and mountains of Judea. This delightful pros-

pect, in connexion with its spiritual privileges, led David to sing, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion." Returned to the city at sunset.

"*Frbruary* 24.—A priest came to my room to read with me the holy scriptures.

"*Sabbath* 25.—The Sabbath passed without the least interruption. How desirable this retirement, after so many Sabbaths of weariness.

"*February* 26.—A Greek priest requested me to aid him in the study of the English language. This will give me an opportunity to institute many important inquiries, and to obtain valuable information.

"A priest invited me to visit some interesting objects in the city. We passed the street called *Via Dolorosa*, through which our Saviour bore his cross to Calvary; were shown the house of St. John the beloved disciple; the hall where the Saviour was arraigned before Pilate; the pool of Bethesda, near St. Stephen's gate; the arch where it is said Pilate cried, "Behold the man;" the place where Stephen was stoned, having his eyes fixed on the visions of God; the place in the garden, where our Saviour, being in an agony, prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. St. John has marked the site of the garden very particularly. "He went forth with his disciples *over* the brook Kedron." There is but one spot over the brook Kedron convenient for a garden. This garden had been consecrated by the many prayers, and by the blood of our divine Saviour. "For Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples." It is still occupied as a garden, and contains several large olive trees.

"*February* 27.—Received a letter from the president

of the Greek monastery at Rama, expressing his thanks for the tracts which I sent him to be distributed among the pilgrims.

"*February* 28.—Sent a few tracts to a Russian gentleman who resides in the monastery of Abraham. Also, gave a few to a young man belonging to the catholic monastery. He engaged to read them attentively.

"*March* 1.—Sold an Italian Testament, and gave an Armenian Testament to an Armenian, who engaged to aid me in the distribution of the scriptures. Visited the priests who have charge of the holy sepulchre, and gave them a Testament. Towards evening walked with a few priests to the place where, it is said, Hezekiah "stopped up the fountains and the brook, that ran through the land, saying, why should the kings of Assyria come and find water." 2 Chron. xxxii. 4. By the way gave some account of the progress of religious institutions in America; of Sabbath schools, family worship, and benevolent societies.

"*March* 2.—A Russian gentleman, with the president of Abraham's monastery, offered to accompany me to Bethany, about two miles east of Jerusalem, at the foot of the mount of Olives on the east side. "Now Bethany was nigh to Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off." We came to the grave of Lazarus. "It was a cave," saith St. John, "and a stone lay upon it." A Turk, who seemed to have charge of the sepulchre, for a few *paras* gave us lighted tapers and permission to enter. We descended twenty eight stone steps, where we found a small room about eight feet square. On the east and west sides are tombs cut in the solid rock. Probably Jesus our Lord stood here, and cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." Half a mile to the

east, we came to a stone upon which our Saviour sat, *it is believed*, when Martha met him and fell at his feet, saying, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

"Returning to Jerusalem we passed over the summit of the Mount of Olives, and, besides visting places before mentioned, came to the mount where king Solomon "built a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill which is Jerusalem." It is only a few rods south of the place from which our Saviour ascended to heaven. Visited also the tombs of the prophets, a little west of the mount of Scandal.

"*March* 3.—Gave to Procopius one hundred tracts, to be distributed among the priests and pilgrims. Conversed a long time with a priest, respecting the nature of the new birth. He said it was baptism. "When children are baptized they are renewed, as it respects Adam's transgression; but if they afterwards sin, they must be punished." This, so far as I can learn, is the prevailing sentiment among the Greeks. They can give no other account of the new heart.

"A few pilgrims called upon me, and expressed their surprise that I should not observe the stated fasts. I requested them to prove from scripture, that it is required of Christians to fast forty days before the passover. I had observed that the pilgrims on board the vessel, who abstained with great strictness from meat, often drank wine even to intoxication. This led me to inquire, as to the propriety of such conduct; especially among pilgrims on their way to the holy sepulchre. We must learn, I observed, that true piety consists not in eating, or in abstaining from food; but in doing the will of our Father who is in heaven. They confessed frankly that the practice which prevailed among the pilgrims was highly censurable.

"*March* 5.—Violent rain during the day. Translated, from Italian into Greek, a letter received by Procopius from Mr. Barker, the general agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Syria. Procopius, not being able perfectly to understand the Italian, requested me to make a translation. The design of the letter was to aid, by every laudable effort, the distribution of the holy scriptures.

"*March* 6.—While reading the holy scriptures with a priest, inquiries were made respecting the "many mansions" in heaven. He said, that they were all for Greeks, but one was a higher station than another. "Catholics, Armenians, Protestants, not one of them can enter heaven; for they are not baptized."

"*March* 8.—Violent rain. The Greek with whom I read the scriptures, remarked that Christ was truly man and truly God.

"*March* 9.—The rain continues without intermission. "The Greeks believe," said a priest who visited me to-day, "that neither the righteous, nor the wicked, immediately after death pass into glory, or are sent to punishment, but rest like prisoners for the day of trial."

While walking in the church of the holy sepulchre, my attention was arrested by the religious service of the Copts. They have a small apartment on the west side of the holy tomb. The priest, arrayed in robes of very ordinary appearance, offered incense, as is the practice of other denominations. The scriptures were read with a low, but sweet voice, and with great simplicity. There was a good attention, and nothing like a desire to be seen of men. The number of their pilgrims is not great.

"*March* 12.—Visited the catholic convent. The

superior invited me to visit the convent when I pleased, and gave me many assurances of his friendship. I did not take with me Testaments, as I knew the catholics were decidedly hostile to the distribution of the holy scriptures among pilgrims. The convent is large; and is the resort of all European travellers, who visit the holy city. In the evening, received a letter from brother Fisk, dated January 26, forwarded by way of Cyprus.

"*March* 14.—Visited the Armenian Convent, and left three Testaments for sale. Walked to "the field of blood, purchased with thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was valued." It is a little south of Siloam, on the brook of Gihon. It contains many apartments for the dead; as it was originally appropriated to the burial of strangers.

"*March* 17.—Procopius gave me permission to enter the church of the holy sepulchre, for the purpose of quietly observing the different apartments while the pilgrims were absent.

"*March* 19.—Visited Procopius. He gave it as his opinion, that there are in Jerusalem, ten thousand Jews and two thousand Christians. Twenty one pilgrims arrived from Smyrna. An Armenian of distinction informed me that in Jerusalem there are sixty families of Armenians, and that in Palestine are only four Armenian monasteries; viz., one in Jerusalem, one in Bethlehem, one in Rama, and one in Jaffa. There is also an Armenian church on Mount Zion, without the city.

"Two ecclesiastics called upon me to instruct them in Italian. They read with me in the Italian Testament. Much rain during the day.

"*March* 22.—In the morning, one of the pilgrims* with whom I read the scriptures almost every day while on the passage, came to my room and read with me several chapters. The progress which he has made in reading and in knowledge, is a rich compensation for all the trouble of teaching him. He often stops to tell me, in other words, the story he has read; and remarks upon the importance of living according to the scriptures. He is never weary; but at the close of one chapter, he says with a smile, "shall we read another?" When he passes me in the street, he expresses the affection of a brother, and at the same time looks at me as his instructor. The effect upon his life has been most salutary. He says that he shall read the Testament every day as long as he lives. He is soon to return to his country, more than a thousand miles from Jerusalem, and my opportunities to visit and instruct him must cease. But he will carry with him the holy bible as his guide, and he will not soon forget the past interesting scenes. I do indulge in the secret hope, not that he is already converted, but that impressions have been made, which by the blessing of the holy spirit will result in a saving acquaintance with the word of God, and in final admittance into heaven. With regard to the future, we can make no certain calculations. For the past I feel bound to give thanks to God.

"Four persons have been to my room to read the scriptures to-day. The priests encourage me in this employment. If, then, a missionary can reside here with no other employment than to read the scriptures with

*This pilgrim was an Armenian, to whom Mr. P. on the voyage gave an Armenian Testament. This very interesting young man frequently on board read aloud to his fellow pilgrims.

pilgrims, not uttering a word respecting catholics, Greeks, or Turks, a great work might be accomplished; a work which would impart infinite joy to the friends of this mission, and guide many souls to eternal life. From the observations I have made, I am led to believe that reading the scriptures is one of the most effectual methods to diffuse the spirit of piety; a method to which God has often added a peculiar blessing.

"*March* 23.—Read in the Greek Testament with a Greek priest. Within one hundred feet of my room reside five bishops, viz., of Petrea, of Nazaret, of Gaza, of Lydda, of Philadelphia. Petrea and Philadelphia are beyond Jordan.

"*March* 24.—Read the scriptures as usual with a few individuals. Attended service in the church of the holy sepulchre. Seventy two priests, dressed in clerical robes, entered the church, two by two; and, bowing to the floor, rose and kissed the hand of the presiding bishop. After this, five loaves of bread were placed in the centre of the church and consecrated, in commemoration of the feeding of the five thousand.

"*March* 25. P. M.—A Turkish high priest, a *moolah*, arrived at Jerusalem. The governor of the city, the presidents of the different monasteries, and a large number of soldiers, went out to meet the *moolah*, and to welcome his arrival. As he entered the city, two cannons were discharged, an honor which is conferred on persons of high standing.

"*March* 27.—Passed the day in reading the holy scriptures in Greek and Italian, with a few Greeks. In the evening, the Russian consul arrived with his family.

"*March* 28.—Read the scriptures with several Greeks.

"*March* 29.—Accompanied the Russian consul and his family to the church of the holy sepulchre.

"*March* 30.—Read Italian two hours in the morning with a few Greeks. Afterwards obtained permission from Procopius to visit all the Greek monasteries in Jerusalem, and to supply the pilgrims and monks with tracts. A Greek priest was my guide.

"First visited the convent of St. Basilius, near the Latin monastery, at the north-west corner of the city. There are twelve women residing near the monastery. They received tracts with every expression of thankfulness.

"Next came to the monastery of St. Theodore, a few paces south of the Latin convent. In it reside two hundred pilgrims, many of whom had before received tracts which I sent to them. Left a sufficient number to supply the rest.

"The third monastery, that of St. Demetrius, is near to Jaffa gate. Here we found many pilgrims, willing and thankful to receive the tracts.

"The fourth, that of St. George, is near to Zion gate, in which reside only one monk. Left a few tracts for him, and for his friends.

"The fifth, that of St. John, is a little south of the church of the holy sepulchre. Here was presented to us a part of the head, *as they say;* of John the baptist, in a silver vessel. My guide, and others with me, approached it with a reverence, one would think due only to Him who demands our worship. The pilgrims are numerous. Left fifty tracts. These were not sufficient. The pilgrims, finding themselves destitute, entered a charge against the president of concealing the tracts, and appropriating them to his own use. I was informed of

the disturbance, and terminated the dispute by sending fifty tracts more.

"The sixth was St. Mary's, at which we were shown a neat and very ancient manuscript copy of the four gospels, written by a nun; the date of the copy some affirm to be six hundred and fifty years after Christ. Here are also preserved the bones of a converted Turk, who suffered martyrdom for his religion. Supplied the monastery with tracts, and received the assurance that they would be attentively read.

"Visited also the Syrian church, which, *it is said*, is the house in which the disciples were assembled, when Peter came from prison, and saluted his brethren. They tell us that the very gate is standing where Peter knocked till "Rhoda came to hearken; and when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate." Saw a few fine copies of MS. Testament in the Syrian character; also a few Syrian printed Testaments, deposited there by the Rev. Mr. Connor.

"*March* 31.—Mr. Barnet, an English traveller, arrived this morning, and brought me a letter from brother Fisk, of the same date as the other, received several days since. Mr. B. is now from Egypt, and has given me a very favorable account of that country, as it respects the safety of travellers, and the encouragement afforded to Europeans.

"*April* 2.—Accompanied Mr. B. to Bethlehem. Rode two miles through a beautiful plain, called the valley of Rephaim. Here David obtained a memorable victory over the Philistines, being encouraged by "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." Passed the convent of Elijah, where reside

about twenty Greeks. Near it is shown a rock on which, tradition says, Elijah slept, when fleeing from the wrath of Ahab. Here we had a distinct view, at the same moment, of the three most important places on the globe; Bethlehem, where the Saviour was born; Jerusalem, where he was crucified; and the mount of Olives, whence he ascended to heaven. Bethlehem, at this distance, assumes an appearance of splendor, far beyond that which it actually possesses. The monastery, erected over the manger, stands a little east of the village. Still farther eastward we saw the valley where the shepherds heard the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest."

"From the convent of Elijah, the road became uneven and stony. We passed near the sepulchre of Rachel. "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrah, which is Bethlehem."

"A letter from the Latin convent in Jerusalem introduced us to the president of the convent in Bethlehem. We were invited to dine with him. At dinner, the subject of distributing the scriptures was introduced. He replied "the Arabic Psalter, which the English have sent here, is a correct translation, word for word. Also the Italian Testament, translated by Antonio Martini, cannot be censured. But the Arabic bible sent here, we catholics do not approve of." "The Greeks," added he, "differ from us in three things. They believe that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father *only*;—that there is not a state of purification after death; and they renounce some of the sacraments. As for the protestants, they believe that all will be saved."

"After dinner, visited a catholic school, to which belong eighty scholars. Among them I found a youth who spoke the Italian with great fluency, and who is,

as they informed me, far advanced in the study of Arabic, his native language. Knowing that it would be desirable in many respects, to obtain such a youth, I requested the father of the child to permit me to take his son, and give him a good education at my own expense. After some hesitation he replied, "his mother will not be willing."

"To the hill Bethlehem, every christian must feel a peculiar attachment; the native place of David, the king of Israel,—a man after God's own heart and of the second David, the Lord from heaven. Here the wise men of the east laid their crowns at the feet of the infant Saviour; and here was heard a choir of angels singing, "*Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward men.*"

"In Bethlehem village there are, it is said, one thousand five hundred catholics, one thousand Greeks, and a few Armenians, and a few Turks. The catholics, Armenians and Greeks, have each of them a monastery. On our return, saw the village of Rama on our left. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not."

"*April* 3.—Went with Mr. B. to Siloam Aceldama, to the knig's gardens, and to the pillar of Absalom.

"*April* 5.—Obtained permission of Procopius to examine the manuscripts in the library belonged to the monastery. There were many copies of the four gospels, but only *two* of the whole Testament. The bishops absolutely refuse to sell a single manuscript. The library is small, but preserved in tolerable order, and contains books of much value.

"*April* 6.—A Swiss clergyman arrived with bibles

and Testaments. He informed me, that he has disposed of many Testaments, and with prospects of usefulness. He designs, after the passover, to go to Aleppo.

"*April* 7.—Visited the Jewish synagogues, with the Swiss clergyman. They are situated a little west of the site of Solomon's temple. A few Jews were present performing evening service. There are four synagogues in the same inclosure; and others in other parts. We made inquiries with regard to the number of Jews in Jerusalem. Some replied, three thousand; others said, "no, there are not three thousand;" "but why" they replied, "do you ask us this question?" Because we wish to gain particular information with regard to Christians, Jews, and Turks, in every place. We showed them a Testament in Hebrew. They examined it; but dared not purchase it, without the consent of the Rabbins. We left a few tracts, which they examined; but not without hesitation. They treated us with respect; and invited us to come again.

"Mr. B. left the city for Damascus. Before his departure, I presented to him a little book, together with a letter expressing my desire that the divine Saviour, the places of whose nativity, crucifixion, and ascension, he had visited, might be his guide and everlasting friend.

"*April* 10.—Visited several monasteries, in addition to those mentioned before, for the purpose of giving to all who could read religious tracts.

"The *seventh* monastery, called Abraham's, because it is erected over the spot where, *it is supposed*, Abraham, strong in faith, presented his son Isaac for sacrifice. The spot is only eight or ten feet from Mount Calvary, where was offered the great sacrifice for the sins of the world. The pilgrims are Russians; and

Greek tracts are of very little use. At another passover, I hope we shall be able to afford the same kind of instruction to Russians, Armenians, and Copts, which we have now done to Greeks. A missionary should have on hand a large supply of tracts in the following languages: Greek, Russian, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic, and Syriac. All are willing to read; and to all God can impart his blessing.

"In the *eighth* monastery, called St. Katharines' left twenty tracts. A few women reside in the convent.

"Next, the *ninth*, is St. Mary's *the less*, (to distinguish it from the other of the same name.) Here disposed of twenty tracts.

"The archangel monastery, erected over the spot where the angel was seen, when "he stretched out his hand over Jerusalem to destroy it," is the *tenth*. Disposed of one hundred tracts. A multitude of pilgrims are residing in this monastery.

"The *eleventh* is that of St. Nicholas, where I found a multitude of pilgrims ready to receive instruction. Left one hundred tracts.

"At the *twelfth*, St. George's, left only twenty tracts, a sufficient number to supply all who could read.

"At the *thirteenth*, that of St. Ithemius, left thirty tracts. Here terminated our tour. Have now visited thirteen Greek monasteries, one catholic, one Armenian, one Syrian, and one Coptic, within the walls of Jerusalem. Distributed in all, including the church of St. Constantine, one thousand tracts. These tracts are to be widely dispersed; and perhaps read by people several thousand miles from the holy city. The very fact that they were brought from Jerusalem, will attach to them a degree of sanctity; and give them higher

claims upon the attention of a multitude of Christians.

"I regret exceedingly that I could not obtain tracts in the Armenian and Russian languages.

"*April* 12.—Two English gentlemen arrived from Egypt, to witness the ceremonies of the passover.

"*April* 13.—Early this morning all the Greek pilgrims ascended the Mount of Olives, to perform a service in commemoration of the resurrection of Lazarus. During the service, two men (appointed for the purpose) passed through the assembly soliciting charity for the church. As they passed, they solemnly invoked the assistance of the saint, saying, "Holy Lazarus, help us."

"*April* 15.—Palm Sunday. The ceremonies at the church of the holy sepulchre were numerous and splendid. A large procession was formed; each individual bearing palm leaves and olive branches, in commemoration of the Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem, with shoutings of "Hosanna to the Son of David." That part of the gospel which relates to this subject, was read in ancient Greek at the door of the holy sepulchre. If such occasions could be devoted to reading the scriptures in a language which the pilgrims understood they would become highly interesting, and communicate instruction to thousands of precious souls.

"*April* 16.—Accompanied the Russian consul and the English travellers to the monastery of the holy cross, a mile and a half west of Jerusalem. Here we were shown the hole in the earth where grew, *it is said*, the tree from which was taken the cross. The dirt has been carefully collected and carried off by pilgrims. Also, saw a large collection of manuscript Testaments, in Greek and Armenian characters, but none of them are offered for sale.

"Five miles further west, came to the catholic monastery erected over the spot where John the baptist was born. The convent is large, and in a good state of preservation. A little further west, we came to the house in which tradition says, Mary, the mother of our Saviour, saluted Elizabeth. We saw at a considerable distance to the north, the tomb of the prophet Samuel. To the west is the valley in which David slew Goliah.

"*April* 17.—Attended a Jewish funeral. After the body was laid upon the bier, a priest offered a short prayer, and the people responded, "Amen." As they came near the gate which leads from the city, the priest offered another prayer, and then returned. After passing the gate they commenced singing, and continued this service till they arrived at the grave. It was on the east side of the Mount of Olives, where all the Jews consider it a privilege to be buried. It is a feast day with the Jews, and not lawful for them to bury the dead. A Turk was hired to do it. A hole was dug in the earth, about three feet in depth, and the body literally crowded into it without a coffin. A few stones were laid on the body to prevent the dogs from devouring it. In all their ceremonies, there was nothing like solemnity or regularity.

"*April* 18.—Attended to the subject of establishing a school at Jerusalem. I proposed to Procopius, that if he would obtain a suitable instructor, I would defray the expense of the school. He replied, "there is now no person in Jerusalem qualified to instruct such a school as we need." But he engaged to write to the patriarch; and afterwards give me more particular information on the subject.

"*April* 19.—At the usual service of the Greeks in

the church of St. Constantine, the Russian consul, his dragoman, and his secretary, received the holy sacrament. After this was a service near the gate of the church of the holy sepulchre. The superior of the convent having laid aside his official robes, poured water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of twelve monks, who were selected and arranged before the door of the holy tomb. During this ceremony, they sang the following words; "If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet."

"At an early hour of the evening, the catholics commenced a service in commemoration of our Saviour's sufferings in the garden. The music was so excessively mournful, that we could not but remember the words of our Saviour, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, thy will be done." The service concluded in a very abrupt manner, to denote the coming of Judas to apprehend his Lord. A little past midnight was another service by the catholics, in commemoration of the scourging of Christ. Strangers were not admitted.

"*Friday*, *April* 20.—Early in the morning the catholics assembled on Mount Calvary. Those chapters relating to the sufferings of Christ were read in the following manner. One took the part of our Saviour; another of Pilate; a third of the multitude; the fourth was the narrator, and read the words of the evangelist. When they came to the words, "he bowed his head and gave up the ghost," all the lamps were extinguished. The superior of the convent received the holy sacrament.

"At eight o'clock the gate was opened to admit the pilgrims. They passed, one by one, each being obli-

ged, (foreigners excepted) to pay twenty piastres. The dragoman of the Russian consul stood at the door, to protect the Russian subjects. Thus passed the day.

"At sunset the catholics came into the chapel of apparition, and ordered all the women to leave the room, saying, "*per le donne non c'e luogo.*" (For the women there is no room.) In a few moments the lights were extinguished, and a sermon commenced in Italian. The first sentence, which I distinctly understood, was this:

"*In questo luogo veramente, in questo giorno, anohe in questa ora giusto, il nostro Signore,*" &c. (In this very place, on this day, and even at this very hour, our Lord, &c.) The sermon continued about thirty minutes, when two priests with two candles, and with a large cross, entered the chapel. A procession was then formed to visit the holy places. Came first to the apartment, where the soldiers divided the garments of our Lord. Here we heard a second sermon in Italian. It was delivered with much less distinctness than the other. They proceeded to another small apartment, where a sermon was delivered in Spanish, relating to the crowning of our Saviour with thorns.

"The *fourth* sermon was delivered on Mount Calvary, on the spot where the Saviour was nailed to the cross; the *fifth*, on the spot where the cross was raised; both in Italian. After this a cross was erected, having on it an image about three feet in length, exactly in the posture of a person crucified. Shortly after, two men designed to represent Nicodemus and Joseph, ascended the cross, drew out the nails, and carefully took down the body and laid it in a napkin.

"From Calvary they proceeded to the stone of unction, where, after anointing the body, the superior of

the convent delivered a sermon in Arabic. He began by clasping his hands, raising his eyes to heaven, as if he would say, "all is lost." Next proceeded to the holy sepulchre, where the body was deposited, and a *seventh* sermon delivered in Spanish. The services ended at half past ten in the evening.

"The Copts and Syrians came next in order. They visited the same places as before mentioned; they carried paintings instead of images; and substituted singing for sermons.

"Twelve o'clock at night the Greeks formed a procession, and besides visiting Calvary, passed around the tomb three times, as is their usual practice, in honor of the three persons in the trinity. The Greeks also carried paintings, but not images. There were no sermons during their services.

"*Saturday*, 21.—Nothing occurred in the morning of any importance. The afternoon was a memorable season. Every apartment of the church was crowded with Turks, Jews, Christians, and with people from every nation under heaven. These assembled to witness the supposed miraculous descent of the Holy Spirit, under the similitude of *fire*. It is estimated, that at least 5000 people were present. The governor of the city and Turks of rank were there. A very convenient place was allotted me, to observe distinctly every ceremony. About twelve o'clock we witnessed scenes of a very extraordinary nature, and highly derogatory to the christian profession. A body of Arab christians, natives of Palestine, were admitted to perform their part in the duties of the holy week. They began by running round the holy sepulchre, with all the frantic airs of madmen; clapping their hands,—throwing their caps into the air,—cuffing each other's

ears,—walking half naked upon the shoulders of their companions,—hallooing, or rather shrieking to the utmost extent of their voices. This was the exhibition to five thousand people, who were in expectation of soon witnessing the descent of the holy fire.

"About one o'clock the Turks entered the small apartment of the holy tomb, extinguished the lamps, closed the door, and set a watch. I was determined to enter, myself, the holy sepulchre with the Russian consul, to see from what direction the fire proceeded. But they replied, "the Turks will not give permission to strangers to enter." Shortly after, the principal Greek priest entered the holy sepulchre, attended by the Armenian patriarch, and also by the Syrian patriarch. The Greek priest, however, entered the second apartment unattended. Every eye was fixed, as the time approached. As we stood waiting, suddenly there darted from the sepulchre a flaming torch, which was carried almost instantaneously to a distant part of the assembly. I stood among the first to receive the fire, and to prove that, as to its power of burning, it contained no extraordinary qualities. The zeal of the pilgrims to get a part of the fire before the superior qualities departed, (as they say it burns like other fire in a few minutes,) endangered the lives of many. Several were well nigh crushed to death. Some lighted candles, others tow, with a view to preserve a part of its influence. Some held their faces in the blaze, saying, "It does not burn." Others said, "Now Lord, I believe, forgive my former unbelief." After this the pilgrims retired, abundantly satisfied with what they had seen and heard. I have thought it rather strange that the Greeks, when urging upon me the evidence of the superiority of their religion, have never mentioned the miracle of the holy fire.

"*April* 22.—A little past midnight, began the ceremonies of the resurrection. The church of the holy sepulchre was splendidly illuminated to represent the glory of that morning, when arose to live and reign the king of glory. The holy scriptures were read in ancient Greek, Russian, Arabic, Turkish, Armenian, Latin, and in several other languages. The processions were splendid, and the ceremonies numerous.

"In the morning, all retired from the church to their respective habitations. Here end the services of the holy week.

"I was often led to hope, that the holy church will soon be consecrated entirely to the promotion of true piety among all clases of Christians. What an opportunity it will afford, to those who have the spirit which Peter possessed on the day of pentecost; and who will boldly proceed to open and allege the scriptures, and to lead thousands, by a blessing from above, to cry, "men and brethren, what shall we do." If I am not greatly deceived, I behold, even now, the dawning of that glorious day. May all who love the gates of Zion, hold not their peace, "till the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth."

"*April* 25.—The English gentlemen invited me to accompany them to the house of the Governor. He received us with much politeness, and offered to furnish us with a guard from Jerico to the Dead Sea, and to give us all the assistance necessary.

"*April* 26.—At nine o'clock, left Jerusalem for the Jordan. The pilgrims were several hours in advance. The Governor of Jerusalem, attended by his guard, accompanied us. He requested the English gentlemen to ride immediately behind him. At twelve o'clock stop-

ped at a fountain, where, *it is said*, our Saviour often refreshed himself on his way from Jerico to Jerusalem. A little further we passed Bahurim, where David was cursed and stoned by Shimei, and where, resigned to the will of his heavenly Father, he uttered those memorable words; "Let him alone; let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him." At four o'clock, pitched our tent on the plains of Jerico. Went to view the present village of Jerico, consisting of a few mud huts, in the centre of an extended plain. Towards the east, beyond Jordan, we beheld the mount which Moses ascended, and whence he viewed the land of promise; to the west the wilderness, in which our Saviour fasted forty days and forty nights, and was afterwards tempted by the devil. We searched in vain for some remnants of the wall which God overthrew at the blowing of rams' horns. About three hundred Arabs inhabit this village.

"*April* 27.—After sleeping two hours on the ground, we were awaked at half past two o'clock, and ordered to proceed to the Jordan. On our way some remarks were made concerning the scripture history of this river. The armies of Israel passed it on dry land "right over against Jerico." Elijah took his mantle and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither. Here also "Elisha cried, *Where is the Lord God of Elijah?* and smote the waters, and they divided hither and thither."

"Here at the baptism of our Saviour were the heavens opened, and "lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

"At five o'clock stood on the banks of Jordan. The current, in consequence of the great rains, was rapid and violent. The banks of the river were ten feet, at least, above the level of the water. The pilgrims all

rushed into the stream, and plunged themselves beneath the sacred waters. Among the spectators were the Governor and his guard.

"At six, left Jordan and bent our course towards the Dead Sea. The Governor sent a guard with us. Arrived at half past seven o'clock. The way was through a desert of sand. The water of the Dead Sea is excessively bitter. We could see far torwards the place where were engulfed the guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorroh, the inhabitants of which are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.

"Left the Dead Sea at eight o'clock, and arrived at our tent, on the plains of Jerico, at half past nine. At two P. M., set out for Jerusalem, and arived at eight in the evening. On our arrival we learned that several Russian pilgrims had been wounded by the Arabs. The blame is charged upon the pilgrims.

"*April* 30.—Were informed this day by a letter from Rama, that the English gentlemen, on their return, were arrested, deprived of their arms, and insulted. What rendered the event more alarming was, that it was not done by a lawless banditti, but by orders from the Governor of Jaffa. Their arms were afterwards restored.

"*May* 2.—Sent several letters to Smyrna by an Armenian pilgrim.

"The number of pilgrims present at this passover may thus be stated; one thousand two hundred Greeks, one thousand four hundred Armenians, seventy Copts, twenty Syrians, fifteen Catholics, one Abysinian: Total, two thousand seven hundred and six."

In Jerusalem are eleven mosques, five synagogues, and twenty monasteries, belonging to the different denominations of Christians. Belonging to the Greek

patriarchate of Jerusalem there are thirteen bishoprics—of Petrea, Nazareth, Lydda, Gaza, Philadelphia beyond Jordan, Cesarea, Bashan, Ptolemais, Bethlehem, Neapolis, Jaffa, Mount Tabor, Mount Sinai. Five of these bishoprics are vacant. All the bishops live away from their diocesses. This information Mr. P. received from a respectable Greek priest.

"*May* 5.—Since my arrival in Jerusalem, I have sold Arabic psalters, ninety-nine copies; sold Greek Testaments since leaving Smyrna, forty-one; Persian Testaments, (quarto) two; Armenian Testaments, seven; Italian Testament, one; gave away, where there was a prospect of usefulness, Greek, eleven; French, Italian, Persian, Armenian, nine.

"Repeated and earnest applications were made for Armenian Testaments; but it was not in my power to procure them. It will be remembered that before my arrival, bibles and Testaments were deposited in the respective monasteries by Procopius. How many have been sold I am not able to say. Procopius has not had time to prepare the account.

["Mr. Parsons here gives a particular account of the distribution of more than three thousand tracts after he left Smyrna. He gave them to many priests, bishops, schoolmasters, and inquisitive pilgrims. He sent them in every direction from Jerusalem. Some copies were in the hands of pilgrims, who live more than a thousand miles from that city. Should a missionary, residing there, be fully supplied with books in different languages, there is no calculating how much he might do in the great work of promoting genuine religion."] *Ed. Mis. Her.*

"In every instance, the tracts have been received not only without hesitation, but with a smile of grati-

tude. Bishops have aided their circulation. All have rejoiced to carry so sacred a present to their friends.

"A pilgrim from Caramania engaged to carry the tracts to school teachers, and to priests. He said, they will be received with thankfulness. In many instances, I have been requested to accompany the tracts with my name, that the persons to whom the tracts were given, might know from whom was received a donation, which they so highly valued.

"To some Armenians, who made application for tracts, I said, "perhaps some of my friends will pass through Armenia with bibles and tracts for sale." "We shall rejoice" they said, "and *all* will rejoice, when they arrive."

"If a missionary could return with the pilgrims to Armenia, his trunks of books would pass without exciting any suspicion, and he would receive the greatest assistance from those who accompanied him. I earnestly hope that after the next passover, some person will be prepared to undertake the interesting service of making known to the churches the moral state of Armenia.

"*May* 7.—When I arrived at Jerusalem it was my design to pass the heat of the summer on Mount Lebanon. In consequence of civil commotions which had commenced there, I relinquished the idea, and determined to retire to Bethlehem. Soon after the passover, the Greeks in Palestine were thrown into the greatest confusion by an order from government to surrender their arms, and by the arrest of the Russian consul at Jaffa. All who could be spared from the monastery, had fled; others settled down with a determination to await the event.

"In such a confusion as this, I found but little prospect of a quiet summer, either for study, or for affording instruction to others. After seeking the divine direction, and with a full conviction that Palestine is a station of high importance, as it respects the execution of benevolent designs, I came to the conclusion, that it was best to return to some of the islands of the Archipelago, till the heat of the summer is past. I turned my attention to the Archipelago more particularly with the expectation of joining brother Fisk, in the preparation of tracts to be distributed in different languages among the pilgrims, who shall attend the next annual celebration.

"Before leaving the city, I must say that in many respects my time has passed pleasantly since my arrival at the holy city. My health I think was never better for three months in succession. If I had been better furnished with bibles and tracts, I might by the divine blessing have greatly extended my usefulness. As it respects gaining and imparting information, this is indeed the centre of the world. The station must not be relinquished. The door is already open. Difficulties must be expected; but the good resulting from a mission established here will be an infinite reward.

"*May* 3.—Early this morning visited the bishops, and took my leave of them. They said, "We wish to see you soon again in this city." Left the city at six o'clock by Jaffa gate. As I ascended the hill west of the city, I turned to take another view of the dearest spot on earth. The words of David were fresh in my mind, "*If I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and shew me both it and his habitation.*"

"At Jaffa gate I was stopped by two Turkish sol-

diers in front of several cannon. One Turk stood at my right hand, and another at my left, with pistols and swords. After waiting for half an hour, orders came from the governor for permission to enter the city. The English consul received me into his family, and invited me to tarry a few weeks, for more decisive information concerning the present disturbances. In the evening visited the family of the Russian consul, and found it in a most distressing situation. A few hours previous to my arrival, the consul fled secretly from the city, and set sail for Constantinople. This he did, they informed me, to save himself from the bloody knife of the Turk.

"*May* 9.—I found a vessel bound to Scio. Agreed with the Captain for a passage, at less than half the sum which I was obliged to give for a passage from Smyrna to Jaffa. At sunset left Jaffa in company with the presiding priest of the church at Gethsemane, and a multitude of pilgrims. The report that the Russian consul at Acre had been beheaded, excited a general alarm, and the pilgrims were glad to escape from imminent danger.

"*May* 12.—Early in the morning, arrived at the port of the ancient Paphos, Cyprus, two miles from the house of the Greek bishop. In consequence of contrary winds, and especially in consequence of sickness among the pilgrims, we were permitted to refresh ourselves on shore for the day. The bishop, hearing of our arrival, sent bread, cheese and wine for our refreshment.

"*May* 13.—Slept the last night under a hovel upon a bed of bean pods. The weather is delightful, and the fields of grain are ripe for the harvest. Every object around us, the fragrance of flowers, the choice variety of fruits, the singing of the birds, the salubrity of the air, is calculated to excite our praise and gratitude.

"*May* 15.—Had some profitable conversation with the Greek priest who accompanied us. I requested him to prove from the scriptures the articles of his creed; such as the duty of offering prayers to the virgin Mary, praying for the dead, &c. He declined, and appealed to the fathers. He added, "The bible is not capable of affording instruction without the aid of the holy fathers." But in what a deplorable situation, I replied, does this place the greater part of Christians! They must search a thousand folio volumes to learn their duty. Where is there one out of ten thousand, that would not die in ignorance of the will of God?

"*May* 17.—With regard to confession, the Greek priest said, "If a man commit a great offence, he must go to the bishop, tell his fault, and then supply the church with candles and oil, and give of his substance to feed the poor." Not a word said about repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"*May* 19.—Off Castello Rosso. The captain went on shore, and tarried an hour. He informed us, that the Turks designed to apprehend our vessel; but he escaped. The christian population of Castello Rosso have a prevailing influence.

"*May* 20.—A memorable morning. Soon after sunrise, we observed a vessel before us with a flag perfectly black, with the exception of a white cross in the middle and a red crescent beneath it. We were soon hailed and ordered to lower sails. The captain of the vessel, with a number of soldiers, visited us, ordered our flag to be taken down, and then with the utmost contempt trampled it under feet, pronouncing a curse on him who should raise it. "We do not take your vessel," said they, "nor do we wish to molest Greek pilgrims, but we seek the blood of Turks. They have executed our

patriarch and our bishops, and we are determined to stand in defence of our lives and of our religion. All the Greeks in the Morea and on the islands are in arms. If you are arrested by a Turkish vessel, you must expect immediate execution." It is impossible to describe the consternation which prevailed among the pilgrims. The women especially lifted up their voices and wept. From our vessel they went in search of another vessel of pilgrims, which accompanied us from Jaffa. There they found two Turks and about thirty Jews. They were all arrested and put in confinement. The Turks were to be beheaded immediately, but the Jews reserved for trial. The pilgrims stood on deck to see the dreadful scene, but we were soon at two great a distance to witness the execution. During the day we observed many other vessels with a similar flag.

"*May* 21.—Preparations were made on deck for self-defence. The cannon were loaded, and the mariners supplied with arms.

"*May* 24.—Passed Rhodes on the west side. Towards evening, made a short tarry in the port of an island near Rhodes. Here our vessel was miraculously preserved. We were driven by some imprudence of the sailors within a few feet of a bed of rocks, and for some time it appeared impossible to escape shipwreck. The pilgrims, seeing their danger, began to make the cross, and to offer prayers to the virgin Mary. Not like the dying Stephen did they commit their spirits into the hands of the Lord Jesus.

"*May* 27.—Wind against us. At ten o'clock, came to an anchor in the port of Stamphalia. Towards evening visited a monastery, and united with a few Greeks in their evening worship. Two vessels arrived, one a prize from the Turks. The Turks, seeing a Greek vessel of war sailing toward them, fled to the shore, and

left their vessel, without the least effort to defend themselves.

"*May* 28.—Visited a school, and distributed fifty tracts among the scholars. I have never observed so great a desire to receive religious books, and never had more pleasing evidence that they would be read with attention. "Send us books," was constantly repeated in my presence. "We want a supply for our families,—for our children." I gave them some encouragement, in case the war ceased. How many plead for the word of life, who live and die without it!

"*June* 1.—A vessel approached us, when our captain, the Greek priest, and myself, were summoned on board the ship of war. I forgot to take my passport with me. The captain of the ship of war ordered it to be brought, and after examining it, said it was sufficient. He assured me that I could not enter the port of Scio nor the port of Smyrna; that the school at Scio was closed, and that professor Bambas had fled just in time to save his life. Thus disappointment is added to disappointment.

"*June* 2.—Arrived at Samos, and was invited to take a room in the house of the English consul, Mr. Spathi. This invitation I most cheerfully complied with, as it might afford a quiet retirement for study.

"A voyage to and from Jerusalem, in company with pilgrims, is attended with many things unpleasant; but without doubt affords the best advantage for giving instruction and for gaining an extensive influence. For more than two months, I have resided with pilgrims on their passage to and from Jerusalem. I have been with them, as one of their number, read to them the holy scriptures, conversed with them upon the nature and importance of renewing grace, and of constant prepara-

tion for the coming of Christ. Not in one instance have I been interrupted by improper conduct. During the whole passage, I perceived not a smile of contempt towards the word of God. Generally there was a pleasing attention. The effect of reading the scriptures upon several of the pilgrims was very apparent, and very salutary. They understood what they read, and repeated to me the substance with great correctness. These impressions may soon be effaced, and they may, by the blessing of God result in a saving conversion to the truth. Of this I am sure, that wherever they wander as pilgrims on earth they will be commended to God by many, who wait for the redemption of Israel.

"The reading of the scriptures is perhaps the most effectual method of doing good at Jerusalem. In this respect, the time from Christmas to the Passover is invaluable. Multitudes, and among them men of influence and literature, from almost every part of the world, are literally assembled in one place; and the information they receive will be communicated to thousands of souls. This station I view as one of the most important that can be selected, and one which cannot be relinquished, without great criminality on the part of the christian community.

"*June* 4.—An interesting young man called upon me at my room, and an hour passed in conversation upon the nature of the new-birth as distinct from baptism, morality, or external sanctity.

"*June* 7.—Visited the French consul, and dined with him. He spoke decidedly in favor of the efforts which are making to distribute the holy scriptures in the common Greek. Few, he remarked, understood the Testament in the ancient language. This remark is made by every intelligent Greek, and still the church service,

the prayers, the singing, the reading of the Testament, are in the ancient language. Thousands attend service for years, and remain almost as ignorant of the bible as the heathen.

"*June* 9.—Visited the Greek bishop of Samos. He was too much engaged in public business to devote much time to conversation. The day was devoted to a review of the troops stationed for the defence of the island. After the soldiers were arranged, the bishop and priests read prayers for more than an hour. Returned to the house of the consul, and found a young man waiting for me. He made inquiries with regard to the Lancasterian system of education.

"*June* 16.— After dinner, my reflections upon the coming glory of Christ's kingdom were uncommonly refreshing. God has come out of his place in the fierceness of his wrath to punish the nations that have for ages forgotten him. The prospect is, that Turkey must be drenched in blood. How terrible is God in arms! But I feel a great desire to remain and see the end, if it may be the will of our heavenly Father. To all who seek the prosperity of Zion, the present commotions will be viewed as the development of those eternal counsels which secure all kingdoms to Christ. Since the illustrious days of the Apostles, there have never been more evident displays of the determination of God to visit and redeem these sacred shores. Let us admire and tremble and adore. My prayer is for wisdom to conduct worthy of my calling, that whether in health or in sickness, in prison or in death, I may glory in nothing save in the cross of Christ, and by it be crucified to the world and to all its allurements."

In a letter to his oldest brother Mr. Parsons mentions a distressing calamity which befel a number of pilgrims

with whom he had associated. "The pilgrims left Jerusalem when I did. We sailed from Jaffa about the same time, in several vessels. One vessel stopped at Rhodes, without knowing of the war. The Turks came on board and beheaded sixty or seventy at one time. It affected me the more, as I had taken a very tender interest in their welfare. But they sleep in death, reserved to the final retribution, when both Turks and Greeks will render their account to the Judge of all the earth."

"*June* 25.—A Greek priest of some distinction gave me the following statement, with regard to all the churches and monasteries of Samos. Monasteries on the island, fifteen; monks, one hundred; churches, three hundred; priests, one hundred and fifty; villages, thirty eight; in Vati, the principal village, are one thousand houses, and eight churches.

"*June* 28.—I have been advised to take a short voyage without delay, as the best means of restoration to health. A vessel is now in port, bound to Tino, and I have engaged a passage with the expectation of sailing in the morning.

"*June* 29.—At an early hour, left Samos in a Genoese vessel. Made but little progress on our voyage during the day.

"*June* 30.—A little past noon came in sight of the principal village of Tino. In consequence of a violent wind, we could not enter the port, and the captain directed his course for Syra, an island distant from Tino 18 miles. At three o'clock, came to an anchor in the port of Syra.

"*Syra, July* 2.—Dined with the English vice-consul of Syra. The captain of the Genoese vessel, in which I took passage from home, concluded to set sail for

Smyrna, instead of returning to Tino. For this reason, I accepted of the invitation of the English consul to reside in his family, till the vessel returned with information from brother Fisk. Syra is under the special protection of the French flag, and affords a safe retreat from the noise and alarms of the present war.

"*July* 8.—No interruptions. Spent the day in fasting and prayer. The word of God for several weeks past has been very precious. Every morning and noon and evening I find my mind refreshed after reading a portion of God's word. Also in prayer have been enabled to draw near to God, and to plead at his footstool. This is the beginning of heaven.

"*July* 15.—Accompanied the consul to a catholic church, to hear a sermon from the bishop. We arrived at an early hour, and were invited into the apartment of one of the principal priests. Immediately was introduced the subject of the "catholic catechism for children." The inquiry was made, why the second commandment was omitted, and to make out a full number, the tenth divided into two? He replied, "What you call the second commandment is only a part of the first; and the tenth contains two distinct subjects, and should be kept separate. Besides, in forming our catechism, we designed to give only the substance." I assured him I was not satisfied with this explanation, and that, in forming a book for youth, the commandments should be presented word for word as they are in the bible.

"After this the subject of bibles was introduced, and with pleasure I heard him remark that the Italian translation, made by Antonio Martini, a catholic priest, was without an error. At ten o'clock we were called to the church. The bishop, after a few prayers, took a seat

a little elevated above the assembly, and read the twentieth verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew, first in Latin and then in Greek. Closing the bible, he began a discourse in modern Greek upon the religion of the pharisees; and inquired if there were not many at the present day, whose religion consists in forms, and not in the heart. After sermon, about twenty children were presented to receive the sacrament of the holy oil. The bishop, dipping his thumb in oil, laid it on the forehead of the child, and pronounced the name of the sacred Trinity. I have inquired of several priests concerning the import of these ceremonies. They reply, "It is the regulation of the church."

The following extract from a letter to his brother I. P., dated July 18, will only be adding one dark shade to that dismal picture which European Turkey has presented for the last three years.

"To give you some description of the state of the country, I will insert a few sentences from a letter which I received yesterday from the English consul of Smyrna. 'The poor Greeks are killed with as much cold blood as boys kill rats or spiders. Such is the horrid war which the Greeks have commenced. God only knows where it will end; I am of opinion bad enough for the Greeks, however I may pity them, seeing them hunted down and shot before my flag. The bay (Smyrna gulf) is covered with tented boats full of Greeks, as the only refuge from the bloody knife or leaden bullet of the Turk.'

"The future is all dark to man, but noon-day to God. I find no reason for discouragement. For a short time we may be kept from Jerusalem; but it will not be long before we or other missionaries will enter that sacred city with shoutings of great joy. My brother, it is good to be here.—God is indeed giving the nations blood to drink, but the church is his peculiar care."

"*July* 18.—My birth day; twenty nine years old. Thus rapidly I hasten to the close of my work. Yet a little, and years and days are past. This morning I de-

sire to number my days, that I may apply my heart to wisdom. The past year has been a year of trials, and of peculiar mercies. I have not to accuse myself of idleness so much as of the misapplication of exertions. It is not enough to be busy—for many are busy who bring nothing to pass—busy about nothing. Upon reviewing the past, I can see very many occasions in which by a different arrangement greater good would have been the probable result. I find it one of the greatest difficulties attending my mission, to know how to improve opportunities—how to address strangers—how much to say—what it is prudent to say—when to be silent—when to assume the boldness of the lion and when the gentleness of the lamb. I have been oppressed, and sometimes in an agony for fear of doing what should not be done, or of leaving undone what should be done. The only relief is to look to him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. The probability of being kept from Jerusalem a long time, is my greatest trial. My *heart* is there. I never was sensible of greater attachment to any place. I am tried with impatienee. Lord enable me to say "Thy will be done."

"*July* 28.—Passed the day in preparing a tract to be called "the holy week," for the use of pilgrims of all denominations at Jerusalem. It is to contain a scriptural account of all the transactions of our Saviour during "the holy week." It is to be merely extracts from a work highly approved by the catholics, with this difference, that the characters are changed from the Roman to the Greek. This tract may be approved by catholic pilgrims, which will render it more acceptable to pilgrims of all denominations.

"*August* 3.—Yesterday visited a catholic priest who has been employed in the family of the French ambas-

sador at Constantinople. His remarks, respecting the objections of infidels to the scriptures, were judicious and instructive. "They arise," said he, "from two facts, ignorance of the geography of the country, and of the customs of the people."

"*August* 5.—It is the blessedness of heaven that it promotes tranquility and cherishes the best affections of the mind. God has given me great delight in his holy word. It is sweeter to my taste than honey or the honey comb. I have read the fifth chapter of Matthew with great advantage and consolation. The words of our Saviour are indeed the words of eternal life. How happy are those who read, admire and obey them! How earnestly should christians seek to place this sacred treasure in the hands of every human being!

"*August* 12.—Rose at sunrise—passed an hour in reading the scriptures and in meditation—took coffee—afterwards spent an hour more in private examination—at nine went to the catholic church—only a few present—no preaching—prayers offered for the dead. The streets, as on other days, abound with buyers and sellers. I believe that more things are offered for sale on the Sabbath than on other days. Returned to my room; heard the son of the consul read in the Greek Testament concerning the crucifixion of Christ. By fasting and prayer, endeavored to seek for the divine blessing during the week. I desire a supreme relish for the bible, and an unceasing love for the souls of men.

"*August* 16.—A priest inquired of me, in what respects the Testaments of the protestants differed from those of the catholics. This led to a long conversation on the subject of an extensive distribution of the

holy scriptures. We have, I remarked, the ancient Greek Testament,—the catholics have the same; we have the Italian Testament, translated by a catholic priest,—you have the same, and pronounce it to be a correct translation from the Latin; we have the Arabic Psalter—the catholics approve of this translation. Now here are three books, which catholics, protestants and Greeks receive as parts of the word of God.

"*August* 17.—Found a part of a modern Greek Testament in the room of a catholic priest. We read several chapters together, and compared them with the London edition of the Greek Testament. He remarked, "there is no difference. The one approved by the catholics, and the one approved by the protestants, are without errors."

"*August* 19.—No interruptions. With fasting and with many prayers I besought the Lord to permit me to return to the promised land."

While on the island of Syra Mr. Parsons labored diligently and faithfully as a missionary, so far as his health and retired circumstances permitted. In addition to the instruction of a few pupils, he read the scriptures daily "to precious immortals." On the twenty seventh of August his health was good; but immediately after, he was seized with a distressing malady, which was of long continuance. His first letter after he began to amend, was written to his mother; from which I make several extracts.

"Syra, October 1[illegible], 1821.

"My dear Mother,—There is another subject which has been much on my mind; that of the employment of angels, and probably of saints, in conveying souls to heaven. How this is done is not important. But how honorable and pleasing the employment! Who would not convey a prisoner, long confined in a dungeon, to

his weeping, yet joyful friends? Who would not assist in conveying Lazarus to Abraham's bosom? Who would not aid St. Paul in his heavenly course to him whom, though unseen, he loved? I was long prying into this subject, when these words were impressed on my mind, 'stand back, stand back, it is too deep for thee."

"I think that Job says, 'when I lie down thou scarest me with dreams.' I believe that most sick people say that terrific dreams are a great affliction. In my sickness the Lord mercifully saved me from this pain. It has been a great consolation to me. I was sometimes in America, building meeting houses, theological seminaries, teaching children. I believe if my dreams are true, I have done as much in America for the past month as any one minister. But I was often in Jerusalem preaching with great success, and once I reasoned before the Governor of Smyrna, as Paul did before Felix. You see I am a child; true I am very weak. Now my mother, the Lord bless you in the family, in retirement, in your visits, in your attempts to do good; the Lord bless you in all things."

This was the last letter, which Mr. Parsons wrote separately to his mother. At a later period he directed to her some devotional exercises of an early date. The manuscript containing them has the following preface or dedication. "To my dear mother, I leave the following reflections. Imperfect as they are, it may afford some consolation to know how the Lord hath led her absent son through this vale of sin and sorrow. I have reviewed these pages with pain, to find so much said of living to God, and yet so little progress in a divine life. But to enjoy one hour of communion with heaven outweighs in value the splendor and glory of the world. To have a single ray of light to guide the wandering feet through this dreary wilderness is a favor never to be forgotten. I bless God, and I call upon my friends to bless him for even a glimmering hope of attaining unto the resurrection of the just. May my dear mother walk evermore in the light of God's coun-

tenance, and find a safe and triumphant passage to the shores of eternal peace."

It now becomes my melancholy duty to inform the reader, that Mrs. Parsons, the honored mother of such a son, is no longer a dweller in this vale of tears. Having completed sixty four years, on the thirtieth of January, 1824, she fell asleep, after a short but very distressing illness; nor have her christian friends any doubt but that she found "a safe and triumphant passage to the shores of eternal peace."

A letter to his father.

"SYRA, October 15, 1821.

"The doctor says I may write a little, but must not read; so why may I not converse a while with my ever dear father?

"During my sickness I have had occasion often to bless my parents for teaching me the scriptures. When a very little child, my parents required me to learn the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, twelfth chapter of Romans and twelfth chapter of Hebrews. Almost every verse of these chapters has ever since remained in my mind. And twenty five years after, when on a sick, and in the opinion of all around, a dying bed, some of these passages gave me the greatest consolation.

"No person, in this world, will fully value the instruction of very little children. Impressions then made are remembered, and beyond a doubt, lead many to repentance twenty, thirty, or fifty years after. Your exertions, my father, for Sabbath schools give me great pleasure. How many children will bless you, years hence, when departing from the world to their final Judge.

"I wish you, my father, to remember me to all Sabbath school teachers you may see in your missions. Greatly encourage them in their work. Their reward will be more precious than gold The thanks of one dying pupil will be a compensation of more value than the world.

"Satan well knows that this system is taking deep hold of his kingdom, and for this reason he will discourage teachers, tell them that children are not better, but rather worse. He will tell children that it is not honorable, it is a shame to be seen studying the

bible. This is very natural. For Satan knows that he cannot erase impressions made in childhood. He knows the divine power of the word of God. He knows his weakness when a passage of scripture takes hold of the mind.

"O my father, I am quite sure that this system, conducted with piety, is to be the grand instrument of converting the world. It is silent; nearly connected with revivals. Men of the world do not see its tendency. God only knows the extent of its influence. The more silence in these schools, perhaps the better. The less said, the more done. The less noise, the deeper the impression. One passage fixed in the heart is better than more in the head. I have thought that if the instructor would often repeat the passage after the child without any observation, the effect would be salutary; as when the child says, "God is angry with the wicked every day," the instructor may say slowly, "*God is angry with the wicked every day.*"

"Parade about religion is full of mischief. The adversary can thus undo in one day the labor of months. God Almighty destroy his cruel kingdom!

"I have said much. I must close. I gain strength every day. Once or twice I have walked abroad. The doctor says to-morrow I must ride. This is a great privilege. I know that my father will pray that this sickness may make me a better missionary.

"In all your missions, visits, and plans of usefulness, the Lord grant his peculiar blessing."

The following letter furnishes a more definite account of Mr. Parsons' sickness than any preceding communication. It shows also that simple scripture truth and plain arguments are sufficient to overthrow the whole system of antichristian idolatry and error among nominal christians.

"Syra, October 24, 1821.

"My Dear Brother and Sister Morton,—My sickness has continued for fifty days, but now I have a prospect of speedy recovery. For twenty days I was left without reason, and have no correct recollection of what passed around me. Thus God brought me near the grave, but gave not my life over to death.

"During my sickness the English consul of this island has been

very kind and parental. One instance of his kindness I mention. A bill of one of the doctors was very great, more than one hundred dollars. The consul by his vigorous exertions saved me more than fifty dollars on this one bill. The doctor was *obliged* to be satisfied.

"You may inquire with respect to the moral state of this island. The inhabitants are all (ten or twelve families excepted) catholics, There is a bishop, a pleasant man, but without education. In the village are six or seven churches, and perhaps one hundred in the country desolate.

"I have improved many opportunities to converse with those who visited me. Usually conversation commenced by inquiring as to the difference between protestants and catholics. This gave me liberty to remark that protestants believe it to be a sacred duty to distribute the holy scriptures, that every man may read and judge as an accountable being. The catholics keep the word of God in an unintelligible language and in the hands of the priests. The protestants do not pray to the Virgin Mary, for there is no example in scripture. They do not pray to saints, for there is *one* mediator, even Jesus. They do not pray for the dead, for there is not a prayer in the bible for a person who has closed his eyes in death. The protestants have no images; for thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, &c. I have never found a catholic who was not *silent* after these remarks.

"I often think of you, my dear brother and sister, with great affection. I hope that you walk blameless before God, strong in faith, waiting as faithful servants till your change come. Your dear children are very precious to me. How often should we commend them to him who took little children in his arms and blessed them!

"Sometimes when I think of your dear people my heart is enlarged. Doubtless the privileges enjoyed in Shoreham, will raise some of your hearers to a high seat in heaven, and sink others to the lowest place in hell. How can a sinner from a land of so clear light be otherwise than miserable in a future world! When his own reflections, the view of the blessed, and what is more, the consuming eye of Jehovah, unite to increase his torment! In such a situation how will a day seem like a year, and a year like an age; but how keen his anguish when he looks on that dreadful word, *Eternity!*

"It is well to keep our minds alive to this subject. It will excite to fervent prayer and to great concern for sinners.

"Now, my brother and sister, I commend you to the divine blessing."

It is worthy of remark that while Mr. Parsons, at the distance of more than five thousand miles, felt unusual solicitude and had uncommon freedom in prayer for the church and people in Shoreham, they were blessed with a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Notwithstanding his sickness and that bloody war prevailing in Turkey, which greatly embarrassed the operations of christian benevolence, Mr. Parsons enjoyed a sacred calm within. He says in a letter, "The summer past has been a season of great affliction, yet I am enabled to say with new strength, 'none of these things move me.' My sick bed has not been without perpetual blessings." So far were his trials from producing a desire to return to the bosom of his friends in his native land, that they seem to have strengthened his attachment to the field of his labors. In a letter to his brother, Mr. I. P., he observes, "you know not how contented I am in Asia. Every thing looks natural, every thing pleasant. I once thought it impossible to gain so ardent an attachment to a foreign land. But where my work is, there are my affections."

"*November* 7.—Conveyed all my things to the sea side, and was expecting to be called for to embark immediately, when it pleased God to send a heavy shower and defeat my design. The way is hedged up. This affliction may be sanctified. Light may spring out of darkness. I may see not many days hence that God has led me in the *right* path. I feel more composure than I feared I should in view of this disappointment.

"*Sabbath*, *Nov.* 11.—Rested well the last night. This morning enjoyed a precious season, preaching in Greek to Antonio. My subject was the character of saint Paul. He listened with seriousness. Afterwards conversed with Peter (the consul's son) much in the style of Emerson's catechism. He said that he would read the Testament.

"Early this morning found my mind stupid, but after some struggles my heart seemed to yield. How comfortable a relenting heart! What light and blessedness it brings to the soul! I dread a stupid mind, wandering affections, sensual desires, vain glorying, even as I dread the wrath of God.

"*November* 17.—Greatly depressed in mind. Endeavored to inquire why the Lord hides his face from me. Found great occasion for humiliation. It is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed. Mercy is all my hope. I fly to the blood of sprinkling. I would be still before God, but like sinking Peter I cry out for fear. I began to see how little I have done, how numerous my sins, how inexcusable my negligence.

"*Sabbath*, *Nov.* 18.—Great spiritual afflictions. Am cast out from the presence of God. My sins appear without a covering. I cry in the bitterness of my soul. It is difficult to leave myself at the divine disposal, and to say, life or death as thou pleasest. I do desire life with a great and constant desire; not to return to America; not to see my friends, but to see Palestine, to see our mission established, to preach the gospel to the heathen. But God hides his face. I am in trouble. I would, and yet I do not. I perceive no advancement in grace, no increase of strength against temptation. My hope is feeble, trembling. Found a little rest while reading the third chapter of Lamentations. God does

not afflict willingly. Why should a living man complain?

"*November* 21.—At an early hour this morning, with a gentle breeze in our favor, set sail from Syra for Smyrna. The weather was delightful beyond any thing we had seen for months. Thus, after a delay of more than a month, and after frequent disappointments, the path of duty was made plain. The accomodations on board the vessel are excellent, and a very warm apartment is appropriated exclusively for my use during the voyage.

"*November* 22.—Off Tino,—wind in our favor,—several vessels in sight. In the morning, supplied the officers of the vessel with religious tracts in the French language. They read them attentively, and the clerk of the ship was much interested with the tract called "Short method with deists." He is a catholic, but he remarked, "Christians of all denominations must approve of this. It is well calculated to do good in this country." He accepted of a copy which I had with me, for the purpose of perusing it frequently. At evening, were prayers on deck. The sailors were all arranged in order, and with much solemnity repeated the Lord's prayer, the ten commandments, and offered prayers to the virgin Mary. But the same officers who led the prayers of the evening with the utmost external sanctity, during the day repeatedly denounced the most dreadful curses on the sailors. Surely this people draweth near to God with the mouth, while the heart is far from him.

"*Scio*, *Sabbath*, 26.—The president of the principal catholic monastery in Scio called upon me, and in conversation said, "We permit women only to read the Testament in modern Greek and Italian. If the priests

have it, they will not study the original language. And besides, if every man reads the Testament, every man will form his own opinion, and thus render ineffectual the institutions of the priests."

"Preached a short sermon to Antonio in Greek, from the fifth chapter of Matthew. He listened attentively.

"A tailor called and said, "I understand that you wish for a few garments." I replied, "But, sir, it is the Sabbath. I cannot talk with you on this subject." He blushed and said, "O then to-morrow if you please."

"Conversed with Mr. P. the vice consul. He said that he read the bible every Sabbath; that he disapproved of addressing prayers to the virgin Mary or to saints. "The Saviour," said he, "is our only mediator." Yet Mr. P. is a catholic.

"*November* 29.—Early this morning left the port of Scio for Smyrna. The wind unfavorable, but the cold moderate. An Italian traveller took passage with us, and passed his leisure hours in reading religious tracts, which I presented to him.

"*Saturday, Dec.* 1. *Near to the castle of Smyrna.*—In the evening enjoyed a season of discoursing to the officers of the ship on the importance of forming our religious principles from the *bible*, and not from the works of men.

"*Sabbath, Dec.* 2. *Smyrna castle.*—At an early hour was refreshed while contemplating the present glory and future extension of the church. May I live to aid this kingdom, and for nothing else. Read and explained to Antonio 1 Cor. 15, and 2 Pet. 3. When I found we could not sail for the port, I was sensible for a moment of impatience, for which I desire to be humble before God.

"*December* 3.—At six set sail for the port, and at one o'clock brother Fisk arrived on board the ship. In view of the afflictions of the past year, our meeting was rendered deeply affecting to us both. May it tend to quicken us in our work, and prepare us for more vigorous exertions in the cause of Christ. Passed the night with brother Fisk at the house of Messrs. Vanlennep, and united together in observance of the monthly concert.

"*December* 4.—This afternoon took the room in the house of Mr. Werry, the English consul, which was occupied by the late British chaplain. On the fourteenth of December, 1820, I left the same room for a voyage to Jerusalem. On the fourth of December, 1821, I took up my residence in the same apartment. The year is past, and my first mission to the holy city is sealed up to the final judgment.

"*December* 16. A precious Sabbath morning. We mingled our prayers and our tears for direction in duty. We found our desires one, our joys increased. These seasons tend to diminish my attachment to the earth. I cannot be too grateful that we have a little time to set our house in order, and wait whether life or death is the appointment of our heavenly Father. We talk of plans for the future, and yet we would always be ready to leave them to be finished by others.

"*Tuesday, Dec.* 18.—Read in the morning the 121st and 125th Psalms, and was refreshed. Reading the bible and conversing respecting it gives ease, freedom and argument to prayer. Read with Antonio the 27th chapter of Acts, and prayed with him in Greek. Find that after a little exercise it is much easier to pray extempore in Greek than by any form. Closed the day by reading the 11th chapter of Romans, and by re-

marking upon the encouragement we have to persevere in our work.

Extracts from a letter to myself.

"SMYRNA, December 28, 1821.

"Dear Brother Morton,—I arrived here December third, and have had a precious month with brother Fisk. We cannot be too thankful for the privilege of meeting again on missionary ground, after a year of separation. It has greatly increased our desire to be united for many years in our blessed work. We design, if the way is plain, to sail to Egypt soon, in hopes of seeing Jerusalem before the Passover.

"I remember your people with great affection, and they will not forget that the tabernacle of David has fallen.

"Let me assure you, my dearest brother and sister, that we never felt greater encouragement in our work, and never greater oneness of soul, and of spirit. God seems to be with us of a truth in some of our seasons of devotion. We bless God for sending us to this field. Every day will we bless him for enabling us to instruct a few souls in the knowledge of the holy bible. I look forward to our final meeting with some hope that the Lord will enable us to bring with us a few precious immortals redeemed by the blood of Christ."

Journal. "*January* 1, 1822.—*New year's day.* Set it apart for prayer and confession, and for supplication in regard to the future year. Seldom has a year dawned upon us with more sweet and melting seasons of devotion. Perhaps never have we enjoyed more nearness to God in social duty. My present very feeble health reminds me of the probability that the next new year's day sun will shine upon my grave. I wish to think that I stand near to that dreadful hour."

A letter to his eldest brother.

"SMYRNA, January 1, 1822.

"My Dear Brother,—To my aged and dearly beloved parents, to my ever dear brothers, Ira and Luther, I send from a far coun-

try, the family salutation, a happy new year. Happy be that precious dwelling! Happy all my dear relatives in their employments, designs, yea may they know the happiness of that man, whose God is the Lord.

"My health is very much reduced. It is the decided opinion of the doctor of Smyrna, of brother Fisk, and of my other friends, that I should sail immediately for Alexandria in Egypt. I yield to their opinion, hoping that the divine blessing will attend this design. I wish to set sail in view of life or death, having my eye fixed on the invisible world. I trust that in our dear dwelling will be offered many prayers to God for me. My brother, may we not fail of an entrance into the kingdom of our Lord!

"I have sent to brother M. a few trifles for you, and for the rest of the family—none of them are valuable only as tokens of friendship—I sent you a little brass image, taken from a grave in Jaffa—to my father a piece of sulphur stone from the Dead Sea, such as was set on fire when God destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. I sent also a little trifle to my dear mother, another to Theodocia, one to Levi Parsons Tracy of Bridgewater, &c. &c.

"Dear brother, I have not time or strength to write more for the present.

"I pray for you without ceasing; I hope to hear from you again; if not, the will of the Lord be done.

"*January* 7.—The captain says we must sail this evening or to-morrow. I look forward with some solicitude, as my health is very critical. I have, however, here the same kind heavenly Protector as in America. After God has saved me from death a thousand times, I *must* not, (by his grace,) I *will* not be afraid. Dear brother, I do not regret leaving my father's house. I rejoice to live a missionary, to live among those who are crying for the bread of heaven. Never was my mind more tranquil on this subject. But in view of all the dangers and distresses of the present voyage, in view of sickness or recovery, in view of putting off this earthly tabernacle, in view of an eternal separation from time, I cannot but cast a wishful thought on my father's family, a wishful desire that all the members whom I love as my own soul, may have a part in the *first* resurrection. O that with our dear parents, with brother and sister Morton and children, with dear brother Luther, we may sit down together in the temple of our God, and go no more out forever. Farewell.

"*January* 8.—Our trunks are ordered on board; I must go, leave the event, look up to the Keeper of Israel, endure what my heavenly Father shall appoint for me. Farewell."

Extracts from a letter to myself and Mrs. M.

"SMYRNA, January 1, 1822.

"With pleasure never known before, do I send to the beloved family of my Dear Brother Morton, the usual salutation—a happy New-Year. Again Brother and Sister M. with little D. L. and E. a happy New Year! Be ye happy together, apart, in health, in sickness, in prosperity, in adversity, and if such be the will of God, (from such sorrow may you be preserved) happy when you stand around the bed of death. Dear Brother and Sister, my present very feeble health reminds me that you will not receive from me another New Year's salutation. I am daily taught to relinquish my hold on earth. This clay tabernacle, I am not without apprehension, will soon return to its native dust. I wish to set my house in order. The contemplated voyage to Alexandria may be instrumental of my recovery by the blessing of God; and it may result as (a similar course) did with the Dear Mr. Warren, in a speedy removal from earthly scenes. I mention this to excite your fervent prayers to God for me.

Extract from a letter to Wm. G. Hooker of Middlebury, Vermont, dated

"SMYRNA, January 7, 1822.

"Very Dear Sir,—We take with us to Egypt bibles and tracts in many different languages with the hope of distributing them both in Egypt and Mount Lebanon, and at Jerusalem at the Passover. Will not Christians implore a blessing on this attempt to save souls? We have already supplied ten or twelve thousand people with portions of that *truth* which conducts to heaven. The eye of him who hath promised that his word shall not return vain, will be constantly fixed on these bibles and tracts and long after we rest from our labors, souls may come to glory through the reading of this *truth* as it is in Jesus. Dear sir, it is a privilege to go forth bearing precious seed, and to leave the result with the God of the harvest. The harvest will be glorious and universal. Let us rejoice in this assurance, and never be weary in well doing.

"*January* 8.—In view of the voyage I have been reading Psalms 92d and 121st. Job says, "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." Again, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food." David says, "At what time I am afraid I will trust in thee." Jeremiah says, "God doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." St. Paul says, "Through great tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven." On my voyage I desire to be perfectly tranquil. So far as I can decide, the question of duty is made very plain, exceedingly plain. To hesitate then is to be afraid to follow where my Saviour leads; it is to violate my sacred vows; it is to hold my life dearer than the command of Christ; it is to forget that I am not my own, not in my own employment, but in the service of the God of missions. A missionary by his *solemn* and *public* vows does give up his life unto death, he does turn away from earth and lay hold on heaven.

"Dr. C. called and examined my feet, which are swollen. He said that it was a sign of extreme debility. Thus I am every hour led to exclaim, "Lord, what a feeble piece." This evening two passages gave me comfort. "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." The other, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." I would wait on the Lord as my physician, comforter, and eternal refuge from every fear and from every affliction."

A letter to his parents.

"Alexandria, (Egypt,) January 17.

"Dear Parents,—I arrived at Alexandria on Monday last at two

o'clock afternoon. We had a remarkably quick passage; only five days from Smyrna. The effect upon my health will be better known after a few days residence. I hope that it will be ultimately for my good, although I am now greatly exhausted; I desire to wait as a child to know the will of a kind and heavenly Father.

"We may be happy if we abide in Christ, whether life or death be before us. A few friends visit us, with some of whom we have had profitable conversation.

"How interesting, my parents, to call to mind the visit of Abraham and Jacob and of Joseph to *this* land. How many prayers of faith Moses and Aaron made, when on the great work of delivering Israel. Here God raised up Pharaoh to be a vessel of wrath; here he brought out his people with a high hand, and sank the troops of Pharaoh as lead in the Red Sea. Here the great Head of the church triumphed over all the gods of the heathen. Here he showed his determination that the gates of hell shall never prevail against his chosen people. O yes, the same infant Jesus who resided in Egypt is yet to appear in this land with more glory and majesty than when he appeared in the bush of Horeb. Soon that blessed day will come! So come quickly, Lord Jesus."

"*January* 21.—Find my strength greatly reduced. Desire to be in readiness to meet my summons from the world; have but little expectation of recovering strength before I go hence to be here no more. My great desire is to honor God and religion, even to the moment of closing my eyes. As this earthly tabernacle is dissolving, I pray God to build me up into a new, vigourous spiritual man; then can I sing, with a dying voice, "O death, where is thy sting?" I *did* desire to slumber till the resurrection on the holy hill Bethlehem, the birth place of our Saviour. But I rejoice that the Lord has brought me to Egypt. As to the future, may I say, "The will of the Lord be done."

"*January* 22.—In view of my great weakness, and in consideration that all the means which we could use have not had their desired effect, we thought it duty to

set apart this day for prayer. We enjoyed a season for several prayers, and for much conversation concerning God, as Physician and Parent. We read Psalm 106, Isaiah 38, and Lamentation 3, and many precious hymns. We said, this day brings *heaven* near. May it quicken us towards our home.

"*January* 23.—Rain most of the day; cold very uncomfortable; subject to constant chills; keep my bed most of the day; find the nights refreshing, the days long. Brother Fisk reads to me much of the time. Our morning and evening devotions are ever deeply affecting. Thus while I descend to the banks of Jordan, I can gather a flower; I can see a ray of light from beyond the swelling flood. My flesh is literally consumed like the smoke, but nothing is impossible with God. He can make these dry bones praise him in this world, or he can lay them aside to raise from them a spiritual and glorious tabernacle for his kingdom.

"*January* 25.—In the morning read the account of the character and doom of unfaithful ministers, (Ezekiel 33.) Afterwards we both endeavored to confess our past unfaithfulness, and to supplicate with many cries to God for the entire class of the clergy of every denomination in Asia. To be ever alive to this subject it is necessary to contemplate often the wretchedness of blind leaders of the blind, and of their deluded followers beyond the grave, in the fire that is never quenched.

"*January* 27. —Early in the morning read from the epistle to the Hebrews, and prayed together for our American brother missionaries, and then for *all* faithful missionaries of every denomination, and for every station, beginning at China, including India, Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, Malta, Astrachan, &c. &c.

"At ten brother F. went to the house of Mr. Lee, the English consul, to preach to a few protestants, who seem to be grateful for his services. The distant prospect of the *entire* conversion of this city to God is a rich compensation for many years of toil and suffering.

"*January* 28.—Weather a little more moderate. Rest well during the nights. The Sabbath past was highly interesting. No interruptions; a little emblem of heaven. We read Isa. 23, and the chapters relating to the love, suffering and death of Christ. Gained *new* encouragement to perseverance in our work. This morning read from Corinthians concerning the superiority of *charity*, and our united prayers were for a great increase of charity in our *own* breasts, and throughout this world of sin!

"*January* 30.—Walked on the terrace of the house, and viewed the city. Brother F. took me in his arms, and with ease carried me up the stairs. So wasted is this dying body. I assured him it was my opinion that he would take care of this dissolving body but a few days longer. Let me be waiting, and at last say "Come, Lord, come quickly." I am often very weary and sorrowful, but tears are not in heaven. O may I find the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

"*January* 31.—Weather very unfavorable. Rain almost every day. The doctor informed brother F. that, in his opinion, I shall never enjoy perfect health again in this warm climate, and I am too weak to change my situation at present. Why should I wish to be in any other hands than in His who is able to save to the uttermost?

"*Feb.* 1.—Awoke with great faintness, which continued for an hour. I tried to cast my burdens on the

Lord. After a few hours, he enabled me to do it. "Come unto me, said the blessed Saviour, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." God is very kind to me in my sickness; my appetite and sleep are usually excellent. My mind calm in view of death, although I see heavenly things as through a glass darkly. My hope is that as my outward man decays, my inward man will be renewed day by day.

"*Feb.* 3.—Awoke with greater weakness than ever I was sensible of before. I fear that I shall complain as my body decays. How much Christians who are in health should pray for their brethren on a dying bed! I need many prayers to-day. I cry out in my distress. I do sink under the rod. Shall I ever see Jesus as he is? Will Jesus make my dying bed? Let me not doubt. I cry with every breath to him who is my only hope.

"Read, prayed and conversed with Antonio. I told him that I expected to die, and my desire was to meet him in heaven. He promised to read the bible, and to pray every day. How dreadfully solemn to remain fixed between two worlds, between time and eternity, between a mortal and immortal tabernacle! How dreadful, how pleasing to rest with all the saints!

"*Feb.* 4.—Monthly concert. Read in the morning Psalm 72 and 1 Chron. 29, and conversed respecting the last devotional attainments of David, and made one request to God that we may attain to a measure of the same faith, before we pass to the clear light of eternal day. We remembered to pray for the three churches in Boston [which contribute for the support of this mission] and for all our brother missionaries, and last evening we thought of our duty to all the colleges in America. On *this* evening we could only raise our cries to God for kings, princes, presidents, governors, all in civil

and all in ecclesiastical authority, that they may *all* praise our God. Let *every* thing praise God."

A letter to myself and Mrs. M.

"ALEXANDRIA, (Egypt,) February 4.

"Dear Brother and Sister,—If my letter to my ever dear parents has arrived, dated January 17, I need not inform you of my voyage to Egypt. It is three weeks to-day since we came to anchor in this port. Our voyage from Smyrna was remarkably rapid, and since we came on shore the weather has been cold and the air unfavorable for the recovery of my health. We hired a little room in the city, on the third or fourth floor, where we have been comfortably protected from the inclemency of the season. Although my strength is much reduced since my departure from Smyrna, yet I enjoy a good appetite for food, usually sleep well, have no regular fever, and can read and walk a short time every day. I usually rise from bed at half past seven; breakfast at eight, (that is, drink a little weak coffee;) at twelve, take broth with rice and biscuit; and at five o'clock a dish of broth as at noon. The mornings and evenings we pass reading the scriptures, and in other devotional exercises. We seem sometimes to know how precious it is to be alone with Christ. Especially this morning, (monthly concert,) we read Psalm 72 and 1 Chron. 29, with feelings of sweet nearness to heaven. Far from your dwelling and people; far from those with whom we were accustomed to meet on this holy consecrated day, we thought ourselves for a moment surrounding the same altar, and pouring out our souls before the same throne of grace. In this way, we gather a flower in the desert, we catch a glimpse of light just before the dawn of the celestial, everlasting day. My dear brother and sister, that blissful vision of the paradise of God will not long be concealed from our waiting eyes. Is not the *thought* of it *amazing* bliss? But no ruined sinner, like myself, can think of it but with the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

"With regard to *future* arrangements there must be much uncertainty. A skillful physician visits me daily, and has given it as his opinion that in *this* climate I can never enjoy good health, although I shall probably recover from my present weakness. He advises us, after four or five weeks, to sail for Mount Lebanon, as the most promising place in the east, (and perhaps in the *world*)

for the preservation of life. This arrangement will place us in the very *field* in which we wish to labor for the summer. If my health will permit, it is highly probable that we shall be on Mount Lebanon in March or April.

"I must, my brother and sister, call upon you again to bless God that I have a dear Christian fellow laborer with me to nurse, comfort and direct me in my present sickness. I cannot speak of this privilege too often, nor with sufficient gratitude to God!

"One more request. If I am removed suddenly from the world, I earnestly pray you to assure my dear brother L. that my most bitter pangs, as I view eternity, arise from the thought of an *eternal* separation from *one* whom I have ever loved as my own soul. Farewell.

"*Feb.* 5.—Weather more favorable. Walked in the public street a few minutes—appetite good, but feet swollen to an extraordinary size—my strength is not sensibly improved—wrote to brother and sister Morton. Conversed in the morning with our Jewish doctor respecting the Hebrew *plural* name of God—he replied, "merely an *idiom* of the language."

"*Feb.* 6—Thermometer at 60—rainy, cannot therefore walk abroad. Read for our devotions, morning and evening, a chapter in Exodus, respecting the plagues sent on Pharaoh."

A letter to Mr. and Mrs. L. of Goshen, Mass. dated,

"ALEXANDRIA, February 6, 1822.

"Dear Uncle and Aunt Lyman,—My repeated afflictions make me think of the dealings of God toward you. My trials, however, are short, light, and not worthy to be compared with yours. For thirty, forty, and perhaps fifty years our divine and very *tender* Redeemer has kept you in a furnace seven times heated. And so he has disciplined the other members of his family, not by a *single* stroke, then giving them the recompense, but by making every *earthly* comfort sorrow, by making every sweet bitter, and every day dark and wearisome. So David says 'While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted.' Jeremiah says, 'I have eaten bread like

ashes.' Daniel was with lions. Paul was in chains. Peter was *crucified*. The primitive saints were tortured, not accepting deliverance. But let us hear these same men relate their own story and express their own feelings. David says 'It is *good* for me that I have been afflicted.' Jeremiah says 'God does not afflict *willingly*.' The three children walked in the *fiery* furnace, leaning on the everlasting arm of the Son of God. Paul sang *praises* in his prison. Peter desired to die with his head downward, because he had denied his Lord. Martyrs kissed the stake that lighted them to glory. O in heaven what a glorious company!

"From torturing racks to endless life,
"On fiery wheels they rode."

"The final experience of the child of God is this, that it is far better for him to be afflicted than to be in continual prosperity—it is better to walk in great tribulation than in the glory of this passing world. The path of the christian is a very *mysterious* one—in the darkest night he sees a light above the brightness of the sun—in the greatest danger he is under the protection of an almighty Friend—in wasting sickness he has a physician for the body and soul; in temptation by Satan, one hastens to his aid before whom devils tremble—in death, the last agonies are rendered supportable and even joyful—when the mortal frame decays, the immortal one becomes vigorous and glorious—when the *world* withdraws, *heaven* opens to his view. At last all is heaven. All is glory. God is all and in all.

"May he be counted worthy of that glory which is to be revealed to all who are redeemed by the blood of Christ"

"*Feb.* 7.—Rainy. Walked in my room. Wrote a letter to uncle Lyman of Goshen. Mr. Glidden visited me.

"*Feb.* 8.—Weather as yesterday. Remain very weak. Last night we conversed on the high christian attainment of submission and quietness. God says, when we make an important inquiry, "*Be still. Children, be still.*"

Extracts from Mr. Fisk's Journal.

"*Feb.* 9.—This evening I sat down by brother Par-

sons' bed, and he requested me to repeat the hymn, "There is a land of pure delight." I added one or two concerning death and some concerning heaven. He then said, I wish you would add one more, "Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive." In the course of our conversation he said, "If I were to live my missionary life over again, it seems to me I should wish to devote much more of it to reading the simple word of God, and if any thing else, Scott's Notes. I regret very much that I have not spent more time in reading the word of God, and especially the history of Christ."

"While I am writing, my brother is asleep. When sick he often talks in his sleep, and has now been saying "The goodness of God; growth in grace; fulfilment of the promises; and so God is all in heaven and all on earth."

"*Feb.* 10.—Now that God in his righteous Providence has seen fit to take my dearest friend and brother from me, I recollect with melancholy satisfaction the many conversations I have had with him. In our intercourse last evening, he said, "I hope God will spare your life to labor in this mission till your head blossoms for the grave, 20, 30, or 40 years hence." Previous to this, however, he asked me whether I thought scripture afforded reason to believe that departed saints are employed in carrying on the work of God on earth, as angels are. This led me to speak to him of the angels as ministering spirits, as having carried Lazarus to heaven, and appeared to Christ strengthening him; and of departed saints as engaged with angels in praising God, as rejoicing in the conversion of sinners, and probably therefore ministering spirits to their brethren who still remain on earth as angels are. I added, "Perhaps God will see best to remove you,

that you may, when free from all sin and imperfection and all the clogs of mortality, comfort, guide and assist me in my mission more than you could in the flesh." We then conversed of being conducted to glory by Abraham or Moses, by Brainerd or Martyn or by our lamented brethren Perry and Day. "But," said he, "be all this as it may, if Christ receives us to himself, that will be sufficient." When I spoke to him last, I expressed a wish that God might place underneath him the arms of everlasting mercy. He replied "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him." These were the last words I heard him utter.

A letter from Rev. P. Fisk, to myself and Mrs. M.

"ALEXANDRIA, February 10, 1822.

"Dear Brother and Sister Morton,—If a letter which our dear brother Parsons wrote you six or eight days ago, reaches you before you receive this, you will probably be in some measure prepared to hear of a further decline of his health. Indeed I trust divine grace enables you to be in some measure prepared habitually for whatever tidings it may at any time please God to send. The experience of to-day, however, has taught me that it is not so easy a thing to be always ready to meet the will of God as we sometimes think it is. After brother Parsons wrote to you, his symptoms continued favorable, and our hopes of his recovery rather increased than otherwise until day before yesterday morning. The diarrhœa, the disorder which reduced him so low in Syra, and which kept him lingering so long, returned. It was not, however, violent, and the doctor gave some new medicine which he seemed sure would immediately counteract it. Yesterday, however, it became more violent and he grew weaker. This led me to entertain more serious apprehensions than ever before, as to the final result of his disorder. Yesterday the doctor visited him twice. Neither himself however, or any other person entertained the least apprehension that he was to leave the world soon. Last evening by his own direction, I prepared clean linnen, flannel and stockings for him to put on this morning. We spent the evening

as we have usually spent Saturday evening, in religious conversation, reading the scriptures and prayer. We read John 14, and conversed sometime about verse 27. 'Peace I leave with you.' I can truly say that I have seldom or never enjoyed so heavenly a season. His disorder seemed a little abated, and at eleven o'clock he insisted on my lying down to sleep. He had never had watchers, though I was always near him, and Antonio his servant always spread his bed on the floor near that of Mr. P. to be ready if he wanted any thing in the night. Twice while I was asleep he awoke and told Antonio that he had slept quietly and felt easy and well. At half past three, Antonio heard him speak or groan, arose, saw something was the matter, and called me. I was by the bed side in a moment; but alas! What a heart rending moment was that! It was too late even to receive a farewell for myself or for you. He breathed till a quarter past four, when his earthly existence terminated. During this time I stood by him, used some means to try to revive, and sent for others to assist me, but all was in vain. The appointed time had arrived. I endeavored to commend his departing soul to that Redeemer on whom he had believed; I pressed his hand and kissed his quivering lips, but he took no notice of me or of any thing around him.

"I have just returned from committing to the grave all that was mortal of our dear brother, and must give you some account of the solemn transaction. The heat and the state of the air here render it necessary to bury sooner than is usual in America. I was desirous that the corpse should remain uninterred till to-morrow, but it was not thought prudent, and I saw no reason to insist upon it. The funeral was therefore appointed at four o'clock this afternoon. We have occupied some retired chambers in a public boarding house kept by a Maltese, who has a great number of boarders, principally merchants from Malta resident in this place. There are six or seven English gentlemen here and several English vessels in the harbor. The English gentlemen, the captains of the ships, a great number of the Maltese, and some merchants from other ports of Europe attended the funeral. The Maltese understand Italian and not English. I embraced the opportunity therefore to repeat to several of them who called in the course of the day, some texts in Italian, particularly "Blessed are the dead," &c. and "Be ye also ready." To eight or ten of them who came in a little before the time appointed for the funeral, I read in Ital-

ian 1 Cor. 15.—We then moved in procession to the grave, which is about a mile from the house. The English consul, Mr. Lee, walked with me next to the corpse, and the others, to the number I believe of sixty or seventy, followed us. The corpse was carried and buried in a coffin, as is the custom in America. It was buried in the church yard at the Greek convent, where the English of this place usually bury their dead. When arrived at the tomb, I read some parts of Job 14, Psalm 39, 1 Cor. 15, and Rev. 21 and 22, then made a short address to the company and offered a prayer, and then the dust was consigned to its fellow kindred dust, there to await the sound of the archangel's trumpet. I have now given you the history of this eventful day. The perusal of it I know will cause your tender hearts to bleed. But I know also that God can support and comfort you. In the latter part of his life, brother Levi prayed much for his relatives. It would be utterly impossible for me to tell you how devotional he has been for two months past. Though he did not expect to die so soon, yet he has often remarked when conversing on the subject, "Perhaps I may fall away suddenly;" I believe there is something of the kind in the last letter he wrote you. Such you see has been the fact. He was I think in a peculiar manner prepared to die. He conversed about it daily. His heart was in heaven. Earth and all its affairs seemed an immeasurable distance below his feet. His God was preparing him for his sudden departure, though I did not know it. O that we may all have grace to live as he lived and to die as he died."

Extracts from Mr. Fisk's letter to the parents of the deceased, written on the day of his death, before his interment.

After mentioning that a few days previous to his death, his symptoms were not thought immediately alarming, he says, "One circumstance however gave me strong fears that he would before long be taken from us. His whole soul, all his thoughts and desires seemed to be continually in heaven. He seemed to have forgotten the earth and all it contained, except that now and then his mind seemed occupied with what concerns the kingdom of Christ. His communion and intercourse seemed to be rather with angels and glorified spirits and his Redeemer, than with the inhabitants of earth. Yes, my dear friends, his Redeemer was preparing him

more rapidly than either he or I was aware, to put off his clayey tabernacle and enter the new Jerusalem. Shall we weep or shall we rejoice? For myself I seem ready to sink under my loss, and yet I would with a full heart and with all my soul bless God for the grace bestowed on my most dearly beloved brother.

For several weeks it has been our custom morning and evening to pray successively. Brother P. usually offered a short prayer last. In this he almost uniformly prayed for a divine blessing on our surviving parents, brothers and sisters, and their partners and children. Let us endeavor to be grateful that he prayed for us so often, so long, and with such strong faith."

Thus lived and died this devoted and successful missionary. The death of such a man at any time would have been greatly lamented. But his departure before he had completed his thirtieth year, at a time, when in consequence of voyages, journeys and acquaintance with oriental languages, his prospect of usefulness was greater than ever before, was an uncommon loss. It is an event of providence, which calls upon us, in submissive silence and reverential awe, to adore that God whose dispensations are often shrouded with "clouds and darkness." His "way is in the sea, his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known."

Never in this country has the death of a missionary occasioned more unfeigned and lively sorrow. I dare not affirm that the whole tide of sympathy was merely the result of attachment to him. Hundreds, probably thousands who had never seen him, felt very deeply. With the name of Parsons was associated Bethlehem and Zion, Gethsemane and Calvary, the sacred sepulchre and the Mount of Olives, places, when all superstitious veneration is laid aside, most dear to Christians. They mourned not merely the removal of a distinguished missionary, but the loss of Jerusalem, of Western Asia, of the American church. Their feelings were

widely different from those which predominate, when a valuable minister or veteran missionary having worn out a long life in the service of Christ descends to his grave. Mr. Parsons was but a youth when he died. Though his constitution was slender and his health frequently infirm, yet many had cherished the fond expectation, that he might perhaps with increasing health live many years, and impart to perishing multitudes the bread of life. Possibly too much was expected. Be this as it may; God in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness has called him hence, and taught us that, with a kind of divine munificence, he can lay aside those who appear most necessary for the advancement of his kingdom on earth, and still carry forward to a glorious consummation his great purposes of benevolence.

One of Mr. Parsons' correspondents,* speaking of a letter written at Jerusalem, but not received till more than a year after the writer's death, and then read to his congregation, says, "I may safely say, I never witnessed among them such a general burst of feeling. In an instant, the heart of every individual, old and young, seemed to be dissolved; and a flood of grief burst forth from every eye." The muses were not silent upon the mournful occasion. Several well written pieces of poetry have appeared. The faculty of Middlebury college, that hitherto favored institution, which has had the honor to train to usefulness a Warren, an Andrus, a Larned, and others whom delicacy forbids to name, appointed a member of the senior class to deliver at the annual commencement in August 1822 a poem on the death of Mr. Parsons.†

* Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Cambridge, N. Y.

† The poem will be found at the end of the general remarks.

It is, however, a source of consolation, that he did not expire among infidels and strangers. Though far removed from kindred and his native land, he was attended during his last three months by the companion of his college walks and theological studies, his companion in labor and tribulation. Mr. Fisk was permitted to comfort his feeble brother while descending into the vale of death. Had Mr. Pasons found a watery grave, his dust would have been safe amidst the pearls and coral of the ocean. But we cannot forget to be thankful that he was honored with a christian burial, and that his mortal part sleeps with the dust of ancient martyrs. Very seldom has a death been attended with such precious consolations.

Mr. Parsons' mind was most happily balanced. His reason, judgment, imagination, memory and taste, all acted in delightful concert, all kept their proper place. His talents were highly respectable, and of the most useful kind. They did not dazzle like the meteor for a moment, and then sink in perpetual darkness. There was a gradual improvement of his mental powers, a steady rising from the first dawn of reason to the day of his death. But so far as human effort is concerned, his eminence was greatly owing to unwearied diligence. Remnants of time, which often pass unimproved and unnoticed, were seized by him for retired communion with his heart and his Saviour, for epistolary correspondence, or for some other valuable purpose. One of his maxims was, "it is wicked, it is cruel to waste a moment, when so many nations are waiting to receive the gospel;" another, "an hour lost may indirectly ruin a soul." How excellent soever his opportunities were for obtaining a classical and theological education, it was principally owing to persevering application that

his mind was so richly furnished with valuable learning.

To an uncommon zeal for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, he united great prudence and "the meekness of wisdom." Without great maturity of mind and exemplary discretion there is no probability that he would have obtained for benevolent purposes nine thousand dollars in about nine months; nor have gained so many respectable friends in his own country and abroad.

He was also equally remarkable for the orderly employment of his time, and for a regular arrangement of his studies and labors. He had acquired habits of order and accuracy in all that he did. And this was one reason why he was enabled to accomplish so much in so short a time.

But the loveliness of his disposition formed, probably ths most distinguishing trait in his character. Very seldom have such a symmetry of graces and so much loveliness combined in an individual. His amiableness was accompanied with dignity of deportment, pleasantness of manners, refined sensibility, decision of character and unfainting perseverance in duty and usefulness. From the "Christian Spectator," a periodical work justly held in high estimation, I quote the following paragraph, which glances at several traits of character, and gives a very just description of the subject of this memoir. "Mr. Parsons was greatly beloved and is greatly lamented. He was a very devoted christian, of highly respectable talents and various learning. He was accomplished as a man; in disposition, manners and address, fitted to find welcome access to, and to adorn, the most intelligent and refined society. He was eminently characterized by a graceful and dignified mild-

ness of demeanor, and a readiness of utterance and action, a happy adaptation of himself to surrounding scenes and circumstances. He was indeed among modern missionaries what Malancthon was among the reformers."

"The piety of Mr. Parsons was by far his brightest ornament. It was this especially that rendered him so lovely and beloved; and without doubt eminently fitted him for the society of angels and glorified spirits. After what has been recorded from his own pen, little need be said, and little of consequence could be added, respecting his piety. But there were seasons in which a sacred sweetness and serenity of temper and a heavenly elevation of thought and feeling seemed to pervade his whole soul. And never was this more apparent than during a few of his last months. The Sabbath, though often a day of humiliation, was generally a day of gladness and rejoicing. Though far removed from austerity and affected devotion, few if any observe the day more strictly, more devoutly. When worshipping with the assemblies of the saints, and when far removed from such privileges, he often found himself surrounded with the secret presence of the Most High, and held delightful communion with a better world. On the whole, he was a very happy man. To use his own words, "short, but pleasant is our residence below." Relieved from pecuniary embarrassment in acquiring an education, blessed with relatives and friends who greatly loved him and were beloved by him, and favored with frequent and delightful communion with God, there was nothing till he entered on public life, except the plague of his own heart and common afflictions, to interrupt his enjoyment. Although after this, his cares and trials were greatly increased, yet his joys were ev-

idently greater than before. Very few in so short a life have enjoyed so much real happiness, such heavenly consolations. Frequently he experienced "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

In the subject of this memoir we see the genuine tendency of evangelical or orthodox sentiments. Conscious of the vileness of his heart and of the imperfections of his life, he found in himself unanswerable proofs of the entire moral depravity of man. And feeling the necessity of constant divine influence to purify his heart, to elevate his affections, and to invigorate his graces, he did not doubt the necessity of regeneration and sanctification by the all powerful agency of the Holy Spirit. The doctrine of the Trinity, however obnoxious in some cases to the pride of human reason, was considered by him the foundation of all true piety, and was incorporated into his most delightful views of God. The Saviour he embraced by faith as his teacher, high priest, and judge; as his Lord and his God. His view of the forlorn and remediless condition of the wicked in the future state, led him to feel intensely and to labor abundantly for the salvation of souls. He believed the moral law to be the standard of duty for all rational creatures, and every deviation from perfect obedience he acknowledged to be sin; hence he was led to examine the motives of his conduct, the secret springs of action, and he deeply lamented any discoverable departure even in thought from his heavenly rule. The grace of Christ displayed by the cross and revealed in the gospel appeared truly infinite; and hence his gratitude and joy in view of this finished redemption. Realizing that he was not his own, but bought with a price, he felt himself sacredly bound to glorify God, and to devote his all to the ser-

vice of Him who had loved him and died for him. His conceptions of the infinitely glorious God and of himself produced deep humility and unfeigned repentance. His faith generally strong and frequently triumphant, led to a persevering course of self-denial and vigorous effort for the salvation of men; and his confidence in the goodness, power and promises of Jehovah induced him to persevere and abound in prayer. His religious sentiments were interwoven with all his sorrows and all his joys, and were evidently the foundation of all that was lovely and useful in his christian character. And they were so far from terminating in the narrowness of bigotry, or even exclusive attachment to a particular denomination, that they produced the most enlarged charity, the most expansive benevolence. He regarded all his brethren who appear to love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, whatever were their forms of worship, and to whatever communion they belonged. In a word, the Holy Spirit, by enlightening his understanding, and purifying his heart, impressed deeply on his mind the great truths of christianity, and enabled him to bring forth fruit in an eminently holy and useful life.

It is probably more difficult to speak with confidence respecting his usefulness while in Asia, than during any preceding period. The effect of his communications on Christians in this country cannot be told; nor can we know in time the effect of divine truth imparted to more than ten thousand people. His journal written at Jerusalem kindled in many hearts a flame which has not ceased to burn. His labors as a foreign missionary may eventually be found to have had more influence upon the kingdom of Christ than the whole of his preceding services. He was the first protestant missiona-

ry that ever visited the holy city with the intention of establishing a permanent mission there. He went "to prepare the way of the Lord" for future missionaries; as a pioneer to a host of worthies who, at no very distant day, shall "rear up the tabernacle of David that is fallen down," and cry on the heights of Zion and on the mountains of Israel—"Hosanna, blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord." Mr. Parsons' visit to Jerusalem was hailed by Christians on both sides of the Atlantic, as the dawn of a brighter day to the mingled people of the eastern world.

As a preacher Mr. Parsons was interesting and popular. His person and manner were prepossessing, while his clearness of thought and fervor of piety were calculated to make a very salutary impression. Few if any young preachers are heard with more pleasure and profit. He was alike interesting to a refined congregation and to the rustic inhabitants of the mountain cottage. Many of his sermons made a very powerful impression; but so far as they were instrumental of promoting a reformation in sinners or of comforting the saints, we would ascribe the glory, not to the preacher, but to God whose servant he was.

Aside from missionary journals and some letters, none of Mr. Parsons' writings were published during his life, except a tract on the divinity of Christ, and his farewell sermon. The tract was designed for a particular section of the country where he labored as a domestic missionary, and was undoubtedly useful. The sermon has been well received, and is worthy of its author.

Who that knew Mr. Parsons, who that reads these pages can fail to see a strong recommendation of early piety? It was this that rendered his career so brilliant, so useful and so happy. When very young he was se-

riously inclined and much attached to his bible. Of his own accord when a little child he wrote two catalogues, one of the good, the other of the bad kings that reigned in Judah and Israel. What youth after becoming acquainted with his history, will not feel a deepened conviction, that "wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths peace?" And upon the survey of such a character, what friend of the Redeemer will not feel deeply humbled in view of his own deficiencies, and find kindling within more ardent desires to devote his talents and his all to God?

Mr. Parsons has set an illustrious example, and by it, "being dead, he yet speaketh. He was a burning and shining light." "Few men," say the American board of commissioners for foreign missions,* "in any employment, even among those who have been distinguished for piety, leave so spotless a name as was left by Mr. Parsons. His natural temper was uncommonly amiable, his manners were pleasing and calculated to inspire confidence—his piety child-like, ardent, equal; and his consecration to his divine master entire and universal. Such a man the American churches sent forth as their first messenger of peace to the inhabitants of the Holy Land; as a pledge that they are bound to fulfil obligations long deferred;—as an offering of first fruits to the ancient seat of sacred learning and divine manifestations; an offering, as we have abundant reason to believe, "well pleasing, acceptable to God." Far, very far from our hearts be all murmuring or repining, on account of this early removal. Let us rather rejoice when we behold so bright a display of christian virtue." Deeply as the early exit of Mr. Par-

* See the 13th Annual Report for the year 1822, page 73.

sons is lamented, let us rejoice that his warfare is ended so honorably, that his character is forever established and his memory blessed. Let us rejoice too that the Palestine mission still lives, that its trials have endeared it to the christian community; and that men of kindred spirit and of firmer constitution still continue those labors of love which were commenced by their excellent predecessor. May the American church which has had the honor of sending to the holy city one of her brightest ornaments, abundantly increase her efforts to carry back the blessings of the gospel to the land once wet with the Saviour's blood, to the countries once travelled by the first messengers of grace. And may christians in the old world and in the new, with apostolic zeal, persevere in their benevolent exertions till the whole family of man shall be brought to the obedience of faith;—when, glorious era in the history of this ruined world,—

"One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us.
"The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
"Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
"From distant mountains catch the flying joy:
"Till nation after nation, taught the strain,
"Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

MONODY

ON

REV. LEVI PARSONS.

A voice is heard in Jerusalem;
'Tis the voice of Pilgrims met for prayer,
A tear is shed in Jerusalem;
'Tis the tear of votaries weeping there.
The lamps still gleam in the holy tomb,
To chase away the midnight gloom;
And still is seen on Calvary,
The place where once the Saviour hung,—
And olives deck Gethsemane,
Where erst his hallow'd frame was wrung;
The harvest waves on Sion's mount,
The water plays in Siloah's fount.*
There was an ear which heard the sound
Of weeping Pilgrim's solemn prayer;—
There was an eye which gazed around
Upon the hallow'd objects there;—
There was a heart that long'd to see
The captive Jew from slavery free;—
There was a spirit here below
With sorrow pierc'd for others' wo!
That ear can hear no more the solemn sound,—
That eye is clos'd in death's oblivious sleep,—
That heart has lost its quick elastic bound,
That spirit lingers not on earth to weep!
Where Nilus' fabled waters roll along,
Where Alexander's ancient turrets rise,—
Thy spirit, Parsons, lur'd by seraph's song,
Spreads its untiring wing and upward flies.
There was thy dying couch at evening spread,
And thy frail form was there in peace repos'd;
Gently the slumbers play'd around thy head,
Till sleep's all-conquering hand thy eyelids clos'd.
Peaceful and pleasant was thy balmy rest,
Angels seem'd hovering o'er thy calm abode,

* See Mr. Parsons' description of Jerusalem.

To bear thee to the mansions of the blest,—
The presence of thy Saviour and thy God.
And they did bear thee !—Up the azure skies,
Swiftly they sped on light etherial wing,
To that bright place where endless pleasures rise,
And Eden blooms in everlasting spring.
No father near watch'd his expiring child,—
No anxious mother stood his eyes to close,—
No sister mourn'd with frenzied sorrow wild,
As from its clay thy sainted spirit rose.
What though no dirge is chanted o'er thy tomb,—
What though no sculptur'd marble near it rise,
Thy name to rescue from oblivion's gloom,
And say—'"Tis here departed goodness lies!'
Angels shall hover o'er on airy wing—
The passing traveller drop the pitying tear—
The mournful dirge the moaning breezes sing,
Of one to virtue's friends so dear.
Who now like him shall toil for Judah's race?
And who like him destroy Mohammed's sway?
Parsons and Martyn, lock'd in death's embrace,
Have spread the soul's glad wing and soar'd away.
'Tis God who guides the planets as they roll,
'Tis God who bids the comets far to roam,
'Twas He who summon'd Parsons' holy soul
From foreign lands to its eternal home.
He will remember Israel's fallen race,
He will restore them to their fathers' land:
Rich are the plenteous treasures of his grace,
And sure the wondrous workings of his hand.
Why weep ye then, O Zion's faithful friends?
Why mourn ye thus, who Parsons' memory love?
Our God, who here below her cause defends,
Has call'd him hence to purer joys above.*

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* That part of the poem here inserted, was first published in the "Christian Spectator."

A SERMON,

IN DEFENCE OF REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

BY REV. LEVI PARSONS,

WRITTEN IN PALESTINE, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Acts 2, 41. "*And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls.*"

This is a part of the account given us of the memorable operations of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Our blessed Saviour, a short time previous to his sufferings, spake distinctly of the coming and work of the Divine Comforter, and commanded his Disciples not to depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father. Accordingly the disciples assembled in an upper room, "and continued, with one accord, in prayer and supplication." "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly, there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them eleven tongues as of fire, and sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance."

This extraordinary event occasioned no small inquiry in the city. The multitude came together, and were confounded because that every man heard them speak in his own language. A wise Providence ordered that these things should not be done in a corner. The witnesses were numerous—not *ignorant* men who might be easily deceived, but *devout* men—not people of *one* nation, who might be under the influence of national prejudice or superstition, but "devout men out of *every* nation under heaven—i. e. from Media, Mesopotamia, Judea, Cappadocia, Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Rome, Crete, and Arabia. Not simply the *Friends* of the risen Redeemer, but those very individuals who had taken an ac-

tive part in the dreadful tragedy of the crucifixion. These were the men, who at the preaching of Peter, "were pricked in their heart," and said, "men and brethren, what shall we do?" These were the men who "gladly received the word," and were the same day baptized, and united to the spiritual church of Christ.

This, in short, is the scriptural account of the operations of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. An account full of instruction to all the children of God, and one which will be read, with the liveliest interest, to the latest period of the world. In view of this subject, two inquiries present themselves for our examination?

I. *Are we to expect similar seasons of refreshing from on high in every age of the Church?*

II. *What means are to be employed for the promotion of a work of the Holy Spirit?*

I. *Are we to expect similar seasons of refreshing from on high in every age of the Church?*

The ministry of the Apostles was blessed with numerous seasons of the operations of the Holy Spirit, perhaps not less remarkable and salutary. After the persecution which arose from the healing of the impotent man, the disciples were assembled together, and prayed, and the place was shaken where they were assembled, and they *were all filled with the Holy Ghost*, and they spake the word of God with boldness.

There was another similar season in Cesarea. While Peter was speaking to Cornelius, the Holy Ghost *fell on them who heard the word*, and on the Gentiles was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Apostles relating this event to the Jewish Christians observed, the "Holy Ghost fell on *them* as on us at the beginning."

We read of another special work of grace in Samaria. "The people with one accord gave heed to those things which Philip spake, and when they believed they were babtized both men and women. The Apostles laid their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

But it is not the will of God that this work should be limited to the ministry of the Apostles. Saith our Saviour, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you FOREVER." "The promise," saith St. Peter, "is to you, and to your children, and to all who are afar off even to as many

as the Lord our God shall call." This too he said on the day of Pentecost, as an explanation to the multitude of that which they saw, and heard. This which ye now see and hear, is but a partial fulfilment of the Saviour's promise to send the Comforter. The promise is exceedingly broad; extending to *you* and to your children, and to all who are afar off, even till the whole work of Redemption is completed.

It would not be difficult to prove that in every age of the Church it has been the usual method of divine providence to bring sinners to repentance by very similar operations. But the testimony of Scripture is distinct and decisive. The work of the Holy Spirit, which was very strikingly manifested on the day of Pentecost, will continue and increase; will be carried on in this city, and in that city, in this nation, and in that nation, until all the Redeemed are collected into one family; until the spiritual temple of Christ is completed and the top-stone laid with shoutings of grace, grace unto it.

II. *What means are to be employed for the promotion of the work of the Holy Spirit?*

Here, again, we may look to the day of Pentecost. The means then employed, are the means which God usually blesses when sinners are brought to repentance. They may be included in three particulars—private self-examination and prayer—union in heart and design—and faithfulness to sinners.

I. *Private self-examination and prayer.*

After the ascension of our blessed Lord, the Disciples retired to an upper room for prayer—to an *upper* room, that they might be secure from the noise and rage of the world, and enjoy a tranquil season of religious devotion. Thus they continued in prayer and supplication until the day of Pentecost was fully come. And how often, at the present day, is the remark made, that revivals of religion begin in the closet. And how distinctly have many of the most extensive religious excitements been traced back to secret supplication, fasting, and prayer! Perhaps a private member of the Church enters into his secret chamber, with a heavy heart and mourning countenance. He finds no access to God. He goes backward and forward, but cannot find Him whom his soul loveth. He reviews his past life, and weeps over it—he calls to mind the sacred vows which are upon him, and renews them—brings for-

ward every beloved idol, and slays it, and commends his whole body and soul to the mercy of God. The darkness is dispelled—his soul is at liberty—light shines into his heart—hope beams in his countenance, and the unction of the Holy One creates joy unspeakable and full of glory. Here observe the *beginning* of a work of grace. The Spirit diffuses from one breast to another, until the whole house is filled with the sacred wind from heaven.

How much time may elapse from the first special operations of the Holy Spirit till the church is generally refreshed, can by no means be determined. Instances may be mentioned in which *years* have elapsed between the beginning of a revival of religion in *secret*, and its beginning in *public*. A few individuals have received a foretaste of the blessings which are to follow, and they cease not, day nor night, to make their supplications to the God of Heaven. The darkness may be thick around them, yet by faith they see the light dawning. Zion may be mourning, yet they expect to see the Lord appear in his glory, and build up her walls.

Neither can it be known how *extensive* the work will be. Sometimes it pleases God to produce long struggles, months and years of weeping for the conversion of *one* sinner. The blessing is ever in view, bnt is continually receding. In this manner, the child of God is taught his own weakness, and learns to wait at the footstool of mercy. At other times, the active christian is not permitted to see with *mortal* eyes the desired blessing. He prays, waits, and weeps, and still the heavens over his head are brass, and the earth powder and dust. Like the faithful servants of God of old, he dies in faith not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off. How many faithful *Ministers*, and faithful *Parents* have desired to see a day of refreshing and have not seen it! But when their work, and toils had closed, when their spirits had fled to a brighter world, then their people and their children were gathered into the fold of Christ.

In the distribution of his favors God is a Sovereign; and most cheerfully will every saint reply, "Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." But while God reserves to himself the right of conferring blessings as he pleases, yet the encouragement which he gives to his children is abundant. Usually, the shower of grace soon succeeds the first gatherings of the clouds. Prayer is mighty to prevail with heaven. The Lord seems to be waiting to hear the groaning of the prisoner that he may open his prison

door, and set him at liberty. He seems to be listening to hear the sighing of fervent prayer that he may bestow the consolations of his Spirit. How often has the blessed Spirit descended like a mighty rushing wind. How (often) vast the change produced within the short period of a month, or of a week! How many times have we been obliged to *stand still*, and see the salvation of God!

But while stupidity prevails all expectations of a work of grace are vain. When no closet becomes the chamber of fervent supplication, the Holy Spirit takes his flight to a more friendly abode. The church is left to be a prey to the destroyer. The Christian wanders farther and farther from duty, and from happiness—the sinner fills up the measure of his days in wickedness—until the light which once shone most clearly is almost extinguished. In this manner many once flourishing churches have gradually declined till their names were blotted out from under heaven. "O how unsearchable are thy judgments Lord God Almighty."

II. *There must be union in the church.*

It is more than once stated respecting the day of Pentecost that the disciples were of "*one accord.*" "They continued with *one accord* in prayer and supplication." Of the three thousands who believed, it is said, they "continued with *one accord* in the temple." Our blessed Saviour inculcates the importance of this union. "If two of you shall *agree* on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them."

The Apostles were blessed with astonishing success, for they were of one accord. Their object was one—their desires centred in the same point—their employments and rewards were the same and the Lord went every where with them by the influences of his spirit.

The age of Martyrs was an age of special revivals of pure religion. Then surely Christians, while afflicted, persecuted, and tormented, were of one *heart* and of one *soul*. Every private interest was relinquished; every earthly prospect abandoned, and every desire centred in God. They gloried in nothing save in the cross of Christ. The great object of all their labors, and sufferings was the salvation of the souls of men, from the wrath which is to come. But the union which precedes a revival of religion is something more than a suspension of hostilities—a state of spiritual inactivity, denominated in Scripture, "lukewarm, neither cold

nor hot." So far from this, spiritual union unites one christian with another—checks the rage of discord and contention—removes stumbling blocks from the weak and wandering—cuts off a right hand and plucks out a right eye rather than occasion offence—concentrates the entire energies of the church—it goes out to seek those who are lost—rouses to action those who are slumbering, and yearns over the returning prodigal. It is this which arrays the church with her beautiful garments, and makes her terrible as an army with banners. As in an army every eye is fixed upon the same object, every private interest is lost in the good of the whole, so with Zion. She awakes from her criminal slumbers; arises from the dust—puts on the whole armor of God—stands faithfully to the post of duty till the Lord appears in his glory for their deliverance.

In the recent revivals of religion are not all these remarks strikingly exemplified? Injuries are forgiven—breaches repaired—confessions sincere and penitent—enemies become friends—the wandering are reclaimed, the vicious reformed—the slothful become active and faithful, and the whole church appears comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners. And what is this but the work of the Holy Spirit, the operations of divine grace? Cast your eyes upon those churches where stupidity, discord, or evil speaking prevail, and can you find any thing resembling the day of Pentecost? Surely not. All holy beings seem to have forsaken them. The Holy Spirit "like a peaceful dove, flies from the abodes of noise and strife." O how many churches do actually compel the Holy Spirit to depart! How many professed christians with their own hands shut the door of mercy, and while they are fanning the flame of discord, Zion gradually decays, the enemy comes in like a flood, and scatters the beloved flock of Christ. O what occasion for weeping and lamentation, when we see God thus dishonored, and souls sent down, in unbroken ranks, to the world of despair.

III. *Faithfulness to sinners.*

As soon as the disciples were filled with the Holy Ghost, we find them *publishing* the wonderful works of God. Peter standing up, with the eleven, charged home upon his hearers the crime of murdering the son of God. "This same Jesus whom ye have crucified" God hath made both Lord and Christ. It was this charge, clearly supported, which checked their rage of opposition,

and brought them prostrate at the feet of the Apostles as supplicants for mercy.

What a blessed example is this to all who wait for the influences of the Spirit! They need not hesitate.—The Apostle has furnished them with a *message* and with the method of inculcating it. The path is plain, let no one begin to make excuse. Reflect a moment upon this memorable discourse. The Apostle was *bold*. He knew well that he was addressing an assembly of persecutors, and that he was delivering a message which had a tendency to increase their rage, and to lead them to acts of violence, yet he feared not them who kill the body. His object was to declare the *truth*, without regard to the feelings of sinners. How full of instruction is this, to those who let sinners *perish*, rather than offend them! St. Peter, likewise, declared the *whole* truth. He did not hesitate to call his hearers *murderers*—murderers of the *Son of God*. He treated them as *rebels*, and exhorted them to immediate repentance. Here is the duty of those labors for a revival. They must show the sinner that he is *guilty* and ruined. The fountain of iniquity in his heart must be unveiled. The criminality of rejecting an offered Saviour, of living without prayer, must be most seriously inforced upon the conscience. This work must not be done in *part;* but every *whit* must be told as in view of the day of Judgment. All his refuges of lies must be exposed and destroyed and every weapon wrested from his hands. Unfaithfulness here is sure to ruin the soul. O the condemnation of that *minister*, or of that *christian* who lets the sinner go with ignorance of his own guilt—who declares a part but not the *whole* of the counsel of the Lord.

As christians must be bold in this duty, so must they *persevere*. No matter if their motives are vilified, their characters defamed, no opportunity must be lost, no means spared to bring the impenitent to the knowledge of the truth. The *intemperate* man must be admonished of the guilt of impoverishing his family, and of prostituting his talents; and more, he must be reminded of a judgment to come. The *profane* must be made to feel that God will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain. The *young* and *thoughtless* must be told, that for all these things "God will bring them to Judgment." The wicked must not be left after one admonition, but must be followed, day after day, with many prayers and entreaties. Their everlasting peace is at stake—the torments of hell are ready for them. Let christians cry, "Lord

spare them." Let them weep in secret places for their pride ; let them pray without ceasing; let them give the Lord no rest till he come and build up Zion.

With such a spirit prevailing in the church, a blessing might be reasonably expected. Sinners would fear and tremble—the house of prayer crowded with serious worshippers—converts multiplied. The stately steppings of Jehovah would be seen ; Zion would enlarge her borders and strengthen her stakes; those who went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, would return, with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

A FEW REFLECTIONS.

I. *The conversion of many sinners, in as short period of a time, is consistent with the divine purposes.*

It may seem incredible that three thousand souls should be convicted, converted, and added to the church within the short period of a few hours. But is any thing too hard for the Almighty? He who by a *word* created the world, can breathe upon the valley of dry bones, and cause them to stand up an exceeding great army. Is any length of time necessary with Him who hath the hearts of all men in his hand? May not one discourse *now*, be blessed to the conversion of thousands as well as in ages past. Well may those who withhold their aid upon this principle take heed lest they be found fighting against God.

II. *It is no argument against a revival of religion that some apostatize.*

Among those who were examined by the Apostles, were, *Ananias*, and *Sapphira*, and *Simon Magus*. Yet the Apostacy of *these* was no argument against the sincerity of the *others*. And if at the present day, some go back, and walk no more with Christ, it is no certain evidence that the work is not of God. It is a humiliating reflection, that so many who once bore the name of Christians draw back, and (walk) to perdition. If we ever weep in secret for sinners, it should be for those who thus crucify afresh the Lord of glory, and put him to open shame. But still some seed *remaineth* and is *precious*. Some sinners are converted in *heart*, and endure unto the end. Some are raised from the gate of *hell* and made heirs of eternal life. The angels in heaven have rejoiced over the repentance of lost sinners, and given glory to God for the enlargement of his kingdom of grace. If then the result be so honorable to God, and so happy for man, every human being is bound to

aid, by every possible effort, a revival of religion. O where is the man who will take deliberate measures to direct the minds of the serious: and to prevent a rational regard to a future state? Who can be more lost to all fear of God, and more cruel to the souls of men than he who takes away the only hope of eternal life? Ye who engage in this work of cruelty, and death, go to the dying bed of one whom you have induced to grieve the Holy Spirit. Listen to his dying groans! Hear him reproach you as the cruel murderer of his soul. "You led me away from all serious reflections of death. You taught me to profane the name of God, to neglect the Holy Bible, to walk in the ways of sin. Now I must die. I have no hope. I have no God. The day of grace is past. I am lost forever. I sink to hell." If you cannot receive such a message, desist, I beseech you, from your guilty work of opposing the Spirit of God.

What security can you give against the terrors of exchanging worlds? Do you give any compensation for this amazing loss? No, God is witness, that you leave the poor Sinner when he most needs your assistance! You cannot stand by his dying bed, and support his departing soul! Far from this. You teach him to forget the dying hour, and then leave him when he cries for assistance! O that I could proclaim the guilt, and danger of such a man! But I forbear. To God I commend these miserable beings. And while they remain prisoners of hope, my unceasing prayer shall be, "Lord forgive them, they know not what they do."

III. *We learn the danger of divisions in the church.*

Divisions in a church prevent *secret* prayer, interrupt *family* devotions, disturb the peace, and happiness of neighborhoods—diminish the interest and fervor of religious conferences, prevent seasons of commemorating the holy sacrament, grieve the spirit of God, and give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Brethren, I charge you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, that ye do those things which make for *peace*—that ye be of one mind, and of one soul—I charge you, as you value the souls of men, and the prosperity of Zion, that you let no root of bitterness spring up, and trouble you. Look to some churches within the circle of your acquaintance, and by their afflictions, and desolations, see how our blessed Saviour is wounded in the house of his friends, and put to open shame! Permit not the enemy to triumph over *this* church. But like the first christians continue "with one accord in

supplication, and prayer," and the God of all love, and peace will be with you, and bless you. Yes, the Lord, our Savionr will take up his abode with you. He will be with you in affliction, and in prosperity. He will defend you from every enemy, and suffer no weapon formed against you to prosper. In the solemn hour of death, his rod and his staff will comfort you till you pass through the gates to the New Jerusalem.

IV. *What is the present state of this church?*

Were the beloved apostle who addressed the seven churches of Asia, to address *this* church, would he condemn, or approve? I will not censure you, brethren, but this much I must say, that your efforts to preserve the Holy Spirit among you, should be uninterrupted, and unceasing. God will not bless a *slothful* church. He will not bless, usually speaking, a *divided* church. He will not bless a *prayerless* church. Have you been, for a long time, languishing? Perhaps you have not made ready for the coming of the divine Comforter. There may be in the camp, a golden wedge, the accursed thing. Make diligent search, brethren, for God is not slack concerning his promise. "If thou seek him, he will be found of thee, but if thou forsake him he will cast thee off forever."

A SERMON,

IN DEFENCE OF MISSIONS,

BY THE REV. LEVI PARSONS,

WRITTEN IN PALESTINE, NOW FIRST PUPLISHED.

Mark 16 : 15.—"*Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.*"

Every command of Christ is sacred. The reason of it may be concealed, and obedience attended with difficulties, yet to reject it is to renounce the Christian faith. It is not sufficient to observe one command at the neglect of another, for he who offends in one point is guilty of all. Indifference to the general system of our Saviour's injunctions proves a man to be an Infidel.

Let us reflect for a few moments upon the command in our text.

I. It was not designed simply for the Apostles.

For proof of this, the testimony of the apostles themselves is sufficient. When they were about to leave the world, why did they appoint *other* men to the sacred office of the ministry? Why did they ordain elders in every church, and charge them in the name of the divine Redeemer, to preach the gospel? Would the Apostle, filled with the Holy Ghost, and instructed by the blessed Lord presume upon such authority without a special commission?

We have then the opinion of the Apostles, and their testimony surely will not be controverted.

If further evidence be required, we might appeal to the promise connected with this command, "Lo I am with you always," saith our Saviour, "to the *end of the world*"—a promise which extends to every devoted Ambassador of Jesus till the final consummation of all things.

But I need not enlarge. Christians generally admit in full the force of this injunction. Indeed it is so repeatedly enjoined both by our Saviour and by the Apostles, that we cannot, without violence to the word of God, escape the conviction of duty.

II. *It is plain.*

The language is simple, accommodated to the understanding of

a child. There is in it no mystery, no equivocal expression, no doubtful phraseology. It is plain to whom the commission was given, "go ye," my disciples, the ministers of salvation. The design of this commission is plainly stated, "*preach the gospel.*" The field for their operations is mentioned—"*the whole world.*" It is plain to whom the gospel is to be preached—"*every creature.*" The consequences are very particularly mentioned—"*He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.*" The encouragement is expressed in simple language, "*Lo I am with you always to the end of the world.*"

What is there in all this above the understanding of a child? It does not imply that the gospel should be preached to a *few*, while *nations* are left to perish—or that it should be preached in *one* place until all are converted, or in those parts of the world where it can be done without toil, suffering and hazard. Neither is there any permission given for *delay*. The Apostles were commanded to go with all possible dispatch; to part with comfort, Friends, and country; to gird on the whole armor of God; to endure hardness as good soldiers for Jesus; to contend against principalities and against powers; and more, to give up their lives even unto *death* for the gospel of salvation. Why then this prevailing hesitation, this universal indifference? We may now form some excuse to calm the conscience, but what can be said in the judgment?

III. This command is *important.*

It was given under circumstances the best calculated to produce a deep and permanent impression. The Apostles had listened to the farewell address of their Lord; had seen him apprehended, scourged, and crucified. After his resurrection the Lord appeared again to his Disciples, forgave the sin of their shameful apostacy, led them out a little way from Jerusalem and stretching forth his hand he blessed them, saying, "go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and then he was received up to heaven.

In this command is included all that is valuable in the gospel of salvation; all that comforts in life, supports in death, and gives blessedness in eternity. Here is the only balm for the healing of the nations, the only repose for a guilty conscience, the only bread and water which satisfy the soul; the only guide to a better world. What are the characters and comforts of those who know not the gospel? What is the testimony of St. Paul?—"when they knew God they glorified him, not as God, neither were they

thankful, but become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish hearts were darkened—being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." Such was the the moral state of the heathen in the days of the Apostle; and what is their present state? Let Missionaries, let Christian Travellers testify. Think for a moment, of the horrid, and impure rites of Pagans—of the immolations of widows—of human sacrifices, tedious and cruel pilgrimages, of the destruction of children by the hand of their Parents; and then say are the heathen now better than they were in the days of the Apostles. Where the blessings of the gospel have not been received what is there but darkness, impurity and blood? Where is there any rational comfort for the afflicted? any unfailing refuge from the terrors of a death bed? any benevolent hand to guide the departing soul on its passage to the invisible world? Yes, Christian, you have in your hand a sovreign remedy for the miseries of the heathen. Give them your bible and your religion and you will diffuse light and happiness where there is wretchedness and despair. Give them your religion, and you will demolish temples of idolatry, save a multitude from a watery grave or from the funeral pile; and guide immortal souls to the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

The question then is not a trifling one. It is left instrumentally with Christians to say whether the nations of earth shall have the bread of life, or perish—whether they shall have the pleasing hope of salvation, or remain with nothing before them but fiery indignation. And while we hesitate they are hastening forward to the grave, and to the judgment—while we hesitate, our mortal existence is terminating, and our feet will soon stumble upon the dark mountains of death.

It need not be said that the heathen are in the hands of God, and he will do all his pleasure. So are your children in the hands of God when languishing upon a bed of sickness; why then do you seek the aid of a Physician? Your own lives are in the hands of God, but will you on this account neglect food and raiment? Every time you seek the aid of a Physician, every time you pray with your children, you proclaim your belief in a system of means, and you destroy your own excuse for neglecting the heathen. Every prayer to God for the success of his kingdon carries with it this sentiment, that success is connected with *means*.

And if the suppliant presents the prayer of sincerity, he presents *himself* to his heavenly Father, and gives up every earthly interest for the advancement of the kingdom of grace. How affecting is this view of the subject? How many millions of the heathen are waiting to receive instruction from Christians! And till some benevolent missionary shall carry to them the bread of life they will continue starving and perishing. Until means are employed in proportion to the greatness of the work; we look in vain for the conversion of the world to the kingdom of Christ.

IV. The command is *practicable*.

It will be readily admitted that the work of converting the world, according to human calculations, is attended with difficulties. The greatest proportion of the world is still in darkness. The multitudes of the heathen are still cherishing their fatal delusions, and strenuously attached to the idolatry of their Fathers. Pagans, Mahomedans, Jews, and Infidels compose a formidable host against the progress of truth. Every inch of ground will be disputed even at the price of blood. Admit all this, and more. Reduce the number of the true children of God to a very little flock, magnify the strength, and violence of the enemy an hundred fold, and still why speak we of difficulties while the hearts of all men are in the hands of God? Blot out the *promises* of the word of God, and then speak of difficulties! Withhold the omnipotent agency of the Holy Spirit, and then say the world cannot be converted.

Is it said that the heathen cannot be reformed? Has the experiment been faithfully made? There was indeed a promising commencement under the ministry of the Apostles, and the progress of truth was rapid, and overwhelming. But their zeal and faithfulness were not imitated. The successors of the Apostles did not go on conquering and to conquer in the strength of the Lord. They returned from their work, permitted the enemy to triumph, to persecute, and scatter the beloved flock of Christ. And through a long succession of ages, few and feeble were the efforts of the church to carry into execution this last, and important command of our ascended Redeemer. Zion hath long sat in sackcloth, and stretched out her hands in vain for friendly assitance.

Blessings, numerous, and invaluable have been conferred upon us—revival has succeeded revival, churches have been established, and enlarged, but till very recently not a finger was raised for the salvation of the heathen! And even now, our exertions are infinitely below our ability and our obligation. What are 40 or 50 missionaries from a nation so highly favored as ours? I say what

are 40 or 50 missionaries for 400 millions of the heathen? And where do we find churches united, bold, and persevering in this benevolent work, determined to yield only with their lives? Where do we find the zeal and fortitude among christians, which may found among the men of the world. O christian, must it be true that they will contend with more zeal for an *earthly* crown than we for an *heavenly*? Must there be more fortitude for perishable *dust* than for the redemption of souls. Our own negligence has put a weapon into the hand of the enemy which is employed with tremendous success against the beloved cause of Christ.

In proportion to the means employed, success has been highly encouraging. Look at a few facts.

A mission was established among our western Indians by the Mayhews, and within six years the number of Indians who gave evidence of a saving change of heart was 282, including 8 Indian priests. Brainerd, a solitary missionary, visited the Indians, and within five months after he preached his first sermon, he formed a church of 26 adult members. In 1815, a mission was established among the Cherokee Indians. A revival soon commenced. The natives were converted to the Lord. A church was soon formed consisting of 25 members. If such is the result of such feeble exertions what might have been expected from the united efforts of all the churches? If, from the time in which the Mayhews first preached to the Indians, there had been a succession of holy missionaries stationed in every tribe, how few among the millions of the heathen in our own land would have remained unenlightened and unconverted?

Look at the mission in Africa? It is but a few years since the gospel was first preached among the Hottentots. And now there is a church at Bethelday into which have been received 442 converts; another church at Guiquatown, of 59 adult members; another at Bethesda, of 60; at Claredon, 70. In the year 1816 were admitted into one church, 142 converts. In *India*, the number of converts within a few years is computed to exceed 20,000, besides the circulation of an immense number of bibles and religious tracts, and the religious education of many thousand heathen children

Look at the mission at Otaheite. It is true, that for a number of years the prospect of success was very unpromising. The beloved missionaries were obliged to hope against hope; to experi-

ence severe and repeated afflictions; but the night is passed, and a glorious morning opened upon them. The first convert to christianity, was in 1812—two years afterwards the number exceeded 50—in three years, 200. The present number of those who have renounced idolatry, and declared their belief in christianity, on the Society Islands is computed to be 4000!

The christian religion is now the prevailing religion of eight different islands. Idolatry has given place to the mild and blessed precepts of the gospel of peace. Many devoted christians have longed to see this day and have not seen it. O brethren, let us stand up to our work! If we sleep now, we sleep the sleep of death! If we withhold our assistance, the wealth of others will roll in, in abundance, to the treasures of the Lord. The heathen will be given to Christ for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.

I repeat it, the command of Christ, "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is a practicable command. Let the zeal of the apostles fire every christian breast, and the Lord will not be slack concerning his promise. The kingdoms of this world will soon become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I infer from this subject,

I. *That the neglect of this command is a sin against knowledge.*

With the holy scriptures in our hands, and with the most decisive evidence that God is fulfilling his promises, we cannot remain ignorant of duty. Christians do know, and acknowledge it too, that the heathen are perishing for the bread of life. They know that the gospel is to be preached to them as the appointed instrument of their salvation. They know that the heathen are living in pollution, and that to every good work they are reprobates. The light of eternity will show that in every respect we are without excuse. The apostles themselves might have neglected the heathen with as much propriety as we can. Under these circumstances, our indolence is a sin of no common aggravation, and merits no common condemnation.

II. *Negligence of the command is a sin against divine mercy.*

It is mercy, infinite *grace* which hath made us to differ from the heathen. We have been selected as a nation highly favored of the Lord. To us, have been committed the oracles of God, the invaluable treasures of his grace. Upon us, hath arisen the sun of righteousness with healing in his beams. We have an Almighty

Redeemer—we have a hope full of immortality. We have the joyful expectation of obtaining an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, which fadeth not away. Go, christian, to your closet, commune with your heavenly Father, contemplate the riches of grace which have been manifested to your souls, look to heaven as your eternal rest from sin and sorrow, and then say in view of all this blessedness, is it not *ingratitude* to forget those who need the consolations of the gospel as well as we? Yes, every moment of delay is a plain declaration that we lightly esteem the blessings of the gospel. It is confirming the heathen in the belief that our religion is no better than theirs—and must I not say, that it is crucifying the Lord afresh, and putting him to open shame.

III. *Negligence is a sin against the promises.*

Will the man who has an unwavering conviction in his own breast, that the gospel is the only remedy for the heathen, the only effectual security from everlasting burnings, be sparing in his charity or reluctant in duty? Can any christian, who believes that *this life* is the only state of probation that the heathen once lost, are lost forever, cease to labor, and pray for their conversion! Who, that contemplates, with the lively exercise of *faith*, the tremendous events of the judgment day, that considers the glory which will redound to God, and the joy which will be diffused among the redeemed, by the conversion of one heathen, can be weary in well doing? What is the import of these excuses, hesitations, delays and objections among the professed people of God? What do *sinners* think of them? What shall we think of them when summoned to the judgment? These things must not be. Christ is dishonored, and souls are ruined by our distrust of the promises of God. Every thing urges us forward to duty. The welfare of Zion, the beloved church of God, should excite us to duty: our privileges, our hopes of heaven should stimulate us to faithfulness; the danger and misery of the heathen should excite us, and the prospect of the speedy removal to the grave and the judgment should excite us to give all diligence to have our work done and well done. Withhold not your assistance and your prayers, give to the heathen the bread of life, count all things as loss and as dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ; let it be the language of every christian, Here am I Lord, and here is that which thou hast given me, dispose of all according to thy glory.—Here am I, send me far hence to the gentiles—send me to prison and to death if it be for thy honor, and for the salvation of sinners. Amen.

EXTRACTS

FROM

REV. LEVI PARSONS'

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

TO "THE SOCIETY OF ENQUIRY UPON THE SUBJECT OF MISSIONS,"

IN THE

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, AT ANDOVER,

DELIVERED SEPTEMBER 23, 1817.

Is this the deplorable state of our world? This the mournful condition of the church? Eighteen hundred years have elapsed since our Saviour bid his disciples preach the gospel to *every* creature, and yet a *world* lying in wickedness! Shall we sit down discouraged and despair of success? It is the bold decision of the infidel, it is rebellion against heaven—practical denial of the government of God. Let us then give up our Bibles, our privileges and our hopes of glory, and take refuge in the insensibility and hardness of the Atheist! The *world* will be reformed, or our Bible is a *fable*, and our hope a *delusion*. Convince me that the heathen will not be converted, and I will be an *Atheist*. But we are not left in such a dilemma. We may look to heaven with the full assurance of faith, and hear our heavenly Father say, "fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Were there but one pious family in the world, it would be madness to despond. After all God has done, is doing, and has promised to do, after all that martyrs have suffered at the stake, after all the prayers which have been offered up, shall we retire from the field, and leave the enemy to triumph? Even with a fair prospect of the promised land, shall we retire into the wilderness, and perish? No, Brethren, our duty is plain; we have every encouragement for perseverance. God is on our side, we need not fear. Every christian must come forward with the inquiry—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do."

In an examination of the question relative to personal duty, it is indispensable that we be *entirely devoted to God.*

True religion implies a disposition to forsake father and mother, friends and country, for Christ. Every truly devoted Christian will enquire, not where he can enjoy the most ease, escape the most trouble, obtain the most wealth or honor, but where he can most successfully *labor* in the cause of *Christ*, and promote the *salvation* of men. He lifts his eyes to heaven and says, "Lord send me; send me to the ends of the earth; send me far from parents, friends, country; to the wilderness, to prison, or to death, if it be for thy glory, and for the promotion of thy kingdom. If *duty* bid me suffer at the stake, I will go there without a trembling emotion; if I am to be separated from every earthly enjoyment, I will *rejoice* that I am counted worthy to *suffer* for Christ." Such, in an eminent degree must be our feelings, brethren, in this inquiry. With the *world* under our *feet*, and with our eyes fixed on the *cross*, we must determine to count *all* things as loss and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.

But *all* make these assertions; none are willing to say that they have not given all to Christ; and yet many are unwilling to be *entirely devoted* to his service. But let us bring these confessions to the test. Are they accompanied with an ardent attachment to the souls of the heathen, with fervent prayer to be directed in duty? if not they are unmeaning words.

A decision must be obtained in view of the *whole* work. Were the United States the only field to be occupied, my duty and my decision in regard to it, might differ essentially from my *present duty* and *decision.* Blot out from our account, Mahomedans, Jews, Pagans, and my duty *then* might not be my duty *now.* While I examine the waste places of Zion in our *own land*, my inquiries are to extend to the *heathen.* I am to inquire with respect to the *number* of the heathen, the *prospects* of success, the effect which a mission to them would produce upon our own churches, and the good which would result to the cause of Christ 50 years hence, and then decide as to the field for personal exertion; and a decision obtained after this examination will be *safe*, and produce a tranquil conviction of duty.

A decision once obtained must not be relinquished. There is a suitable time for *deliberation*, and a suitable time for *action.* The period of the former must usually be short, and the result decisive, and then the latter will be persevering and probably successful.

If we enter the field with a firm conviction of duty obtained after a devout examination, our *work* and our *trials* will be pleasant. And if we in our spiritual moments, obtain evidence of duty, are we to question this evidence in seasons of despondency? If we examine a mathematical proposition, and pronounce it correct, are we, when the proof has escaped us, to question this decision? If after an examination of the moral state of the world, we think it duty to be missionaries, shall we give up this object when our minds are less exercised upon the subject of the Redeemer's kingdom? Then let us give up the *expectation* of obtaining a *decision*, and depend upon momentary impulses of the mind. The state of the heathen may be *very different next year* from the *present* state. Are we then to *change* with every *change* in the world, to vibrate between opposite opinions till the period of usefulness is past? I hesitate not to say, that a decision to be a missionary, obtained in the manner prescribed cannot be relinquished, except when there are special interpositions of providence, without infinite hazard both to usefulness and happiness.

I cannot speak upon this subject with indifference. And as I value the happiness and usefulness of my brethren, I would hope that no one will leave this Seminary without a firm and tranquil conviction of duty. Will any one excuse himself from this examination upon the supposition that he is not qualified for a missionray? Admit that some are not qualified for a missionary life, would a particular knowledge of the condition of the heathen be useless? So far from this, it inspires the soul with courage, gives energy to every exertion, and is the most probable way to usefulness and peace.

But who has assured us we are not qualified for missionaries? Are we qualified for ministers? Then we are in some sense qualified for missionaries. Are we willing to suffer for Christ in *America*? We should be willing to suffer for him in *India*. If we love souls in our *own land*, and are disposed to forsake *all* for them, we would cheerfully make the same sacrifice in any *other* land. The qualifications for a missionary, are, *love for souls*, *devotedness to God*, and education, to explain and enforce divine truth. If we are destitute of these, we ought to relinquish the ministry. Will any one say, the situation of *friends* renders it impracticable to undertake a mission? Without stopping to examine this objection, I have only to say, go learn what this meaneth. "Who-

soever he be who forsaketh not all that he hath, he *cannot* be my *disciple.*"

Will feeble health be an excuse for neglecting this subject? Some men of the most feeble health have accomplished *most* in the cause of Christ. Knox, the reformer, never had confirmed health, yet he did more for the church, than all Scotland besides. Baxter, Brainerd, and Whitefield, were *feeble*, yet in the midst of *weakness*, they were made *strong*. Better, my brethren, wear out and die within three years than live forty in slothfulness.

Now after an examination of the moral state of the world, and of your obligations to the church and to the heathen, permit the inquiry, what decision have you formed? Millions of heathen starving for the bread of life, wait for a *reply;* thousands of desponding christians in our own land, wait for a *reply.* Angels and the spirits of just men made perfect, wait for a *reply.* The Holy *Trinity* engaged in the work of redemption, waits for a *reply.* Have you decided to labor at *home.* Will you not go forth with the spirit of Him "who went about doing good." Go, build up the waste places of Zion, circulate the Holy Scriptures, communicate religious instruction, and call into action the slumbering *energies* of the *Church.*

Are others hesitating?

Rest assured, beloved brethren, that with a humble reliance upon God, your duty will be made exceedingly plain. Look to *Christ* for direction, and he will never leave you. By secret prayer, and devout attention to the subject of missions, you will obtain a conviction of duty which will impart *permanent* happiness.

Others have determined by divine assistance to preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Follow in the steps of him, who was the great Apostle of the Gentiles, endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus, go forward with the meekness, fortitude and boldness of Brainerd, Swartz, Vander Kempf, and let this be your motto, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."

We part *now*, Brethren, to suffer a *little while*, and then, God willing to obtain a rich and eternal reward. We launch forth upon the boisterous ocean of life, but we shall safely enter the haven of rest.

Brethren, *pray for us;* pray for us *individually;* pray for us in our different *stations*, *connections*, and *employments.* And while *we* re-

member Zion, we will remember *you*, with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company. When far separated, we will remember that we have the *same Saviour*, are fellow laborers in the *same* cause, and are destined to the *same* eternal rest.

Am I to see my bretheren no more! O yes, we *meet* again in the *paradise* of God. We will sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, and review, with enraptured hearts, the afflictions we have endured, the difficulties encountered, the dangers braved, the victories won.

I need not say *Farewell*, we meet *so soon*, we meet in the streets of the New Jerusalem, purified from Sin—clothed with immortal and glorious bodies, and united in bonds of holy and everlasting love.

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